

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

MARCH
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA



A WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
COVER BY
J. ROGER HOLLEY

10
CENTS

Edith G. Bayne

M. A. Cameron

Ann S. Warner

Marion Wathen Fox

Household Features

Louise E. Julyan

Katherine M. Caldwell



*Here's a Floor
that lasts
a Lifetime,*

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum
No. 7007 illustrated.

The Colours go right through to the back of- **Dominion *Inlaid* Linoleum**

DOMINION Inlaid Linoleum will look as well years hence as the day it was laid. The design goes right through to the very back—you cannot wear it off.

This means beautiful floors that ALWAYS look their best—rich, colorful, harmonious. Artistic designs for every room offer wonderful decorative scope. And this lasting beauty costs surprisingly little because Dominion Inlaid Linoleum is now made in Canada.

Add charm to your home with this modern floor and enjoy its practical, work-saving features too. It is easy to clean and needs only the occasional use of a reliable floor wax to keep it in perfect condition.

Other Dominion Floors

Dominion Printed Linoleum and Dominion Linoleum Rugs in all popular sizes are widely bought by discerning housewives. Beautiful designs for every room at remarkably low prices. For appearance, comfort, durability and economy, you could not wish for better floors.

*Now
made in Canada*



At all Departmental and House Furnishing Stores



The Fordor is substantially a family sedan capable of years of constant service—a car any woman will get full enjoyment from together with a sense of ease and security of operation no matter how bad the weather or how heavy the traffic. The body is now offered in three beautiful color options, green, moleskin, and gray with undercarriage in black and radiator and headlamp rims in nickel.

See your local dealer

Ford

P R O D U C T S O F T R A D I T I O N A L Q U A L I T Y

Do you
play safe
with

those white
gleaming teeth?

YOUR gums must be kept firm and healthy — free from pyorrhea — to guard the foundation on which the safety of your teeth depends.



Soft gums invite pyorrheal infection. Unless checked, the infection destroys the bony sockets which hold the teeth in place.

Keeps the gums firm

TOOTH pastes contain glycerine which has a softening effect upon the gums. Pyorrhocide Powder does not contain glycerine. It is recommended by dentists for its effectiveness in keeping the gums firm and healthy.

Pyorrhocide Powder is the only dentifrice that has met all the requirements in clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea prevention and treatment. Its value in correcting soft, tender, bleeding gums has been conclusively demonstrated. It keeps your teeth glistening white.



Buy Pyorrhocide Powder at your druggist. Note the refreshed, cleanly feeling of your mouth for several hours after brushing. The dollar package is economical—it contains six months' supply.

Free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea sent upon request. The Ash-Temple Co., Dept. Q3, 243 College St., Toronto.

**PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER**
keeps the gums healthy

For Luncheon or Dinner
Salmon

will often solve a real problem. Easy to get. Every grocer has it, and for sandwiches or salads, or in a baking dish, it is delightfully appetizing when seasoned with

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

CHILLY WORK



When you come in stiff and chilled from a long spell at the wheel, drink a cup of steaming "Camp" Coffee. Just add hot water and it is ready to drink.

**"CAMP"
COFFEE**

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

Table of Contents

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL—The Editor.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	19
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	72

FICTION

MOTHER O' MAN—M. A. Cameron.....	5
THE FLAME OF COURAGE (Second Installment)—George Gibbs.....	7
STAKING OUT FOR ADVENTURE—Ann S. Warner..	11
EASTER HAT—Marion Wathen Fox.....	12
TIM TOOK AFTER HIS DAD, BEDAD—Edith G. Bayne	13
CALL OFF THE DOG FISH—Ronald Tuckwell.....	20

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

DOLLARS AND CENTS—W. G. Lamond.....	24
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	25
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell...	30
COME, LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M. Librarian..	26
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton.....	40
RADIO NOTES.....	32
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	70

WOMEN AND THE HOME

HOME FURNISHING—Catherine M. Caldwell.....	29
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	34
THE FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.....	41
MOTHER'S PAGE.....	38
HOME DOCTOR.....	43
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS.....	46

SPECIAL ARTICLES

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL—Louise E. Julyan.....	14
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW—Richard E. A. Diespecker	16
ARE OUR BIRDS GONE?—W. G. Acott.....	23
HOME OF THE ALBATROSS—William Thompson....	22
TUBEROUS ROOTED BEGONIA—J. E. Carter.....	50

The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR

WINNIPEG, MAN.

TORONTO OFFICE
105 BOND STREET
TORONTO 2.

LONDON, ENG., OFFICE
18-20 CRAVEN ST.
LONDON, W.C. 2

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR
\$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS

Elsewhere the Rate is \$1.50 a Year



**For
healthful
cleanliness**

For keeping pots and pans hygienically clean there is nothing like

**Old
Dutch**

Leaves no trace of soap, caustic or alkali. The soft, flaky particles cleanse more thoroughly and with less work. Saves time, money and labor.

Manufacturers of Wear-Ever and Duro Aluminum Ware recommend Old Dutch Cleanser for the cleaning of their utensils.

Made in Canada

About Beans Home-Cooked Beans Are Delicious—

but how seldom the beans are cooked right. Sometimes hard, sometimes mushy, sometimes too wet—or perhaps done to a crisp.

And the hours of cooking they require and consequent waste of expensive fuel.

Next time get "Clark's" Pork and Beans.

They are always ready—just heat and serve, and note: Every bean of uniform size — every bean whole — yet every one cooked to perfection.

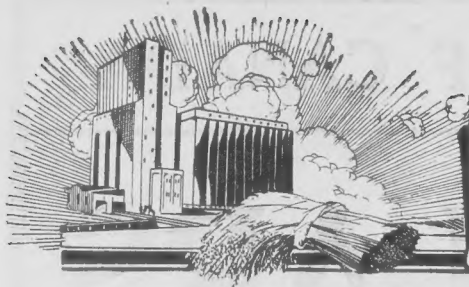
They are sold with three kinds of sauce. Tomato, Chili, Plain:—Buy the kind you like best, they are all delicious.

"Clark's" will be appreciated by all the family, are most economical—and save the housekeeper work and worry.

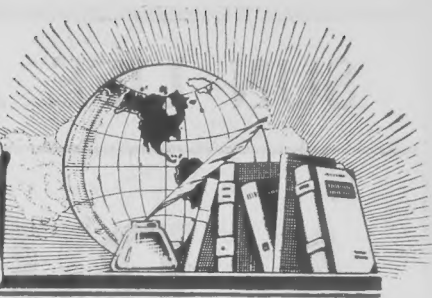
The Government legend on every can of "Clark's" Pork and Beans and other meat products guarantees their absolute purity.

1-26

W. CLARK, LIMITED, • Montreal.



EDITORIAL



The Muck Rake

IT IS pleasant to live side by side with a neighbor who cares for his property and who makes it attractive, but we lose respect for him when he begins to throw his garbage over the fence into our yard.

The neighbor we have in mind is the United States and the garbage is the flood of periodicals that finds its way to Canadian news-stands. It is not that all American periodicals are open to objection. Far from it. There are high class magazines devoted to literature and art, and journals helpful to special interests, that cannot be excelled in any land, but side by side with these is a host of indescribably cheap and nasty story-papers, the reading of which makes for immorality and lawlessness. One of the most disgusting of these is a Chicago weekly which is just now insulting the people of the British Empire by retailing scandal about a dead sovereign. In the Empire we have an unwritten law which all people of good breeding are careful to observe. A man may be excused for boasting, for greed, for self-adoration, but he cannot be pardoned if he insults the memory of the dead. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Yet this muck-rake is busy among the ashes of the dead and one can almost hear the shouts of ghoulish glee as each new morsel of supposedly-remembered filth is held up to the public gaze. Surely it is enough that readers in the United States should have their minds poisoned and their tastes depraved by the reading of such disgusting matter, but why should this putrid stuff be permitted to circulate within the Dominion? And the whole thing is doubly insulting because in the centre of the picture presented is a gracious lady whose sweet, pure life was such as to cause any man of sense and sensibility to refrain from saying a word about the past—if it were only for her dear sake. Indeed, the most repulsive thing in the whole matter is not the half-imagined description, but the fact that in a great nation there should be found a few men so lacking in chivalry, and so filled with senseless hatred of a great Empire, that they should lend themselves to publication of this sort.

So while we urge legislation to prohibit magazines of this kind from circulating in Canada, we express our deep sympathy for the American public, who have apparently no way of helping themselves. We shall not judge them all by this exhibition of bad taste and bad manners on the part of the few. The Good Book enjoins us to refrain from casting pearls among swine. The publishers of magazines of this class need the opposite injunction, which is to refrain from casting swill before people with taste and ordinary culture.

A lady remarked only today: "I would rather my daughter pass out of life than that she should read such stories as appear in some of the magazines that are allowed to find their way into the Dominion." This is no exaggeration. For life is nothing unless it is devoted to truth and beauty and goodness. Our homes, our schools, our churches are helpless when the magazines and uncensored movies are given free rein. Here is a matter which is more than tariff-reform and improvement in transportation. Our first problem in Canada is development of a people with high ideals, noble sentiments, deep loyalty, reverence for all that is worthy, and hatred for all that is low, bestial and impure. Whatever we do, we must protect our youth.

Mother

WITH an adverse balance of 400 million pounds sterling—that is, with imports greater by that amount than exports—the Motherland is feeling the pinch. Then, too, she is losing her position as ship-builder for the nations. Italy and other countries are beginning to build their own boats. Not only so, but these other countries are leading in making the more modern

vessels, while Britain is still specializing in steam-propelled ships. Then there is the trouble over coal production, the increasing number of the unemployed, the falling off in Chinese trade. Yet, with it all, there is that calm confidence which ever commands the admiration of the world. A country which has behaved under calamity in such noble fashion cannot fail for long.

A sample of her nobility is now being shown. During the war she sent men to the front until there were only a few remaining. Then she advanced funds to all the allies, and borrowed from the United States for this purpose, paying a high rate of interest. At the close of the war she was willing to forget these loans to the allies, acknowledging that sacrifice of money is little when compared with sacrifice of life. But when her wealthy creditor pressed for payment she was forced to accept the demand. Though her debtors will never pay her in full, she will still try to repay what she borrowed. There is in this a grandeur which compels admiration. Who would not be glad to belong to an Empire in which honor rather than greed is the spur to action? If the words of Scripture have a meaning for nations as well as individuals, then there is for England hope in that wonderful promise: "He that loseth his life shall find it." The Motherland may indeed be having a hard time with her creditors and her debtors and with her own home problems, but never did she rank higher in the estimation of her children and of the world.

Coal

A WRITER in the London Spectator commenting on the coal situation, says that the trouble is not with capital and it is not with labor, but it is with coal. It is only wasting of good energy for miners and mine-owners to fight when they should be combining to put the industry in a more promising position. Oil and water-power are now claiming attention because they have advantages over coal. This, however, is only for a time. Sooner or later the manufacturing world must return to coal. In the meantime it is hard on owners and operators of mines, and particularly upon the men in the pits. But if there was a united and determined effort to produce at less cost, and to transport more cheaply and to utilize the power more economically, then the mines would soon be operating again at full strength. The means to be employed are the use of machinery in mining; the pulverizing of coal for shipping; the building of electric generators at the mines rather than at a distance—it being easier to send power by wire than to haul coal; the use of fuel-saving devices wherever possible. A wealth of information is given by the correspondent who points out, among other things, that in one of the largest plants in America the engines now run by oil are constructed so that coal may be used when the world is again driven to use it. Again he shows what wonderful saving there has been since mechanical devices have been used in drilling, operating the subterranean cars, and in grading the coal. Further, he shows how Henry Ford has reduced the price of operating the engines on his little railway from \$11 to \$4 for a run between city and factory. All of this goes to show that coal can be produced, distributed and used to better advantage than at present.

There is, in this suggestion, food for thought, not only for England and America, but for Canada. Particularly valuable is the suggestion that the root of the difficulty is not the greed of the mine-owners nor the stubbornness of the workers, but the continued use of antiquated devices in handling the raw product.

Over the Ridge

ON EVERY matter except one the people of Canada appear to differ, but on that one matter they are agreed. Times are better. There is an improvement in business, a feeling of growing strength, a spirit of optimism born of

successful achievement, a drawing together of erstwhile opposing interests, a development of national pride. Nor is this confidence in the future limited to citizens of Canada. The world is taking note. The vanguard of the army of new settlers has already reached our shores, and others are on their way. There are plentiful signs of increasing revival of trade. We have crossed the ridge.

Of course there are adjustments to be made, but what of that? That is what we are here for, to adapt ourselves to new conditions. With a record of success behind us, we have no fear for the future. If we survived the storm of the last five years, why should we fear the sunshine of the five years that are to come?

And speaking of sunshine, was there ever any more of it than Western Canada has known this winter? Probably no other country under the sun has enjoyed a season so enjoyable. No cold, no storms, no high winds—just an unbroken period of moderation, when everybody grudged the hours spent within doors. This is life.

Support the Teacher

TWO or three very unpleasant disagreements between teachers and parents in rural school districts have called attention to work that is going on quietly and unostentatiously in our midst—the work of moulding into a great nationality the many elements that are represented in our population. The teacher's task is two-fold. She has to put all her pupils, native-born and foreign-born, in possession of a common language, and she has to make all familiar with the common customs and usages of the land they now call their own.

It is not easy to train all to understand, speak, read and write the English tongue. It is particularly difficult when parents are out of sympathy with the effort. Yet the state must see to it that every child is so equipped that he can move in the larger circle of those who speak the language of the country, the language of trade and current literature, rather than in the smaller circle of the few who can speak only some European tongue. No child must be deprived of his birth-right. He should be able to communicate with his fellow-citizens in the language common to all. One of the greatest tributes to teachers in the Western provinces is that they are succeeding beyond all expectation in this noble undertaking. Though progress is greatest when parents are co-operating, it is very noticeable even in the districts where there is apathy or even silent opposition. In an Indian district after one year's instruction all the children could carry on a limited conversation in English, could read simple literature, write a good letter, sing patriotic songs, calculate with the aid of English terms, and they had carried home and taught to the parents the English names for the animals, implements, and the ordinary articles of dress, food and home equipment.

The more difficult but more important problem is to acquaint the young with the habits and tastes of modern civilization. For example, some are ignorant of ventilation, cleanliness, and other household virtues; others have wrong conception of marriage, the duties of husbands to wives, and of children to parents; still others cannot cook, sew and care for the sick; while, to many, political duty means nothing. In all such matters and in aesthetics and morals, the teachers are doing something, but there still remains a wide field to be covered. Once again there is greatest progress where there is not a prejudice against reform. Sometimes prejudice arises because of injustice at the hands of the Canadian-born.

The hope lies in the unfettered freedom of the teacher. They may not all be wise, but as a class they are doing very fine work, and they must be upheld.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

A BILLION DOLLARS OF LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE

1925

ASSURANCES IN FORCE (net) - \$1,021,097,000

An Increase of \$149,460,000

New Assurances Paid For - - - \$193,477,000

An Increase of \$56,011,000

Total Income - - - - - 69,147,000

An Increase of \$6,901,000

Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries 35,441,000

Total Payments Since Organization - 219,239,000

Reserve for Unforeseen Contingencies 10,000,000

Surplus over all Liabilities and Contingency Reserve - 28,640,000

An Increase of \$6,532,000

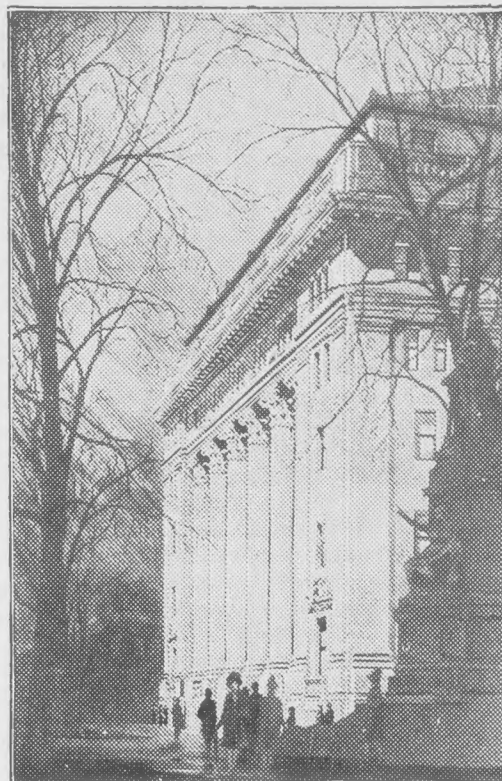
ASSETS at December 31, 1925 - 303,056,000

An Increase of \$28,925,000

Policies in Force, Excluding Group Policies - - 411,492

Employees of Firms Protected by Group Policies 42,755

Dividends to Policyholders increased for sixth successive year



EXTRACTS FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT

Your Directors present the fifty-fifth annual report for your approval.

The Company's statements have for years reflected its constantly increasing expansion and prosperity, but this year marks an epoch in the life of the organization. It has now passed the Billion Dollars mark in assurance in force, the amount after deducting reassurances being \$1,021,097,101.94.

Applications for new assurances have been the largest in our history, aggregating \$220,534,526.67. The new policies paid-for numbered 57,944, for the amount of \$193,477,057.26, after deducting amounts re-assured. The new business for the year exceeds the total amount of business the Company had in force only thirteen years ago.

The gratifying evidences of growth and expansion (exhibited in the accompanying statement) are paralleled in regard to strength and profitability. Notwithstanding the general decline in interest rates, the Company has been able not merely to continue, but to slightly increase its record in this connection, the rate earned during the year on the mean invested assets having been 6.41 per cent.

Several factors have contributed to produce this

result, not the least important being an increase in the dividends paid by some of the corporations in which the Company has substantial stock holdings.

Even more important than interest yield has been the advance in the market value of our securities. For many years we have specialized in long term bonds and preferred and common stocks of outstanding corporations, both in Canada and in the United States. We are now reaping the rewards of this policy. On actual sales of municipal debentures and other securities which had risen to high premiums, we have realized a net profit of \$2,215,772.41, while the increase in the value of securities still held has been much greater.

The profits earned by the Company during the year, based on the increase in the valuation of our securities as made by the government authorities, has been \$21,666,284.00. We have not thought it wise, however, to take credit for this entire amount, and have made a deduction of \$3,000,000 from the official valuation placed on our assets. We have, moreover, added \$2,500,000 to our Contingency Accounts, bringing these up to a total of \$10,000,000.

Following the practice of recent years, we have written off \$750,000 from the book value of our Head Office and Branch Buildings, and other real estate.

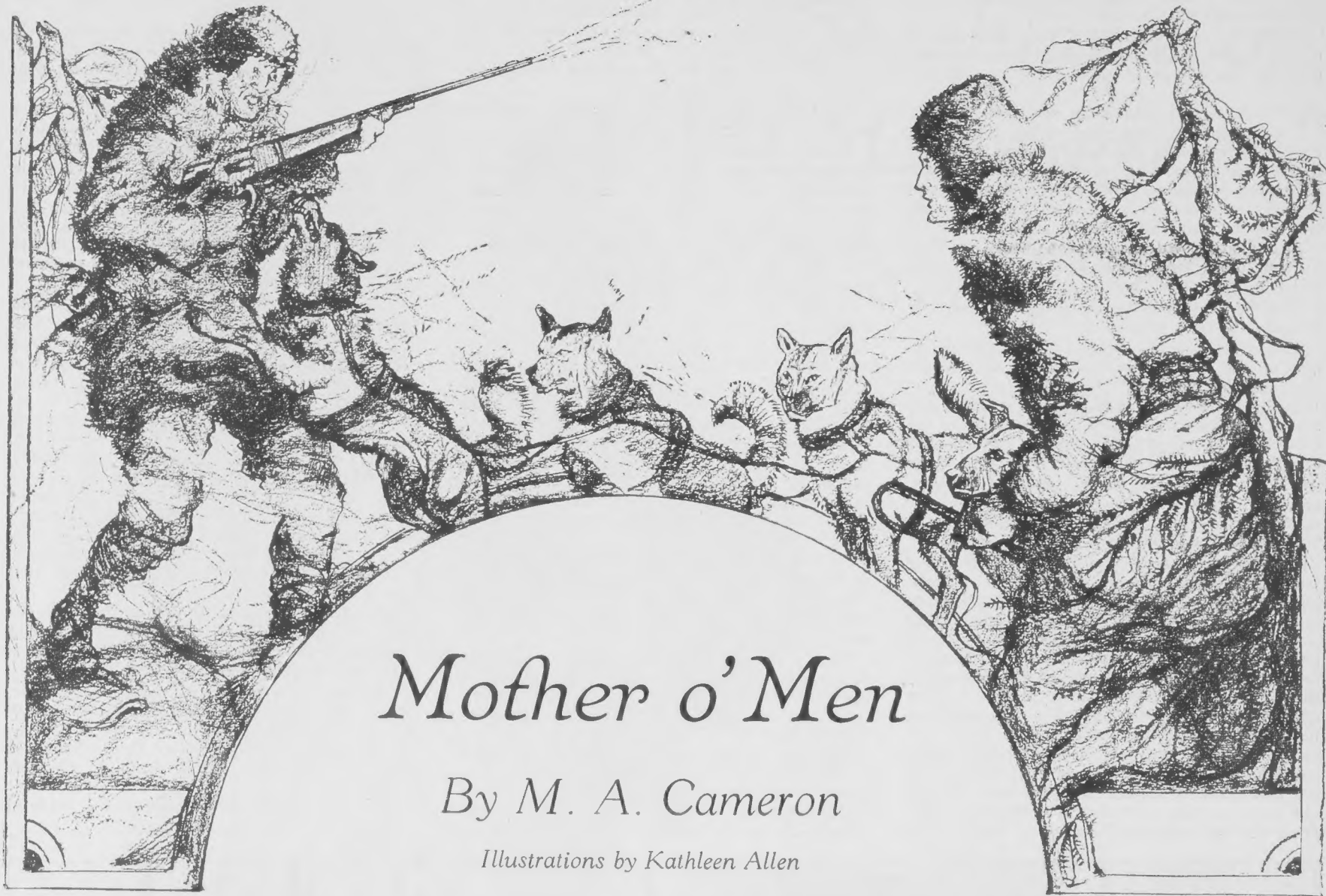
We have also, by setting aside an additional \$350,000, further strengthened the special reserve to provide for possible greater longevity among annuitants, bringing the total amount under this heading up to \$1,100,000 in excess of government requirements.

During the year we have paid or allotted \$7,662,784.35 as profits to our policyholders. After deducting this sum, and the accretions to shareholders' account, and making the foregoing heavy allocations, we have yet been able to add \$6,532,642.75 to our undivided profits bringing the total surplus over all liabilities, Contingency Accounts and Capital up to \$28,640,000.69.

For the sixth consecutive year we are able to announce an increase in the scale of profits to be distributed to our policyholders in the ensuing year.

To provide for the expansion of our business, it has been necessary to make an extension of the Head Office building, which has now been completed, and will be formally opened on the day of our Annual Meeting. The building is devoted exclusively to the use of the Company, but it is already evident that we must at once provide for further enlargement.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA



Mother o' Men

By M. A. Cameron

Illustrations by Kathleen Allen

THESE is no country in the world that tries the mettle of a man more than the Land of the Lobstick, the great central plain of Northern Canada. It lies north of the Saskatchewan and contains more territory than the state of Texas. For ages it has been given over to trapper and trader. Only in the last decade has the lure of precious metal called the men and women of the "outside" to trek into its treacherous waste, and pit their puny endurance against its changeful climate.

Dr. Johnson was one of these outsiders. Even after five years' residence in the frontier town of The Pas, he knew they so regarded him. Yet, he had held on, sometimes numbly, sometimes grimly, but always determined to win the love and approval of these men of the north whose bare lives pulled at his lonely heart-strings.

He was thinking it all over again this night of December 31, 1924, as he sat in his comfortable office and played absently with his little lame, white kitten . . . crippled, like himself. Perhaps, after all, he was a fool to hang on. Brawn counted more than brain, north of 53, and a more robust man would probably come in if he left a fair field. Dr. Black, the only other physician within a radius of 100 miles had shown plainly that he considered Johnson to be a misfit. But, there had been times when Black's fondness for "Three Star" had left the burden on the weaker shoulders.

The telephone rang sharply.

Dr. Johnson put the kitten down and shuffled awkwardly over to his desk. "What! What's that? Wireless Station? Yes, I'll be right over."

Before he had time to get into his overcoat there was a hasty rap on the outer door, and George Marsh, police magistrate pushed in. His usually ruddy face was pale and he was breathing heavily. "My God, Doc!" he gasped. "Fort du Bouchet is fighting a diphtheria epidemic . . . without serum . . . and without a doctor!"

"Without serum!" shouted Johnson. "But, Man . . . it can't be! I sent Bryce, the missionary, half my own supply ten days ago."

"Bryce's cottage was burned this evening, and with it his supply of serum."

"And Bryce . . . ?"

"Went down with the disease two days ago.

That's why they are calling for Black."

While he had been speaking Dr. Johnson opened a wall case and was putting several articles in his open bag, but he swung around abruptly at the mention of his rival's name.

"They're calling . . . Black! Then . . . why . . . ?"

"Oh," with a shrug of disgust, "he's dead drunk again. Having a regular New Year's celebration. It'll likely be a couple of days before he's sane enough to know where he is, and then . . . he'll be sick a week."

Dr. Johnson's face was almost expressionless as he listened to Marsh's explanation, but there was a tightening of the nostrils and a stiffening of the jaw before he spoke in his usual slightly hesitating, diffident manner: "When Black . . . recovers, ask him to take over Mrs. Murray and old man Glenn. The others will be all right with Nurse Moran's care. And—a—Marsh. I wish you'd look in here once a day and put on a fire—and see that Fluff has enough to eat."

"Sure—I'll do that. But, you can't take that trip alone!"

"Who else is there?"

"That's true," agreed Marsh slowly. "Sergeant Deane has every Mountie but the clerk out on the track of Paul La Rue. All the trappers that were in for Christmas are away again. George Lucas took the last decent dog-team up to Herb Lake yesterday. Anyway, you can't start till morning."

"I start in ten minutes," returned Johnson, reaching into the wardrobe behind his desk and bringing out a caribou parka. "Will you bring those fur robes out with you?"

AN HOUR later Dr. Johnson's five dogs had settled into their six miles an hour, with wise old Gogo in the lead. In spite of his inability to run along like a regular musher, the doctor had trained his team so well that only the specially selected racing dogs could out-do him on a long trip. The first lap of the journey, to the Mandy mine, was well defined, and although the recent blizzard had obliterated the trail, there was little danger of deviating far from it.

The night was ablaze with stars, and in the clear light of the full moon the spruce trees cast sharp

shadows across the path of untrodden snow. From time to time the Northern Lights danced in myriad colors from horizon to zenith. There was no wind and the crunch of the sled runners, or the doctor's voice as he spoke to the dogs, were the only sounds in a vast world of uncanny silence.

Though it was bitterly cold, Johnson, buried in fur robes, and with the soft warmth of his parka, gave it little thought. Frost covered the broad shoulders of the dogs, and they bent to their traces as though enjoying the jaunt.

At six o'clock in the morning, in the darkness following moonset, the doctor halted in the shelter of a clump of spruce on the shore of Lake Athapapuskow. He felt numb from long sitting in one position, and his twisted leg ached maddeningly as he stamped the blood into its wasted tissues again. The dogs squatted in their harness, wagging their tails hopefully when he drew out the provision case. He built a fire of dead branches and in a few minutes had hot coffee and bacon ready in the open.

In spite of the edict of the north that says a dog must be fed only once a day if you want him to work, Johnson found himself unable to bite into his own food with that circle of pleading eyes fixed upon him. He unhitched them hastily, and threw each a chunk of frozen meat.

"Anyway," he salved his conscience, "they're dogs, not huskies."

Again on and on in the darkness. It was easier going, now that they were crossing the snow-covered ice of the lakes. After the rough country of the long portage the dogs travelled with comparative ease on the dead level. They passed the deserted Mandy camp at noon. The sky became overcast. The wind rose and the snow drifted with a sibilant whisper, across the open spaces between the clumps of spruce that fringed the net-work of lakes and islands, like a scraggly beard.

Just before dusk the team trotted into sight of the group of buildings at the Horseshoe mine. Dr. Johnson needed no persuasion to make this a stopping place for a few hours. The dogs were showing the strain of continuous travel and they needed rest and a good feed. Sneddon, the foreman, exclaimed when he heard the doctor's objective. "Why, good God! You don't mean it? Fort

du Brouchet, on Reindeer lake? That's a trip for St. Godard, himself. There's hardly a landmark after you cross the Churchill river."

"Well . . . every once in a while ignorance of danger proves an asset," returned Johnson. But his deep-set blue eyes gazed speculatively into the fire.

AFTER a hearty supper the doctor found himself unable to follow much of the other man's conversation because of extreme fatigue. He roused to find Sneddon studying him with a puzzled frown. "If you're determined to go on," the foreman was saying, "you'd better turn in now. You don't look the chap to buck this northern game, Doctor. I wish to God I could send someone with you. But, we shut down three weeks ago, and there's only Bill Land and myself here."

The doctor smiled his thanks as he rose and limped awkwardly over to the bunk.

At dawn Sneddon again tried to persuade him to give up the trip. "Better wait till noon and see what the wind blows up. It's starting to snow now. If it turns out a genuine blizzard . . . and it has all the earmarks . . . you'd never get beyond the Churchill. The dogs couldn't face a gale like that on the barrens."

"Thanks a lot, old man," responded Johnson, earnestly, "but we'll have to try it. If we can't make it . . . oh, well, you know, we all have to go west, some time."

He pushed on steadily all day, travelling due north, guided mainly by his compass, but occasionally reassured by some fantastically trimmed spruce tree, the lobstick of the Cree, that all through this land marks the short-cuts or portages of old trails, or commemorates the brave deed of some bygone hunter. There was no road and no sun. The storm thickened. The dogs tried to turn about. Their eyes, white-rimmed with packed snow, glared, and they whimpered as they ran.

The wind rose to a gale, blowing at thirty miles an hour. Often the doctor could not see the lead dog through the thick veil of drifting snow. Sand-like particles stung his flesh like a whip-lash. Suddenly the dogs halted. He called to them, leaned

out to the right and cracked his whip. He saw that they had stopped at a high bank above a river. To the left was a huge boulder. He would have to reconnoitre a bit before he forced the dogs down the steep declivity. He started to turn back the robes when out of the wall-like drift of the storm a voice broke harshly.

"Just stay where you are one moment, Monsieur, and keep your hands in sight."

A figure, ghostly in its snow-coated parka, approached noiselessly. Gogo faced the man, growling ominously. Above the levelled rifle the beady black eyes of Paul La Rue gleamed, as cold and relentless as its steel barrel. The doctor remembered what Marsh had said about the police hunting this man. He recalled, too, that La Rue had once owned Gogo, his lead dog.

"I shall have to trouble Monsieur for the loan of his very good outfit," continued La Rue, "I am in one devil of a hurry and my dogs . . . not so well fed as these rascals . . . they 'ave play out."

"But, you cannot mean it!" ejaculated the doctor. "You . . . but, of course—you do not know me, nor my mission!"

"Oh, yes, I know that very well, Dr. Johnson, thanks to our good friend Radio. CKY broadcasted the news yesterday at noon, and so I am here, where I can get good dogs, and reach Prince Albert while the police look for me at Indian Lake."

In spite of the menacing gun Johnson struggled to his feet. "But . . . lives—" he stammered. "Women . . . and children . . . up there at the post—will die if I do not reach them with this serum."

"And I, Paul La Rue, will die—if they catch me. But, we waste words, my friend. Stand clear. I leave you half the food. You 'ave your compass . . . you find your way back to the Horseshoe. Quick! Ah—sacre!"

The dog, whose threatening growl had accompanied every word La Rue uttered, leaped suddenly and caught the taut left arm. The gun exploded—harmlessly—in the instant that the man was dragged down. He turned over, unhurt because of

his thick parka, but floundering under the weight of the dog, and swearing as he felt about for his rifle.

The doctor stood paralyzed only an instant. His Colt was covering La Rue as the renegade stumbled to his knees, and at his master's sharp order Gogo crouched back in the harness.

"Now, my man," snapped the doctor, "if there is any walking to be done, you will continue to do it. I'm sorry that my mission does not admit of delay—or I would certainly escort you back to the mine to await the police. As it is—"

A peculiar coughing sound made both men face sharply toward the east. The dogs rose to their feet and stood bristling and growling. A fog-like wall, grey-brown, in the blinding swirl of the snow, moved toward them.

"Caribou . . . trekking!" screamed La Rue, jumping for the shelter of the boulder. The dogs, yelping and snarling, sprang forward. The trailing robes caught the doctor's feet and carried him over the cliff with them, where he fell unhurt in the snow, twelve feet below. For an instant the air above him seemed filled with leaping, grunting forms. Then came a blow on the head, followed by the consciousness of a great weight, pressing him down into unfathomable darkness.

The crack of La Rue's rifle had brought upon them the greatest danger of the Barren Lands, a stampede of sharp-hoofed, innumerable caribou. They probably had been sheltering from the storm in the clumps of spruce, tamarac and poplar that fringed the stream.

La Rue, caught in mid-air on the palmated horns of a cow, was carried over the cliff. His weight forced her head down—she somersaulted, and landed, a dead weight, pinning both men down.

Hundreds of the frightened animals leaped over, most of them escaping unhurt, but some tripped on the wide-spreading antlers of the cow, and some failed to pick up quickly after their unexpected jump, and were trampled to death by countless others.

Half an hour later Dr. Johnson pushed his head

Continued on page 37



"Big enough! To think I was so damned small that I couldn't see your bigness....."

The Flame of Courage

By George Gibbs

Illustrations by
Grattan Condon

SECOND INSTALMENT



"It is easily to be seen that Madame de Pean is weary from her journey," he said with a frown. "Permit me, Mademoiselle," and, offering Armande his arm, he conducted her past the enraged intruder.

(Resume of First Instalment on Page 10)

FOR a week Armande did not see Monsieur Davol, nor did she hear anything from him. And she was glad of this because she needed time to consider the terms of their extraordinary interview. She found it strange that she thought of him frequently, arguing from this at last an interest of a different kind from any she had ever known for any man. And yet, as she looked back upon the voyage, and upon the events that had followed in Quebec, she was sure that in spite of her pique at his strange attitude, the interest in Monsieur Davol must have existed from the beginning.

There was about him, as she could now admit since his confession, without prejudice to pride, a sober air of strength and integrity that defied the brilliant talents of the gay courtiers that surrounded her. These men were the flower of French chivalry, typical of the court, valiant, care-free, ardent and unscrupulous in love and war, both kind and cruel, the creatures of their environment and of their traditions.

Monsieur Davol seemed to belong to another world. Like herself, a visitor unfamiliar with the codes or creeds of this gay company whose paths they were now to follow. With her woman's art she had been enabled to adapt herself to her situation; but Monsieur Davol, in spite of his familiarity with the manners of the day, was still an outsider.

His role of student and philosopher fitted him well, but it could not account to Armande for the shadows that hung about him. Deep shadows

from something more than a grief or a sorrow; the shadows of a tragedy that clouded his future as well as his past. Lines of sorrow at his eyes, but at his lips, marked as if with a graver's tool, the indentations of a fixed and inflexible determination.

What grief? What tragedy? A determination to do what? And why should these shadows out of the past come falling like an impervious wall between this man's interests and hers? Another woman? Perhaps. And yet somehow she could not think of Monsieur Davol as a man who gave his affections lightly.

She seemed to be sure that whatever his past, the words of his avowal had come forth with the mad haste of complete relinquishment and utter sincerity. He loved her well and with the awkward ardor of one to whom such a confession is unfamiliar. If not another woman, what else? She puzzled long over this problem, not willing to relinquish it and yet finding it each day more trying and mysterious.

Then one day came a note into her hands delivered by a servant:

"MADEMOISELLE: I pray you to forget the words I have uttered. They gushed from some inner spring, beyond the realm of will. Try to believe that they were never said. They must make no difference in my service. I go away today for a while into the forest. I pray you to heed my warnings. Silence from Madame de B., and as to yourself, diligence and prudence."

The note needed no signature, but it added nothing to the sum of her information, except the reiteration in its denials of his love. He asked that what he had said should make no difference in her

friendship, not knowing that it had already made a difference, a difference that made her read with a new appreciation of their wisdom the lines of his warning and admonition.

She would have liked to see him before he went away, to reassure herself that she had made no mistake in her judgment of his sincerity, and to let him take with him to the forest some kinder memory than the terms of her upbraiding. But she could make no reply, for the servant who had brought the note informed her that Monsieur Davol had gone.

As to the warning for Madame de Brinvilliers, Armande had already acted with firmness. Her spurious aunt had at first feigned ignorance, then given indignation to the charge, at last bursting into tears and confessing that the potency of the champagne and the persuasions of Madame de Chateaufort had been too much for her sense of responsibility. She had done no damage, however, and in future promised to guard both her appetites and her tongue.

Monsieur Davol's admonitions as to Armande's prudence in the conduct of her affairs had a deeper significance. They came, not as she had supposed on previous occasions, from a desire to be meddlesome or to take advantage of his association in the intrigue, but from a poignant interest in her welfare now fully understood and appreciated. Accordingly she relinquished for the moment any efforts in her investigation, spending her hours in cementing more firmly the ties of her friendly relationships in every direction.

The return of the Chavalier de Chabannes, slightly wounded at Fort Ontario, was welcome to her. And Pierre de Brinvilliers, who came in from Fort Frontenac, added something to the gaiety of the household. He had fallen readily into the plan, and rather enjoyed the privileges of friendship that came to him with this new and attractive cousin. As he was engaged to be married to the daughter of the Sieur de Saint Foy, Armande found an added pleasure in watching this pleasant romance.

As to Monsieur Bigot, the situation in Quebec was already proving that Monsieur Davol knew more than Armande, for though there were wine and the finest food upon the tables of the Governor and the Intendant, who spent money lavishly in entertainment, the poor people of Quebec and elsewhere were on the point of rebellion against Monsieur Bigot who, more than the Governor, was responsible for the high cost of the very necessities of life.

The operations of Bigot, Cadet, and company were now conducted with such a disregard of public opinion that one only had to talk with the *habitants* upon the streets to hear statements that could be verified without great difficulty; while among the more honorable of the old families, such as those of the Sieur de la Marche and Monsieur de Saint Foy, the villainy was discussed with contempt and horror. And yet if the Governor, Monsieur de Vaudreuil, did nothing these men were powerless.

Apart from the transactions in wheat which robbed the peasants of the products of their farms and filled the storehouses of *La Friponne* ("The

Cheat," as the *habitants* called the Grand Company) there were other gross abuses which robbed the King of money and stores intended for the soldiers in the field.

And in a chance conversation, Armande discovered that Monsieur Breard, naval controller at Quebec, had made a partnership with the commercial house of Gradis & Son of Bordeaux, who sent their goods to Quebec, where they were sold to the King at a huge profit, or even sold two or three times, with the King as the last buyer. Monsieur Bigot did not appear in these transactions, but there seemed every reason to believe that most of the money had gone into his pockets.

When Armande was with the Intendant it seemed scarcely possible that he could be responsible for all the crimes that were laid at his door, for he wore a plausible air that was almost convincing of his innocence to all except those who had suffered personal loss or injury at his hands.

Even the *habitants*, poor, bitter, and hungry, were as wax in Bigot's clever fingers. He had a sense of drama and played upon them as he wished. One day Armande had an example of the *sang-froid* of Monsieur Bigot.

With the Chevalier de Chabannes she had gone to the edge of the cliff to watch the burning of a storehouse of the Grand Company which the enraged peasants had set on fire. In the midst of their fury Bigot appeared from the palace, quiet, cool, and self-possessed. Such was the influence of his personality that they fell away from him and stood listening while he spoke.

"You fools! To burn what it was intended that I should give to you in celebration of our glorious victory at Carillon. For today comes word that Monsieur de Montcalm has resisted the English with great slaughter of the enemy.

A great shout of "Victory!" went up. Monsieur Bigot smiled.

"But you shall not suffer, my friends," he said with a graceful wave of the hand. "My palace shall be opened to you, and you shall eat and drink to celebrate this victory of French arms."

Hats were thrown into the air as they hailed Monsieur Bigot's generosity. He smiled, entered his coach, and drove away.

"What can be done with such a man?" said de Chabannes with a grudging admiration. "He is unconquerable."

Armande made no reply, for the chevalier had echoed the thought in her own mind. She feared Monsieur Bigot at that moment. His small, compact figure in that dubious situation had had a kind of devilish beauty. He had swayed a multitude with a word.

And yet when she met Monsieur Bigot that night at dinner at the Governor's table he was so gentle that she wondered if all that she had seen was not a dream. She was tempted to question him.

"I saw the burning of the storehouse——"

"Ah, was it not foolish of them? Their own wheat. They are children. Without reason. They have all gone home drunk and happy."

He gave a shrug, sniffed at his wine with the delicacy of a true connoisseur, then drank of it gaily. "We are a great race, Mademoiselle. Keep the French in a good humour and they will conquer the world."

"But they cannot keep in good humor if they are hungry."

"Hungry? Ah, you mistake. There is no hunger in New France. Prices are high. But what would you have? We are at war, Mademoiselle."

He had authority. She was almost ready to believe that everything she had heard about him was the invention of his enemies.

After dinner Monsieur Bigot was in a high good humor, for the victory at Carillon (called by the English Ticonderoga) had had its inspiring effect upon every one. Monsieur de Vaudreuil pompously proclaimed that his own plans and the efforts of his brother Rigaud had made the victory possible. He even went to the length of insisting that Monsieur de Montcalm might have served France better if he had pursued the beaten enemy into the woods. Monsieur Bigot winked mischievously at Armande. His Excellency could not resist the temptation of blowing his own trumpet. It was a way he had.

After dinner the Intendant invited Armande out upon the bastions of the fortress to look down with him on the great river in the moonlight. It was the first time that they had been actually alone, and she took the venture, aware that Angelique de Pean had gone for a few days to Montreal. The manners of Monsieur Bigot were scrupulously correct. He brought her cloak, offered his arm, and led her to an embrasure sheltered from the breeze which already had in it the promise of cold weather. Below them, the broad expanse of water, like a sheet of



Then he followed into the house, into a room of firelight and candles, where he quickly

quicksilver beneath the trembling harvest moon. Lights, yellow, green and red, marking the gray bulk of ships at anchor and at the docks. Silence, profound, from the sleeping city.

At the end of the gallery a sentry paced along the row of cannons that were trained to cover the river from shore to shore. There was something formidable in the mass of heavy walls of rock and in these implements of destruction, dominating the peaceful scene. They represented power, empire, majesty. And this man beside her, more than His Excellency, represented, as they did, the sovereignty of France.

The conflict of interest and authority, now apparent to every one, between the Governor and General de Montcalm had thrown the balance into the hands of Francois Bigot. No one knew how he would use it, or where his sympathies lay, but everyone admitted that the Intendant was the one man to govern the destinies of New France. This was why the citizens of Quebec were so ready to condone his faults if they could rely upon him to use his genius in the great emergency that faced them.

Indeed as Armande and Francois Bigot leaned together upon the parapet, elbow to elbow, and looked out upon the distant shore, Armande was willing to forget for the moment all the evil that she had heard of the Intendant, in the mere enjoyment of his conversation. For he quoted Moliere, Boileau, and Racine with great intelligence and ap-

preciation, a gift in which she was not far behind, since from her youth she had studied these classics for her career upon the stage. And this similarity in their tastes and learning added to his delight of her.

"If I had not the evidence of your fine intelligence, Mademoiselle, I might almost think you a *precieuse*, a *bas-bleu*. It is a rare thing to meet a woman of intellect in New France, one who combines with such careless perfection all the other graces."

"Thanks, Monsieur. I was brought up on Moliere. I am glad you do not find in such learning a subject for ridicule."

"Will it offend you, Mademoiselle, if I say that I've always considered a woman who thinks, much like a *caniche* walking upon his hind legs, so unusual that one wonders how he does it all."

"You do not offend me, Monsieur. Why should you? I think I also walk upon my hind legs. Nor do I consider either accomplishment unusual."

He laughed joyously, like a boy.

"You are adorable, whatever you do, because you are different from any woman I have ever met. The women of New France are not taught to think, Mademoiselle. All they learn at the Convent of the Ursulines is the art of being alluring to those of the opposite sex. Strange, is it not, that that should be the most important thing that they learn in a convent?"

Armande smiled gravely; but she was aware



made out the figure of Monsieur Bigot, who stood, sword in hand, awaiting him.

that Madame de Pean, more than any other woman of New France, had learned that secret and little else at the Ursulines. Was Monsieur Bigot thinking of her? She did not know.

"I think you do the ladies of New France an injustice, Monsieur. Most of them are very beautifully educated."

"But not intelligent. There is a difference. Why should not the minds of the women of the world be trained to cope with those of the men they are to marry, instead of learning the arts of conquest, the grimaces, paces, and gestures of mincing dolls?" He broke off with a quick gesture. "Therefore, Mademoiselle, you need not be surprised at my delight in your knowledge and the grace with which you express it. Every hour of your society already denied me must now be reckoned as lost opportunity. There are so many of them, Mademoiselle, such dreary hours," he murmured. "Why?"

She smiled warily at the moon.

"Surely, Monsieur, I am wise enough to know that your time is more usefully employed. Perhaps," she added, "even more pleasurably."

"Ah, your words are arrows tipped with poison. I am the slave of time. And yet show me the slave who would not try to escape his thralldom."

"Affairs of state, I meant, Monsieur," she said sedately, but she could not resist a little thrill of triumph that he understood her meaning. It was true, then, that he was weary of Madame de Pean.

He was silent for a moment, his dark gaze fixed

upon the lights of the distant shore of the Isle of Orleans.

"Why have you avoided me, Mademoiselle de Lusignac?"

"I was not aware——"

"It is true. Is it true that I am unworthy of you?"

"Monsieur, I beg of you——"

"Let me speak, Mademoiselle. Let me be honest once. It is a luxury I do not often indulge in. I would like to be honest with you. I am unworthy of any woman who has high thoughts. And yet I was not always thus. I was an honest boy, Mademoiselle, with a passion for learning. I came of honest parents, too. My father and grandfather both held honorable positions in the Parliament of Bordeaux.

"I was a good lawyer. I gained attention and at last royal favor. I have risen far. I have gained everything in the world that men of ambition long for: friends, wealth, power, and yet I have gained nothing but the world. In gaining the world I have lost my soul. I am a body without a spirit. Mademoiselle, can you not find a little pity in your heart for such a man?"

Was this the Intendant of New France who was speaking or some poor, dispirited creature at the door of the confessional? Was this the intrepid, resourceful gamester who had defied the rioters at the burning granary? His voice was deep and gentle, and in spite of the warnings of her instincts,

Armande listened, aware of her growing sense of power and the note of humility that she had inspired. Whither was he leading?

"It would not be seemly to try to find pity in my heart for the Intendant of New France," she said quietly.

"And yet he needs it, Mademoiselle, from such as you. For if you pity, perhaps you will not judge me harshly."

"Who am I to judge you, Monsieur?"

He bent his head upon one hand, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"Because on that judgment rests all my hope of happiness, all my dread of lonely, wasted years." And as she straightened—"Do not turn away from me, Mademoiselle. If you do the light goes out of my life forever. I've waited for you long, many years, and now that you have come at last, do not tell me that it is too late."

"I do not understand."

"I love you, Mademoiselle. It has been so from the first moment of meeting. Is that so strange? It should not be, for it is so little strange to me. Your coming here to Quebec is like the fulfilment of the promise of a destiny that has granted me everything else. A woman, in all things excellent, whose pure eyes can look upon impurity, and in the looking, lend good to evil. I am old enough, almost, to be your father, Mademoiselle, and yet in that age wise enough to adore you. You think that I am too old? I shall become a boy. Or too worldly? You shall make me a saint."

"Even the devil can quote scripture to his purpose," she said with a provoking laugh.

"Another arrow more sweet and deadly than the last! Straight to the heart. And yet, I am no devil, not tonight, or even tomorrow, if you will smile upon me. Your eyes in the moonlight rain benisons, and yet you veil them from me. Let them speak again, and not your lips, for your voice comes from the mind, your glances from the spirit."

"And yet you were praising me for my intelligence," she put in coolly.

"Not if it invoked my ruin," he said quickly. "I will not believe that you dislike me. I am not a man that people dislike. I was meant to be hated or to be loved. Which is it to be, Armande?"

"I do not hate, neither do I love you, Monsieur."

"Then I will not despair. I need you, Armande. You are the placid lake whither runs the mad torrent of my life. So placid, so pure, reflecting the deeper colors of my spirit. You are rest, tranquility, amid strife. We could go far, we two. If you were not above jewels I would rain them on you. If you were not finer even than the power I would give you that. Glory awaits me one day. I will share it with you, a ministry, the baton of a marshal of France.

He touched her fingers with his own, but she gently drew away.

"Monsieur, please. You bewilder me."

"Will you give me hope, then?"

"Hope? How can I say? My hand goes only with my heart."

There was a silence during which Francois gazed sombrely at the moonbeams on the water. His touch of her fingers had somehow broken the current of their communion. It was the music of his voice that had held her, the glimpse that he had given her of his spirit as it might have been, illusions dispelled by his boast of glory and the reality of his fingers. His voice at last broke the silence. "Will you tell me, at least, Mademoiselle, that there is no one else?"

"How can I know that, Monsieur," she said with a smile, "since no one has paid me so great an honor?"

He glanced at her quickly. "Not even Monsieur de Chabannes, or Monsieur Davol?"

"Not even these," she said with dignity.

"What was it, then," he said with a dry laugh, "that sent Monsieur Davol flying from you down the hill of the Citadel as though the devil were after him?"

She straightened, staring at him in amazement.

"You saw? You know?"

He gave a shrug. "I see everything that happens in Quebec, know everything."

He had frightened her. What else did he know? Surely not— She was sure that she had given no sign of her lost composure. She made a shrug as carelessly as his own.

"Monsieur Davol and I do not understand each other. Perhaps I angered him."

"Doubtless. He is a strange fellow."

The grave moment seemed to have passed, and as she leaned against the parapet again his voice resumed its quiet accents.

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle, for my impertinence in prying into your affairs. It is because I find



Angelique sat, now smiling up at him, enjoying, apparently the little drama of her creation. "It is an excellent thing," he said, governing himself with an effort, "that you are a woman."

myself jealous of everyone who comes in contact with you. Monsieur de Chabannes is a friend of mine, and yet if I thought that you loved him I could be his enemy, a merciless one."

"You need not trouble yourself as to that, Monsieur," she said smiling.

He straightened and then bent toward her again eagerly. "You have given me new life, Mademoiselle. I shall not give up hope. I want you. I need you. You shall see how patient I can be. I will wait, Mademoiselle, and serve."

She could not resist the temptation to take advantage of the opening in his guard and made her thrust mischievously. "And the others whom you serve, Monsieur," she asked.

He faced her, but with bowed head.

"Ah, Mademoiselle. *Touche*. The cruelest arrow of them all. *Peccavi*. I have sinned. And yet how can you hold against me the things that happened before you came to me? I have sinned, but I have confessed." He caught her hand from her side and pressed it to his lips. "I love no one but you, Armande. No other woman in the world has the power to command me."

There was a light laugh behind them, gay as gossamer in the sunlight. And as Francois Bigot straightened quickly he saw to his dismay who the intruder was.

ANGELIQUE DE PEAN was dressed in a dark velvet travelling dress and wore a large plumed hat. Her hands were still gauntleted.

"I am sorry, Mademoiselle de Lusignac, that my intrusion is so inopportune," she began coolly and rather insolently. "But I have driven all day and bear an important letter from Monsieur Varin at Montreal for the Intendant."

Bigot gave no sign of his confusion.

"You have driven fast," he said with a smile. "Your message must indeed be important to bring you so quickly to the Chateau Saint Louis. You have my thanks and compliments."

"I sought you at the Intendancy, and they told me you were here. If they had said that you were so pleasantly engaged I should not have come."

Under the deep rim of her hat her dark eyes flashed their challenge at Armande, who smiled at her with the placidity of her innocence.

"You are welcome, Madame," she said coolly. "I am in your debt for some compliments from Monsieur the Intendant. I should not have been so fortunate if you had been in Quebec."

Intended as a peace-offering, the words still had a double meaning.

"I am indeed the loser, Mademoiselle; though the compliments of Monsieur Bigot, by their promiscuity, lose something of their savor."

This was more of a challenge to Monsieur Bigot than to Armande. He took the gage at once. "It is easily to be seen that Madame de Pean is weary from her journey," he said with a frown. "Permit

me, Mademoiselle," and, offering Armande his arm, he conducted her past the enraged intruder and into the courtyard, leaving Madame de Pean to follow at her will.

Armande was perplexed and disturbed. She had studied, since her arrival in Quebec, to make no enemies, least of all Madame de Pean, who possessed a spirit that might breed mischief.

"You should not have done that, Monsieur," she said. "It was scarcely necessary."

"You will pardon me," he muttered. "This is my reply to your comment upon my gallantries. Perhaps you will believe me now," he added gently, "when I say that no other woman in the world is anything to me."

"The situation is unfortunate, Monsieur. I regret it more deeply than anything that has happened to me."

"You need have no regrets. Madame de Pean has no claims upon me from this moment."

"I beg you to reconsider——"

"Any wish you have is law but that. Madame de Pean has gone too far."

His brows were bent, his lips set in this resolve, and she saw that it was useless to discuss the matter. Without further words, Monsieur Bigot conducted her to the reception room of His Excellency, where Madame de Brinville was playing cards with Madame de Vaudreuil. A considerable sum of money was before her upon the table and she was loath to leave, but after some persuasion the lively old lady was induced to go home. Monsieur Bigot, having made his regrets to his host and hostess, disappeared to his stormy interview with his older and more desperate charmer.

THE society of Quebec and Montreal was at this time a curious mixture of people of the nobility who had come from France and colonists who had prospered in the trades and in the shops and by their money made themselves of use to those in power. A mixed society, brought together by a smattering of culture and interests that were identical. Thus it was that Madame Penisseault, the daughter of a small tradesman in Montreal, and wife of Penisseault of the Grand Company of Bigot, sat at the table of Madame de Chateaufort, whose family was of the old regime.

It was part of their afternoon diversion that these ladies should gossip, and it was not long before the echoes of Monsieur Bigot's treatment of Angelique de Pean found their way to the lively card-table.

"It cannot be possible that he intends to discard her," said Madame Penisseault. "It is an affair of many months."

Continued on page 54

Resume of First Instalment

In the service of Madame de Pompadour, Heloise Gueret, beautiful young actress of Rouen, has been sent to New France to secretly investigate the affairs governed by the Intendant, Francois Bigot. She adopts the name of Armande de Lusignac, and under the chaperonage of the Marquise de Brinville whose niece she is supposed to be, leaves for America. On the voyage she is sought out by the debonair Chevalier de Chabannes and the quiet and mysterious Jacques Davol who discloses his knowledge of her mission. On their arrival at Quebec, Monsieur Bigot falls victim to her beauty and affords her every honor and attention, jealously watched by Madame de Pean whose acknowledged lover he has been. In a conversation with Davol, Armande is warned of her danger of being betrayed by the indiscreet chatter of her pseudo-aunt at afternoon card games. At the same meeting Davol puzzles Armande by a sudden declaration of love, followed by a hasty departure.

Staking Out for Adventure

By Ann S. Warner

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

POETRY as a rule is not associated with the strenuous life, and Cecily was finding home-steading nothing but that, yet it had all begun by her reading a poem, one called a ballad, at that:

Miss Prue Priscilla Perkins was a prim New England maid,
And she never had a suitor since her hair came out of braid."

Cecily knew exactly how she felt. Probably she had taught school, too. Cecily was convinced there had never been anyone less endowed than herself with the gift of imparting knowledge, yet she had spent six years in chalk-filled rooms and was beginning to wonder if she faced the prospect of nothing else for eternity. Cecily was not actually pretty but she had a buoyant enthusiasm which nothing had quenched. She had faced life with a bounding joyousness for the great adventure just around the corner. But somehow it never came. One by one her friends had married with a blissful flurry. Still Cecily taught on. Why was it, she used to question wistfully, that she was blessed with such an overbountiful supply of girl friends while never a man came near her? And it was not supposed to be her part to seek them. Cecily began to lose her respect for men. They might show some initiative. In fact Cecily was becoming a little soured on the world, certainly on men. "But Prue went West one summer, and she proudly wrote her name

On a stake upon the prairie, where the wild sunflowers flame,
And she built a paintless dwelling on a treeless, manless claim."

Cecily could not exactly go "West," for her home city was already practically there, but she decided she could stake that claim. Not, however, on any treeless prairie. Cecily chose her setting with care for the picturesque. Even the name of the creek satisfied her: the Flying Pan. Her shack, too, would have to be described as picturesque, for it answered no other requirement; it even leaked. But Cecily refused to be daunted. She was off on adventure at last. Maybe: "And the cowboys came to view her—and they came a-riding fast—
And Miss Prue, who'd had no suitors, said: 'The tide has turned, at last!'"

To be popular, once, Cecily gave blissful heed to such a prospect. Meanwhile she wrestled with the hatchet and the logs until she grew so warm it seemed incredible she would ever need a fire in any season; she hauled an unbelievable number of pails of water and still never rinsed her clothes or dishes to her satisfaction.

"Now ponies cluster Sundays round the Perkins ranch-house small,
And the Perkins parlor bursteth with admirers who call,
And a ticket to New England wouldn't please Miss Prue at all!"

Aside from the fact her ranch-house was small, all right, as time went on Cecily failed to find the expected resemblance. She had trouble distinguishing Sundays from other days. And how she craved a ticket back! But every cent of her life's

a man wrote it. I'm off that breed for life." Yes, Cecily was soured on men completely now. Hereafter she would play a lone game, with her hand against every man, and some way, by hook or crook, wring back her money out of this.

In no mood for sleep she wandered to the doorway and, slipping down, doubled up over the shallow step. Jagg, her canine lover, nosed his long collie snout into her lap, and with a sob she flung

hills. The clumps of dark pine against the silvery radiance gave a touch of mystery and grandeur to the scene. It was so still, so utterly still. They seemed to be the only two creatures left alive. Cecily stared broodingly over her land.

"It needs life—life. Something gamboling about. Lambs!" She sprang excitedly to her feet. Exactly, lambs! Something weak and gentle dependent on her care. Then, too, sheep in a cattle country. What a sweet revenge! They had paid no attention to her—those pesky men folks—now she would show them. She'd bring the woolies in!

Cecily decided to say as little as possible to her neighbors, the Rolfs. They had been more than kind, Mrs. Rolf her mainstay of ranch information, but she had no intention of being talked out of this. She wrote far and wide for information and got in touch with excellent sources. At length she was notified her shipment was in the station corral, five miles away. She swung on her horse and rushed to town.

The station master proved very helpful in herding them out and starting them up the road. Even Jagg showed unexpected sagacity and seemed instinctively to realize this should be his business. Once clear of the small settlement, with its dividing roads, her task became easier. The sheep ambled ahead as calmly as could be. Cecily had time to recall her fears of interference by the cattle-men. She reached into

her pocket for reassurance and brought out the small Lueger revolver she always carried. She almost gave it a flip in the air, but recalled herself. Firearms were not intended for use as marbles.

"Say, sister, sure you know which end of that gun is which?"

Cecily flashed about in her saddle. It was Tad—Tad something or other from a ranch about five miles beyond hers. "Of course I do," she answered him indignantly, regaining a firm clutch on the small right-angled weapon, and wondering if he had come to contest her driving the sheep home. She furtively released the safety catch. "It really isn't near as confusing as it looks." Then she added honestly: "At first I was afraid I might get the ends mixed, but now I know I couldn't."

The man's eyes twinkled. "I'm glad you're sure now. But would you just as soon point it some other way?" he suggested mildly.

Between resentment at his amusement and suspicions of his motives, Cecily hardly knew how to

Continued on page 52



At length he looked up at her—"It will live" he said gently

savings was going into this concern and it was up to her to see it through.

She tried to tell herself the trouble was she was not acquainted yet. With a last kindling hope she accompanied her mile-away neighbors, the Rolfs, to a barn-dance. The women seated themselves in a circle around the cleared floor-space. The men roamed about—anywhere except near the women. They separated from them at the end of each dance as oil from water. When the music began there was a massed movement back. The mass, however, pressed at the side of the room away from Cecily. There were two little blond creatures there, their hair exaggeratedly fluffed out, their filmy frocks accentuating their palpitating airiness. They were two nearby school teachers. The comethither in the eyes, it seems, was not a matter of occupation.

Cecily went home and got out a thin green-grey book and studied the author's name on the cover a moment. "Arthur Chapman—Liar, it should read," she burst out bitterly. "I might have known

His Wife's Easter Hat

By Marion Wathen Fox

JACK MORDEN stood in his room at the Queens Hotel with an open letter held limply in his hand and groaned.

Van Falconer, also from Oldham, just then blew into Jack's room.

"What's up, old man?" he greeted solicitously, dropping to a chair cushioned with Jack's sample case. "Bad news?"

"Bad news?" glared back Jack.

"The wife sick?—or the kids?"

"Worse, much worse," and now a twinkle began to break.

"Anything I can do?"

"Read that," snapped Jack.

Hastily Van snatched the letter and read:

"Dear Jack:—I'm awfully sorry but I'll have to ask you to get me a hat for Easter. I thought I could make my old one do but I simply can't, and I've looked in the two shops here and all the best are picked up—what's left have been mauled by every woman in town. You have such wonderful taste, Jack dear, that I'm not a bit afraid to have you choose for me. It's to go with my new pansy-shade suit, you know. It's the exact shade of your purple tie which you have with you, so wear that when you go for a hat. You know how much I like things to match, so if it's not the exact shade get either one shade lighter or a shade darker. Take Lena Babkirk with you when you go. I'm writing her to call you up—she always knows the latest; so between you I'm expecting the *chic-est* hat in town. Don't forget the shade. Heaps of love.—Maude."

"Now, did you ever read anything quite so cold-blooded?" gloomed Jack as his friend dropped the letter amongst the cigarette ashes and neckties on the dresser.

"Did I ever? Well——" and at that Van Falconer went off into gales of laughter punctuated by pounding the arm of his chair. "Holy Mike! but this is great—great!" he'd gasp in between bursts, and then off he'd go again.

"Oh, it's all very well for you to laugh!" and Jack's glare was even now more vindictive, though at the corners a glint of laughter was beginning to slowly submerge the glare.

"Shake, old man, shake!" and Van was now working Jack's arm after about the same style as he used to work the dasher of his grandmother's old-fashioned churn when he was a kid. "I'm in the same pickle—honest! I got a letter from Mabel last night asking me to get her one, only hers is to be 'tomato shade'—next year it will be 'turnip' I suppose—to match her 'ongsomble' suit. Wants just a touch of something—get that 'something!'—along with the tomato. I'll be saved your tramping about though, for she's got a milliner friend here—Amy Chisholm—and she's written to her. I'm to get it there. The responsibility is largely mine, though, for she says I know her taste in hats so well—but she's strong for that tomato-shade to match her suit. Suppose I'll have to buy a tomato and go lugging it around town—hanged if I ever thought before the things had any 'shade'—thought it was just 'taste'—but there's the phone, Jack."

"What do you bet it isn't Lena Babkirk calling me up already about the hat?"

It was. And she wanted him to meet her at ten to have a "look around."

"And I've a good dozen men to see yet"

groaned Jack, "and three show-rooms to do and a stack of things to buy for myself and the boy."

"Cheer up, old fellow, it might be a worse job! Carter on the Tut tomb business, for instance. Or the Canadian premier's—with everyone clamoring 'Economize! Economize!' and at the same time howling for railways, docks, post-offices, and all the rest of it. But don't forget your 'pansy' tie—I'll take the letter along in case I forget the 'tomato' requirement and make it 'cabbage' or maybe 'mangel-wurzel.'"

AMONGST the hurrying crowd of passengers entering the eastward-bound train that evening were two men gingerly carrying hat-boxes.

"Got your tomato?" jocularly questioned one.

"Got your pansy?" answered the other.

"Lift her up gently, handle with care," chanted

Jack as he adjusted his box carefully into the hat-rack alongside that of his friend's.

Then the two started on a twenty-mile hat conversation, recounting their experiences in purchasing the hats—no doubt considerably embellished. However, it called for much laughter, and finally culminated in elation, for each seemed confident he'd got "a peach of a hat!" that his wife would be "tickled to death about"—"the very thing she wanted."

At the end of the twenty miles a seed-catalogue dropped from Jack's pocket. Both men pounced on it, for was it not spring—when the young householder's 'fancy lightly turns to thoughts of'—gardening! So hats were forgotten and gardening now received all their attention, for both were enthusiastic on the subject and manifested it every spring—until weed-time. So, as this night-before-Easter train sped on its way Jack expatiated in the proper way to plant corn, while his friend interjected information on the art of how to raise celery. They wound up with the seed-catalogue, and looked for all the world like two five-year-olds poring over their first copy of "The Three Bears," so ardent

thing in the morning, and show up myself in time for church. Of course I'm dead sorry not to see her face when she first catches sight of the thing but—"

"A good idea, but they're expecting me at home."

They were. The light was on in the front porch, and another in the hall—this was decorated with a large note saying:

"Would you mind sleeping in the guest-room—I'm sorry, but Junior has the earache and I've had no sleep for two nights. I've a solo to sing in church tomorrow and I'm anxious to get rested tonight. Had to take Junior with me. Leave my hat at the bedroom door so that I won't need to disturb you in the morning.—Maude."

But loss of sleep on the previous nights and the letting up of the earache caused both Mrs. Jack and Junior to oversleep in the morning.

"Nine!" gasped Maude in dismay blinking at her under-pillow watch, and immediately rushed to her bedroom door and grabbed the hat box. In a very few moments the wrappings were off and she was gazing inside.

"Oh! Oh!" she gasped in utter dismay. "Oh, what shall I do? How horrid of Jack! Just like a man! I told him 'pansy' and if it isn't actually red! Flame-color, I believe! Bright, horrid red, and to wear with my pansy-colored suit. I can't—they'll clash so! If I only hadn't to sing that solo! And my old one is such a sight. No use waking Jack up—he can't do anything now—might have known better than to ask him to get it! Some men have no idea—not the slightest, about such things!" And she gulped down a sob.

Mrs. Van Falconer was scurrying around getting breakfast when the boy arrived from the hotel with her hat.

"Kiddies, I'll just take one peep before breakfast! It's so late and you're all to dress for church. Oh, I do hope it's nice—I've not told a soul I'm getting it—be a surprise to some of them for——" but now the string was off and the cover.

"Good land!—purple! Of all things—and I said red—tomato shade like my ensemble suit! Isn't that like a man! Whatever possessed him! He knows I can't stand things that don't harmonize—I'll just have to stay home from church! Why, purple and red shriek so at each other!" and she whisked back a tear of disappointment and two of rage—rage at her husband. "What horrid taste men have," she finally gulped.

However, at the last minute both Mrs. Morden and Mrs. Falconer decided to wear the new hats. They realized that the hats in themselves were charming, but the colors were decidedly off, and then of course they were not at all what they had ordered. Each slipped as humbly and unobtrusively as possible into her place at church.

Jack Morden arrived and slipped into a back seat just as his wife was standing to sing her Easter solo. Of course his eyes were at once focused on her face, and then, almost immediately, on her hat. But, Great Shenanigan! she had on a red hat! And the one he had got her was purple—"pansy," the very thing she had asked for! Why in thunder hadn't she worn it? And after all the trouble he had taken in selecting it! And she was wearing that bright red thing with the purple suit after all!

Van Falconer was also late, so dropped into the first seat by the door, and at once sought to place the pew containing his family. He soon spied the kiddies but his wife didn't seem to be there—only a woman with a purple hat—Holy Smoke! It was his wife! And she had on that purple hat! Where was his "tomato" one? She was wearing that red-dish ensemble suit of hers, too—what—?

Just then he spied Jack Morden—at the end of the very seat on which he was sitting. He wasn't long in sliding up towards him. Each bent his head on the seat in front and put his hand to his brow—but they talked of hats.

"My dear, have you been to Paris?" questioned the stylish Miss Lawrence, church organist, of Mrs. Jack Morden as the members of the choir chatted in their little room after the service. "My

Continued on page 69

Everyman's Question

By H. H. Fariss

*To every one there comes a quiet hour
When in his mind he ponders o'er and o'er,
What is life for? Is it a holiday
For jest and dance and song; a May-Day fair,
Or is it but a time of drudging toil
That grinds the soul within its shell of clay?*

*Life has its time of care-free happiness,
But labor makes us better for its load.
If every trivial wish is not fulfilled,
Or if the day seem long, the burden great,
Why yearn for what lies just beyond our reach?
The busy days will bring reward and give
To us, not wealth, perhaps, nor great renown,
But what is better far, true happiness.
As comes the rain, comes care into each life;
To some a shower brief, to others like
A raging tempest, rending heart and soul.*

*Even while we sleep the little worries
Slip through the crevices of the mighty
Gates of Silence and probe our tired minds
With forked javelins, so that we toss
And sigh and tremble in our troubled sleep;
But, oh, the peace, the joy of work well done,
The thought that thrills us with a glowing warmth,
That we have done our best with mind and hands
The labors of this day—none can do more.*

*Life is a glad Day of Joyous Service
To God and fellow man, a time to give
The best that is within us to the world,
Which will return, increased an hundred-fold.*

were they. At last they began to check off the seeds and plants they meant "to try this year." They were still at this when the conductor surprised them with:

"Next station Oldham!"

"We're not there already!" gasped each, reaching for his coat.

"Better come to the hotel," suggested Van.

"Hotel? Aren't you going home?"

"No. I wrote the wife. I'm all in for sleep, though to tell you the truth I was so interested in our conversation coming along I forgot all about it. But I haven't slept for three nights. Our car's not working anyhow so they couldn't come for me. And, if I went home at this hour none of us would get a mite of sleep—it would mean four o'clock by the time Mabel tried on her hat and all the talk about it was over. Told her I'd have it round first



Tim Took After His Dad, Bedad

By Edith G. Bayne

Illustrated by J. Proctor

THIS is a story of soap and soul in the melting pot, a little vignette of the great city's seamier side. The setting is that drab district of furtive alleys where tall factory walls shut out the sunshine and the voices of little children are unnaturally shrill as they mingle with the raucous babel of hucksters, housewives, hungry curs, homeless cats and the ceaseless rattle of traffic through the dingy streets. Down there is where you'll find Tim and Nicky and Olga and Mac and Wasy and Yetta and the Neighborhood lady. As you will see, they are all very human, quite as human as many of the people of the well-fed, well-dressed, well-bathed side of the city and sometimes—yes, truly—they are just as happy. For happiness, you know, is merely a point of view. Or a habit.

NOW and then it happens that a calf is born with three legs, or a chicken minus its head and it sometimes happens that an Irishman is born who doesn't love a fight. Young Tim Callaghan was a lad of peace. His hair was black, not red, and he had the cool, reflective eye of the diplomat rather than the fiery orb of the fighter. His mother, good soul, had tried in vain to rouse him to a sense of his glorious birthright, his racial heritage. She herself was the finest scrapper in the block and when "pinched" could more than hold her own in a wordy session with the magistrate, but as for Tim, she had coaxed, bribed and threatened him, taunted and goaded him with the smarting scorn of her eloquent tongue, and he wouldn't double a fist; not even the time that little Joe Nicola had walked up to him in an unprovoked assault and kicked him in the seat of the emotions. Poor Mrs. Callaghan was like to hang her head in shame that she had borne such a ladylike son.

"An' I say to him sez I," (Mrs. Callaghan speaking), "Go on out there and lick th' lather outa that rat-faced little wop, sez I, or you're no offspring o' mine! I sez; an' sez he, whimperin' like a colicky

pup, 'I—I don't wanna fight, I don't feel like fightin'—I got a loose tooth,' he sez. "Loose tooth is it, sez I, an' your dad whipped big Dan Cassidy with wan arm broke an' hangin' by his side! Is it a son of fightin' Tim Callaghan ye are? Is it anny green blood ye've got in your veins at all? sez I. 'I dunno,' sez he, 'but try an' find any green in me eye!' Oho! Ye're very quick on th' come-back, sez I, but faith it's a better fighter ye are with yout tongue than your fist! It's a lawyer I ought t' be makin' of ye, I tells him. Why don't ye want t' wallop the wop? 'Well, look there!' says he, an' shows me Joe's big brother, the same that they calls th' Battlin' Dago, standin' up the alley a ways an' sickin' young Joe on! Give him credit—the lad's smart with his head, annyhow."

ONE day the Battling Dago, a lumpy-shouldered, swaggering youth of fourteen lingering in the alley and boasting of his powers to a circle of admiring urchins, made the tactless remark to the effect that the Irish were no good. Mrs. Callaghan was in the back yard, "hanging out a line."

"Timmy, darlin', and did ye hear *that*?" she demanded.

Tim's hearing was in good shape. He could neither feign deafness nor ignore the inference.

"Didja hear it?" repeated his mother, an ominous gleam in her eye and four clothes-pins in her mouth.

"Uh-huh," answered Tim, uneasily. He was lounging at the gate whittling a stick with the broken blade of a jack-knife.

"Go an' get Mac an' black his eyes, then. The two of yez could do it fine."

But Tim shrank from the prospect.

"Black his eyes fer him!" cried Mrs. Callaghan,

ner voice rising with her wrath. "Or be th' powers I'll do it meself!"

"Yah—try an' do it!" jeered the champ. He advanced menacingly, his nasty eye on Tim.

Mrs. Callaghan seized a broom but the slat fence was high and her reach was short and her glance lighting on a pailful of hot soapsuds she dropped the broom in favor of that. She lifted the pail and let fly.

The Battling Dago ducked and P. C. O'Flaherty, who was taking a short-cut through the lane got "the full of it." There was an interesting aftermath in the police court but the magistrate let Mrs. C. off with a warning.

"It'll be the proud day fer me," she declared with a sigh, "when me firstborn learns t'fight his own battles! For yer honor well knows it's enough o' me own I'm all the time havin'!"

The incident became a sore point 'twixt mother and son. More and more it became Mrs. Callaghan's habit to speak with fond wistfulness of the fine fighting spirit of Tim's late dad, as for instance:

"Th' way he'd be comin' in every two or three days hollerin' for the stickin'-plaster an' a bit o' raw beefsteak, sure home ain't been th' same since!"

But many a valiant heart beats behind a non-aggressive front and Tim, little as she might suspect it, was to prove his mettle.

Tim has blue eyes, some freckles, a more or less dirty face, two front teeth missing and a way with him. He can register by means of this ensemble a pathos that would melt the bust of Nero and a demure guilelessness that a prosecuting attorney might fall for. He has also an air of insouciance, a gay bravado, that gives him high prestige among "de gang." Some day he'll make either a very good actor or a successful politician, but in the meantime, out of school hours, he largely concentrates his talents on the difficult but intriguing problem of gaining entrance into the movies without a ticket.

Continued on page 66

The House Beautiful

By Louise E. Julyan



BUILDING a house "from the idea up"; from the sturdy foundations to the sheltering roof; from the first small deposit towards its realization to the great day of the last payment; through thrilling discussions about plans and bewildering consultations with the architects and builders; through worries and disappointments, rearrangements and consultations; is there anything quite so interesting, so appealing to the elemental instincts of the head of a family and his wife as this thing of "building a house?"

To read of it stimulates ambitions; to have ambitions means to work up to them; to realize them is to experience one of the deep satisfactions of life.

We read the other day a little article which asked the question: "Who built this house?" and the various persons who had to do with it answered: "I"—said the architect, the builder, the plumber, the mason and so on. But the last word was said by the baby: "The house was built for me!" said the baby.

And so, from time beyond our imaginations, it was so. A house was built primarily as a shelter and protection for the child. The tree-house of the tropics, the cave of the mountain dwellers, the shelter made of one material and another—snow, mud, reeds, grass—used by primitive man, all was originally for the sake of the child.

How easy it is to trace the development of the house from the "hall" of the Anglo-Saxon ancestors of most Canadian people. The hall was modelled on the cave. It was built broadside to the prevailing winds, with the door on the opposite side to such winds. Its roof was high pitched so that the smoke could rise above the eyes. The lines of the roof were irregular so that a foe would find it difficult to distinguish it from a mound of earth. The entrance was arranged with a low lintel and a high threshold, so that an enemy could enter only with difficulty. There was a window in the roof and a guard to close it in times of danger. The walls enclosed but one room.

With a little more development of primitive man there came a desire for privacy. A partition was erected across the "hall" and behind this sat the women (well away from the seat of honor by the fire, poor things!). Then this division was further subdivided. There were sleeping boxes, or lock-beds, mere closets in which one locked oneself. And then someone who was the forefather, or foremother, of our apartment house dwellers, saw that much space above was wasted by the existing arrangement and so they built additional little closets above the first ones, and behold! our second flat or storey was in existence!

MUCH later than this, they began to erect other buildings close by the hall, for additional members of the family, for guests, for cooking—the "seething-houses" of the Southern plantations are examples of these—for bathing (after such a thing had been cautiously tried and found advisable, if indulged in carefully and not too often!) and for housing the animals.

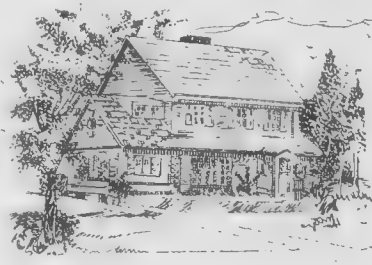
Anglo-Saxons have always been a little bit ahead of their Latin neighbors in that they nearly always erected the buildings for their animals some distance from their own habitations.

And so the house developed until it is as we know it in its many varied forms. Always it is very dear and close to the Anglo-Saxon heart, because, as we have said, it is the shelter of the child and the family. Our poets have sung of our homes no matter whether they were humble or extensive. There is Mrs. Hemans with her:

"Stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Behind their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."

Or, just as touching to the Anglo-Saxon mind, there is Goldsmith with his picture of a humble shelter:

"At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze:
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter at the board."



Thus it has always been—will always be. Shelter, comfort, cleanliness, has always been in the minds of the best of our race and there is no change in the emphasis put on them today. But change there is, most certainly, in the mode and method of securing these desirable and necessary things. Science has quietly worked in her laboratory and printers have earnestly labored to spread what she has learned. The result is that now the problem of the erection of a shelter has many solutions to help one achieve the best even though changing economic and living conditions have presented their obstacles to secure such a result.

A Feature for the Western Home Builder

Is that new home which you have promised the family in the Spring going to materialize? It is our pleasure to announce, commencing with the April issue, a common-sense series from the pen of a well known architect. The series will include bungalows of increasing values, and should meet the ideals of all Westerners. Concurrent with these plans, Miss Caldwell's department will carry a message on the interior decorating and furnishing of each home. In this way, the service will be complete in every detail. It is hoped that a great number of our readers will find this an outstanding feature of the coming issues and a valuable addition to the home information contained in each number of The Western Home Monthly.

And now is heard for the first time in history a new term: "the house beautiful for the man of moderate means!" How far that removes us from the past! How welcome is that removal, even though the traditions of that past will always be cherished! Then, beauty, even ordinary comfort, was for the few fortunate ones. Now, the humblest workman, be he frugal and thrifty and ambitious, can own a shelter which is sincerely beautiful. Though small, it may be comfortable and convenient.



IN NO country under the sun has the ideal of a beautiful dwelling, for everybody, been so encouraged and practiced as on this continent. It is one more triumph for Anglo-Saxon initiative and progress. Not only are people of moderate means building comfortable shelters, but each year these become more truly expressive of real art. The thing cannot be ascribed altogether to either architects—though some of them have worked consistently with that end in view—nor to the owners or builders—though they have been increasingly willing to learn—but to an impulse

towards the best which is coming to be characteristic of our people.

"Art never begins at the top and filters down," said one writer. "It begins among the people themselves. From them come the great geniuses which lift art to the highest levels. Of such were Phidias, Dante, Leonardo, Bach and Browning."

And so it is promising, this impulse towards simple, beautiful little houses, with good proportions and suitable embellishments—if any. There is not yet a distinctive type at which one may look and say: "That is a Canadian house!" That is, unless one thinks of the fine stone houses of the older provinces, of New Brunswick and Ontario. Unfortunately, though these are, some of them, the very best examples of good architecture, they are unsuitable for use in our crowded cities and the material of their construction is so rare as to prohibit them from being built in numbers.

The architects of the United States have taken the Colonial style, "a fine, logical, self-respecting, refined" style, for one which most nearly approximates a national style because it expresses the best American traits. Canadian architects have a great task before them in working out a style of architecture which shall be similarly typical of Canadian ideals and which shall be suitable for our climate. They have not found it yet. When they do, it will probably be some modification of the fine English types of houses—always taking the unparalleled work of the 16th century as models—which can be worked out to suit almost all parts of Canada. But they are working towards it, and in the meantime planning and building houses which are fairly satisfactory.

"Fine, wide proportions, elements of grave and well-bred simplicity, emphasized by delicate and affectionate detail, freshness and fineness, self-restraint, consistency, and good taste"—these are the ideals of the men who plan homes today. Who can find fault with them? Who could improve upon them? All we need is that the people who own the houses, the people who buy the plans, should learn to appreciate and love these ideals. When they do, we will have beauty in our buildings and, "it follows as the night the day," beauty once more in the hearts of our people, and in their thoughts and the ideals of their lives.

And so the man or woman who plans to build a house this year or in the near future, has a great responsibility, not only to his own family, that he shall provide them with something which will mean comfort for them, but to his community, that he shall do all that is in his power to erect a house which shall exemplify up to the ideals of which we have been speaking. Common sense decrees that he shall build a house which will have the desirable elements of permanence and durability, but only ideals will lead him to study his problem, and reject all suggestions which would mean a building not in accordance with the best that the art of the architect has thought out and laid down as the law. If he would do his share towards working out a Canadian style house of which future generations may be proud, let him study the ideals to which we referred in a previous paragraph, study them until they mean something to him, and then let him work with his architect for not only the "house beautiful" of today, but of tomorrow.

When one begins to think about it, the prospect of building a house—this year—or any year—may seem rather terrifying. But though no one pretends that it is not quite a problem, yet one can be assured that the pleasure to be had from the anticipation and realization more than compensates for the trouble.

"Nor has the world
a better thing,
Though one should
search it round,
Than thus to live
one's own sole
king,
Upon one's own
sole ground."





Suppose you were hiring help —

Many women get the extra help of Fels-Naptha for their washing machines in this easy, simple way:

They chip Fels-Naptha directly into the machine—or dissolve it in hot water. Either is easy. Many women use an ordinary kitchen knife for chipping. It only takes about 50 seconds. No fuss. No bother. No waste.

Fels-Naptha dissolves quickly, and in a jiffy you have a rich, creamy suds, ready to start its cleansing work.

Try Fels-Naptha next time you use your washing machine. You will be surprised and delighted with the results.

Did you ever stop to think that the reason you buy household soap is for help — the very same reason you would hire a servant?

Isn't it important therefore, that you select your soap, not on its color, or its shape or its form—but on the amount and kind of help it gives you?

Fels-Naptha—for a very definite reason—gives you extra washing help. Naptha—that safe, gentle dirt loosener—and splendid soap are combined in Fels-Naptha. Working together, hand-in-hand, they give you

extra help you cannot get in any other soap, in any shape or form.

Fels-Naptha has the best of references from millions of women who have found that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha, whether used in a washing machine or a wash tub.

Isn't this extra help of Fels-Naptha worth a lot to you—especially when it saves money on soap, saves money on clothes, and you get sweet wholesome cleanliness, safely and more quickly?

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR. © Fels & Co.

Carry it
always
with
you!



WRIGLEY'S

Keeps teeth
clean, breath sweet,
appetite keen and
digestion good.

Great after
smoking

WRIGLEY'S
Spearmint
Doublemint
Juicy Fruit
and Nips

CG14

After Every Meal

For
ALL SEASONS
& OCCASIONS

Paulin's
REGISTERED
CHOCOLATES

"SWEETER
THAN
WORDS"

All Centres, including
Fruit, Hard, Nut,
Cream, etc.

THEY'RE FRESH IF
THEY'RE PAULIN'S

Buy them by the pound--
it's economical.

PAULIN CHAMBERS CO. LTD.

Established 1876

Regina
Saskatoon

Winnipeg
Ft. William

Calgary
Edmonton

Is hard
water your
problem?

MRS.
STEWART'S
BLUING
SOLVES IT

Spotless clothes,
beautifully white even
in hardest water, if you
use Mrs. Stewart's. It
cannot settle. Money
back guarantee.

FREE: Mrs. Stewart's Guide
for Removing Stains. Also
list of practical uses for Mrs.
Stewart's; excellent for ink.
Give grocer's name.

Made in Canada
for over 25 years.

MRS. STEWART'S BLUING

Dept. 40, 100 North 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



**PUBLIC
SPEAKING**

Our New Home Study course will interest
every live man or woman engaged in the
daily task of expressing ideas in private or
in public. May we send you our syllabus.
Show Schools, D. W-1, 46 Bloor W., Toronto.

Sunshine and Shadow

In Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B. C.

By Richard E. A. Diespecker

IT is not often that one can find nature almost untouched in the centre of a City. Vancouver's beautiful park covers a large area, but it is entirely by itself. The city bounds it on one side and the sea elsewhere. That is natural, and few cities can boast a park of such dimensions and greater natural beauty, yet it has nothing to hem it in or mar its grandeur. Many cities have small ornamental parks, but they are built—planned and planted by gardeners, and mapped out in geometrical lines.

Beacon Hill Park, however, has a glory and a distinction all its own. It possesses neither the magnitude of Stanley Park nor the regularly lined prettiness of many other ornamental parks; but it lies right in the city and is practically all natural. Very little improvement work has been done beyond path-cutting and planting beds of flowers, and the only real large undertaking has been the building of an ornamental lake and stone bridge. Apart from this, however, nature is left there untouched. Trees of every description, thickly spread over a carpet of soft and well-kept grass, cover a very large area. Paths wind in and out among them, through hedges of flowering shrubs and round beds of sweet-scented stocks and masses of roses. In the centre lies the lake, and to the south, facing the blue Straits of Juan de Fuca, rises Beacon Hill.

The lake, notwithstanding its small area, is delightfully pretty. One comes suddenly and unexpectedly upon it as it lies almost hidden by the great trees around it. The glassy surface of the pool reflects like a mirror the haughty white swans which float motionless upon it or glide leisurely to and fro. Their long graceful necks curve slowly as they preen themselves or dart out like glistening white snakes to catch some choice tit-bit thrown by the pleasure seekers on the shore. Gathered round the two small islands, the gaily plumaged Bombay ducks and noisy mallards fight and screech amongst themselves with a lack of dignity which seems to nauseate their stately neighbors, the swans.

On the north shore of the lake weeping willows droop forlornly over the silent water, sighing sometimes when a breeze stirs them, but generally hanging immovable in long green festoons which kiss the smooth surface below. The islands are overgrown with Japanese Plum Blossom and Copper Beech, which glistens dully in the sun and stands out with startling clearness against the pink background in the summer. And at the narrowest portion of the lake, the little ivy-hung stone bridge peers disconsolately at itself hanging over the liquid mirror beneath.

Away from the lake shore and among the trees again is another very small lake, covered with lily pads and with a fountain playing in the centre. Here in May and the beginning of June, through the leafy veil a vision of golden yellow broom gleams from Beacon Hill. It is a very beautiful as well as a very unusual sight, and it looks rather like a large lump of butter. To the right of it and far in the distance stretch the blue and hazy Olympics, their peaks dazzling in the sunlight, and the shadows deepening down their forest-covered slopes into an indistinct and greyish blur.

Turning from this and wandering at random along paths leading amongst shrubberies and dark tree-formed grottos of green leaves, one at last emerges on to a motor road. Past this again is the large

peacock cage and rabbit warren. Here the magnificent birds strut in conceited circles, showing their dazzling plumage to the best advantage and screaming their defiance to all and sundry.

Past this cage and the abode of Ursus Kermodei, opens up a vista of green-sward and English oaks, and on the further

gentle swish, swish, of the waves breaking on the log-strewn beach below intermingle in sunshiny summer peace.

Vancouver Island is probably the oldest-settled section of northwestern America. Discovered (according to legend) in 1592 by Juan de Fuca, it was visited by Captain Cook in 1778, and again in

in 1792 by Captain George Vancouver of the British navy. That last-named intrepid navigator, who took over the Island from Spain, wrote in his journal: "To describe the beauties of the region will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, and the abundant fertility that unassisted Nature puts forth, require only to be nourished by the industry of man to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined."

These predictions have come true. The first step



The stone bridge and weeping willows



The Olympics and Juan de Fuca Straits through the broom



Swans by the lakeshore

side of the enclosure are the nurseries and a miniature forest of pine and fir trees. As we scramble through the bracken and undergrowth, the faint fresh smell of the sea comes to the nostrils. Suddenly the breeze becomes stronger, the trees end and a vast panorama of cliffs, blue water and bluer mountains break into view. The leaves rustling softly, and the

was the founding by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843 of what is now the delightful city of Victoria. Pretty little towns and rural communities dot the southern end of the island. Settlement and capital have flowed in—have developed the fertile lands, the rich mines and the heavy forests, and have created prosperity and contentment.



for
Easter Morning!
—and the whole year round

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

EASTER Breakfast is anticipated with more than usual zest. Spring is in the air, with its renewing of vigor and vitality. Appetites are keen.

And to satisfy them there is no more savory dish than Brookfield Eggs served with tender slices of "Premium" Bacon or Ham.

Swift's "Premium" has long been recognized as the highest standard of quality. Skilful curing and smoking give these finest selected meats a tender succulence and mild flavor that is always uniform, always reliable. Serve Premium for Easter and you will serve it all year around.

*Order from your
Grocer or Butcher*

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

*Look for the "No parboiling" tag
when you buy a whole "Premium"
Ham or when you buy a slice.*



Made in Canada
By Canadians, For Canadians

On the floor is
shown the popular
"Gobelin" Design
—Gold Seal Art-
Rug No. 548.



CONGOLEUM

GOLD SEAL

ART-RUGS

THE Gold Seal, shown below, appears *only* on Congoleum *Gold Seal* Floor-Coverings. It is put there for the guidance of the many women who prefer goods whose value and dependability have been established beyond dispute. The Gold Seal Guarantee is an assurance of every quality that makes for floor-covering satisfaction.

Back of the reputation and popularity of Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs stand many years of unequalled service and satisfaction. Millions of footsteps have tested Congoleum durability. Hundreds of thousands of thrifty Canadian housewives can testify to the soundness of Congoleum value.

And what an abundance of exclusive and charming patterns you find in these serviceable, moderate-priced rugs. Designs and sizes to suit every room in the house. Every one of them the creation of a master rug designer.

Beauty, serviceability, economy—everything that a floor-covering can give, plus a smooth, easily cleaned surface, is found in the rugs which are identified by this Gold Seal pasted on the face of the pattern.

Ask for Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs at your dealer's; and you'll get the biggest value in artistic floor-covering that money will buy!

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED, 1270 St. Patrick Street, Montreal, Que.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR



THE GOLD SEAL ~

The Weeks and Months of the Year

STANDARD time originated in Canada. The time belts, in each of which all clocks and watches keep the same time, differing by one hour from the clocks and watches in adjoining belts, were first established in this country. Now they are established all over the world. When the United States in 1883 adopted the Canadian time belt system, there were prophecies in that country that "it would not work." But it has worked perfectly. And now a Canadian plan for a reformed calendar, invented by Moses B. Cotsworth, of Vancouver, comes before the world's attention, as one of the very few selected for further consideration, out of one hundred and thirty-seven proposals for calendar reform examined by the committee of the League of Nations appointed for that purpose. The committee is to make its final report this month. The Cotsworth plan would divide the year into thirteen months, each beginning on a Sunday and consisting of four weeks, thus:

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

In thirteen such months there would be 364 days. To finish the year, a day to be known as Year Day would be added to the last month, just as in leap years, in the present system, we add a day to February. The names of the present twelve months would be retained; the new month would be named Sol, and would consist of the last two weeks of the present June and the first two of the present July. In leap years an extra day would be added to Sol. The advantages of the Cotsworth system would be so many that there is not room here to begin to state them. But, of course, there are already prophecies that "it will not work," like prophecies were made about every previous reform of the calendar, and they always turned out to be baseless. Many large business corporations have already adopted the Cotsworth Calendar in their accounting and statistical systems. It is interesting to note, by the way, that when the system of numbering the years from the birth of Christ was first proposed, in 527 A.D., an error of four years was made. That is to say, this is really The Western Home Monthly for March, 1930 A.D. But nobody is proposing to change now the numbering of the years. The proposal for reform of the calendar is going to be a matter of world discussion before long. The Cotsworth plan could be started on New Year's day of 1928, or of 1933—in each of these years January 1 will be a Sunday.

The Sport of Blaming Our Lawmakers

WITH reference to the abundance of speech-making in the Manitoba Legislature—in which respect the Manitoba Legislature is not at all different from the legislatures of the other provinces and the Dominion Parliament—one of the Winnipeg newspapers says that "there are men in the Legislature who hold openly that it is a desirable thing to have plenty of talk in the Legislature—their theory is that there are many things wrong in the world and that talking about them and drawing public attention to them may be of assistance in getting the wrongs righted." Nothing could be truer than that there are many things wrong in the world. And nothing can be truer than that mere talk will not cure any of them. But there is some danger of underestimating the value and power of public discussion. It is getting to be too much the fashion in some quarters nowadays to speak disparagingly of parliamentary institutions. After all, any country in which that fashion became general would by that very fact condemn itself as a country which has failed to prove itself capable of exercising rightly the power of self-government. It cannot be said too often that a country which elects a parliament, or a legislature under any other name, to govern it, gets the sort of government it deserves. If it really wanted something different, it would provide itself with the something different which it wanted. The trouble is that nothing like the whole people takes part in politics—that is to say, in the public business of the country. Only a small part of the whole population busy themselves in managing politics, and a considerable proportion of the electors neglect to go to the polling on election day and mark their ballots. What is the remedy? Certainly abuse and ridicule of the legislature thus elected is not the remedy. The Philosopher has no desire in the world to make himself an apologist for anybody who is a member of the House at Ottawa,

The Philosopher

or of any of the Provincial Legislatures. There he is. How did he get there? He did not elect himself. He was placed at the head of the poll, as the result of the exercise of the franchise by the electors of the constituency he represents who voted on election day.

Women's Clothing and Men's

A DOCTOR who is a friend of the Philosopher's said to him recently that twenty-five years ago, when fainting was not at all uncommon among young women, the first thing to be done when a young woman had a "fainting spell" was to loosen the corset laces and also the clothing about the neck, but since women have taken to wearing loosely-fitting clothing and have discarded long skirts and everything else that was a mere constriction and an impediment to free activity, such faintings have become a thing of the past. "But," added the doctor, "when I went to help a young man who had been knocked down by a motor car on Portage avenue one afternoon a couple of weeks ago, I had trouble in freeing his neck quickly from the collar, tie and shirt neckband in which it was swathed and bound." This remark was remembered by The Philosopher when he read in a copy of the London Times recently to hand an article in which occurred these sentences: "Everyone is agreed as to the vast amelioration of the health and physique of young women, by reason of the emancipation of their bodies from constricting clothing. This immensely important improvement has come within the past fifteen or twenty years. Meanwhile, the clothing of men shows practically no improvement, but remains hideous, clumsy, dirty, heavy and inferior to women's clothing in every way, from the point of view of health and general well-being." It is interesting to consider how the moral sense of the world at large was shocked when the first attempts to reform women's clothing were made in the middle of the last century. It was in 1852 that Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, a leader among the small number of women in the United States who advocated equal suffrage, tried to introduce the ample garment which came to be known on both sides of the Atlantic as the "bloomer." A derisive jingle which had great vogue at the time ran thus:

"Gibbery, gibbery, gab!
The women had a confab,
And demanded the rights
To wear the tights.
Gibbery, gibbery, gab!"

And what were the "tights" which Mrs. Bloomer and a few of her associates had the audacious shamelessness to wear in public? They were not the "bloomers" of today. They consisted of a skirt reaching halfway between the knee and the ankle, with "moderately full trousers" below, gathered with an elastic band at the ankle—or, in winter, tucked into high shoes! Decades after those crusaders had given up their attempts at dress reform, the bicycle brought relief to the skirted sex. And now the bicycle "bloomers," which were considered revolutionary a little more than thirty years ago, are regarded by young women with hoots of scorn.

The Automobile

THE automobile has its lessons. Yesterday a man took me out in his car. For an hour everything was lovely. Then we came to a standstill about 30 miles from town. The owner, after examining the stomach of the car and performing a simple minor operation, was able to resume the journey. He explained that there was "faulty transmission." The car was there, the gas was there, the battery was there, the driver was there; but there was a break in the current, a failure at the point of ignition, and the machine came to a halt.

So it is in life. Many a man of solid worth has fine ideas, noble sentiments, but he never arrives at his goal because of faulty transmission. There is something in his personality that breaks the connection or current. His perception of need may be clear, his proposed remedy may be excellent,

but he can not be trusted to administer the required treatment. It is pitiful to see a man who is thoroughly sincere failing because of incompetency—"sputtering useless platitudes and hitting on his one cylinder, yet never getting anywhere."

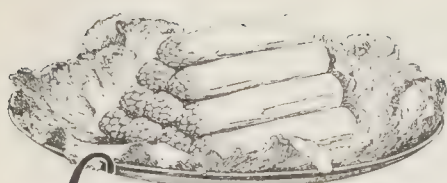
There are noble causes that have no champions, there are other causes that have champions who are wonderfully but hopelessly in earnest. There must be something in a man himself as well as in his ideas.

In Regard to Spanking

NO SUBJECT is discussed oftener and more earnestly nowadays by older people than the behavior of young people. Everybody says, of course, that we are now in the time of transition between an old era that is dead and gone and a new era that has not yet arrived. Many of the older people shake their heads and ask despondently: "What is the world coming to?" Others are more hopeful that in due time things will right themselves. At a meeting in Winnipeg recently for the discussion of some of the educational problems of the present time an educationist of high standing "lamented the decline of the ancient and salutary practice of spanking for bad behavior." But is the spanking of children a practice which is disappearing? At any rate, what is in question is the behavior of young people who are too old to be spanked, as The Philosopher pointed out to the educationist whose words have just been quoted from a newspaper report, on meeting him a few days later. The educationist replied that the trouble with those young people is that they were not spanked often enough and soundly enough when they were children of unquestionably spankable age and size. However that may be, the fact remains that the spanking of young children is not quite so simple a subject as some parents, apparently forgetting their own childhood, seem to believe it to be. The spanking which The Philosopher remembers most clearly was one which he believed was administered to him unjustly, with an accompaniment of solemn, judicial language. Parents should not forget that a child can pronounce judgment, too, even while being spanked. The spankings which were administered to The Philosopher in his childhood without any unnecessary words, without any uncertainty or doubt on either side about why they were administered or about their being deserved, and without any parental pretence about who was being hurt the most, never left ranking memories.

Floriditis

"NO PREVIOUS civilization," wrote Lord Bryce, one of the most careful observers of life and conditions in the United States, "has ever been able to maintain such a vast quantity of people in idleness for months in each year." It may be said also that no civilization has ever developed so much restlessness and so great a desire for soft living. Hence the spectacle of so many thousands of people idling wastefully in Florida. The thought suggests itself that people living genuinely satisfactory lives would not willingly be pulled up by the roots and transplanted for months in each year to a place where life is on such an unreal basis, to judge by all the accounts of life and conditions in Florida which are to be read in the newspapers. Of course, many, if not most, of those whom the boom has drawn to Florida went there hoping to make money in a hurry, without performing any useful labor. Equally, of course, many thousands of persons who have invested their whole savings in Florida will be "wiped out." Meantime, "the Florida madness," for which a new word has been invented, Floriditis, continues. The roads leading to Florida continue to be crowded with tin-can tourists, whole families travelling by automobile, many of them poverty-stricken, with a second-hand Ford as their chief possession. They started on their pilgrimage, expecting to be millionaires, with hopefulness more childishly credulous than the fabled expectations of the discoverer of Florida, Ponce de Leon, that he would discover there a spring whose water would confer eternal youth on those who drank it. In every southern state, according to the reports in the newspapers, hundreds and hundreds of these pilgrims who have stranded on the way are now dependent on the municipal authorities. Within Florida itself thousands more of these persons are living in tourist camps, and health officials are trembling in their boots over the dangerously insanitary conditions created both in the camps and in the many mushroom municipalities that have sprung up. "The Florida Madness" will be looked back upon in the future as madness which meant loss to many and gain to a comparatively few.



for
ASPARAGUS
at its best
those tender tips
you like so well

DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips are just the right size for nearly every household use—for salads, omelets, creamed on toast—or as a delicious hot vegetable by themselves.

And they're DEL MONTE quality, through and through. Every tip is selected stock—grown in the rich delta lands of California. Cut just as they peep above the ground and packed at once before their fibre can toughen or their delicate flavor vanish.

Easy to serve, too!—with no more bother than taking a can from your pantry shelf. All the tiresome preparation has been done for you in advance. Their convenience and ease of service make DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips an ideal vegetable to keep on hand.

Have them often! But make certain of fine flavor and goodness. Ask for DEL MONTE—the same uniform quality, no matter when or where you buy.

Just be sure you say

**DEL
MONTE**



Call Off The Dog Fish

A Humorous Story of Salmon Fishing off Vancouver Island

By Ronald Tuckwell

"GUESS we're outa luck, Pete! Let's pull in and try again tomorrow." We were out in a large row-boat in Victoria harbor—Jones, his six-year-old son and myself—trolling for cohoes. The big fish had been coming into the bay for days, and good hauls were being taken; we had trolled all afternoon—but, as Old J. remarked, were "out of luck."

As we were well out beyond the Breakwater, the swell was heavy. Soon we espied a big passenger liner from Vancouver coming towards us, and heading the boat shorewards, I pulled lustily.

"Just troll your line astern, Jones," I said, "we may get a strike yet!"

The liner came on rapidly—a beautiful picture in the surrounding blue as she spurned the water, frothy-white, from her bows. I pulled harder to escape as much as possible of the swell she soon would be making. Little Billy eyed askance the rising disturbance in the water around the boat. Smart kid, Billy, but dang cheeky.

Suddenly he piped up, "Dad, you take the oars! I'm scared, Dad! This is Mr. Green's first time—you better row now, Dad!" I sniffed. I'd seen Old J. rowing.

There were huge masses of floating kelp in the water around us. Jones, of course, managed to get his line tangled in it. I shouted at him to cut the line—the big boat was getting too close for comfort. He fumbled with it, muttering. I could make but little headway.

"Cut that line, Jones!" I hollered, as the swell from the flying liner tossed us alarmingly. "Cut it, you idiot—we'll be swamped!"

"Jest a minnit, now, Pete! 'At's a good line—cost me too much to waste it!" Jones grunted. We began to roll heavily, as the swell increased. I had a big job to keep her nose to it. Finally Jones got the line untangled, but not before my middle-aged temper was badly ruffled.

We reached shore, and again Jones demonstrated his clumsiness. He lifted Little Billy out and, slightly huffy at my remarks anent the line, stepped over the boat's end. His springing step made her nose dip, she slid backwards—and old J's long, gangling figure toppled into the water, to the accompaniment of frightened yells from Billy.

To two prairie fishing enthusiasts, visiting at the coast—hoping to carry back tales of big catches of the silver kings that would excite the envy of the old cronies of our small-town Livery Barn meeting-place—this looked like a poor start. I jibed Old J. about his clumsiness in a boat, and he got riled.

"See here, Pete," he cried, digging the salt-water out of his eyes and ears, "I'll bet you I catch more salmon 'n you, afore we leave for home! C'mon—will you bet?"

"Jones!" I remonstrated, sternly, "you know my views on indiscriminate betting! I..."

"Yeh—I know! Only view about betting you got is you hate for me to trim you!"

The shaft rankled. Jones is an inveterate small-gambler. He also has uncanny luck at it. Seldom have I been able to win a bet with J.

"Don't be scairt, Pete! Call yourself a fisherman—huh! Mebbly you kin ketch them little cat-fishes in the crick—but you gotta fish to get these salmon!" Jones snickered.

I didn't like that snicker. "Very well, Jones," I said sternly, "for this once I shall depart from my fixed principles regarding the betting evil—and take you on. Name the terms!"

"Well, how'd it be if tomorrow right after lunch we goes out to this Wentbrood Bay place, hires us a boat..."

"Stop right there!" I hollered. "Boats, you mean, Jones—boats! I go out in no more boat with you as passenger again—not fishin," I cried.

"All right!" said Jones with a scowl. "Two boats. We'll hire 'em an' th' tackle—an' the man as ketches the heaviest poundage of salmon wins. Loser to pay for the boat an' tackle hire."

"O.K. with me—but don't you go

leavin' your pocket-book at home!" I said.

"I won't need it, Pete!" replied Jones.

WENTBROOD BAY, that beautiful gem set along the wonder shore near Victoria, charmed we two prairie dwellers at first sight. Jones and I stood by the boat-house, drinking in the glorious sight, when we were hailed by an old fellow, looking like the Ancient Mariner himself.

"Good-day, Cap'n!" I cried. "We want to hire a couple of boats and some fishing tackle. Can you fix us up? Are they bitin'?"

"Gentlemen!" he spat out, briskly. "At your service, sirs! I've sailed the Seven Seas—bucked the winds in a 'jammer around the Horn—sat aloft counting the corners of the Southern Cross—done all those things and more—but never have I come across a spot to beat this for fishing! Man—they're ravenous! Biting, did you say...?" He chuckled, started humming merrily, and began sorting out lines and tackle.

"What sort of a boat, gents—big one?" he asked.

"Two little ones, Cap'n—we're goin' single," I answered. He whistled in surprise, then ran two small row-boats into the water.

"Good luck!" he cried, as he handed us the tackle, and we backed away from the float. "Good place up at the Point. Spinning worm—at's the food for the big ones today!" He winked slyly at me, saying in a stage whisper, "Look out for the dog-fish!" His loud chuckle sounded, as I pulled away.

I felt vaguely alarmed. "Dog-fish? What did he mean?" I muttered.

Old J. was making good time ahead of me. He called back as he pulled, "We'll fish up at the end of the Point; you take one side of it, I'll take the other. Fish till five o'clock, and then row in an' weigh 'em.... Migosh! Lookit 'at one!" he shouted, as a huge streak of silver broke water just ahead.

IT WAS truly a beauty spot. I felt like resting on the oars there, and enjoying to the full the lovely scene. The blue expanse of tossing water, the high shore-land stretching away in the distance to huge snow-capped peaks, clouds hovering low—on the far side of the Bay the far-famed Malahat, mountain of mountains.

"Gosh!" I muttered in soliloquy. "Wish I were a poet—I'd sing of all this!" I thought of the prairies to which I was shortly returning; fine in their way—but.... A vague longing gripped me.... to camp here, in this wonder spot—forever!

Then I remembered Jones and the bet, and became galvanized into action. I noticed, then, that big silver streaks were breaking water all around. Thrilling sights to the prairie-dweller if he has "fishing" in his make-up! I speeded my stroke.

When I reached the Point—a spot where the Bay widened out to small sea proportions, I found Old J. already busy with his lines. A small forked stick on both gunwales held the line as it was fed out, and J. was feeding it out quickly.

I pulled to the opposite side and fixed up my lines. Then we pulled our boats along slowly, the trolls far astern.

Soon I heard a yell, and looked over to see Old J. pulling in his line; he seemed to be in a frenzy of excitement. Then I saw a huge silver streak flash out of the water near his boat. He struck with his gaff, and a yell of pleasure told me of his first success.

This was repeated several times within an hour. Jones, apparently, was doing a land-office business! I felt gloomy. No tugs on the line had electrified me as yet. But all around huge silver streaks were breaking water. "Sockdolagers!" I groaned, wondering why I could get no strikes.

Then—suddenly a thrill ran up my spine—my flesh began to tingle.... I had felt a big tug at one of the lines! Talk about sensations! "Whew!" I ejaculated, "dang me if it ain't a whale!"

Exulting, frantically I hauled in; hand over hand I pulled in the weighted line. Then, it went limp in my grasp! In it came with a rush; there was no silver streak at its end—not even a hook!

"Dang the luck!" I growled, as another exultant yell floated across from Jones' boat.

Then my fighting ability began to tell, or the luck changed, or something. Soon I began to get strike after strike. But always the same result when I pulled the line in! I lost hook after hook, and landed no fish!

I began to see a light. "Those dog-fish the Cap'n spoke of—at's what's doing it!" I growled, "they're robbin' me!"

With misgivings I fixed on my last hook. I seemed to have struck the very kennel of all the dog-fish—and all the dog-gone critters must be home! No use thinking of changing my place. Jones had had his usual luck in picking his place and giving me this.

Soon there came a huge jerk at my lone line, and carefully I began the task of hauling in. Twenty feet astern a silver streak broke from the blue. I thrilled to my finger-tips, knowing I had him tightly hooked. Frantically I hauled in the line, hand over hand against the heavy pull. I began to think I had this one safe—and then I saw it! Boy! Talk about the thrill of a lake muskie, a small-mouth bass, or a rainbow—I've had 'em all! Piker thrills compared to this! A huge silver streak he looked in the water—what a prize!

Then I saw something else! As I reached over to strike with the gaff, a monstrous, ugly head showed in the water, there was a "snap" like a revolver shot, and all that was left on my line was a part of the salmon's head!

Disgusted, I sat and thought it over. "No use goin' on this way!" I muttered. The sound of Jones' triumphant yell came again just then, and I knew that stern measures must be adopted.

I pulled away from there, rapidly. Jones looked over. "Not quittin', are ya, Pete?" he hollered.

"Goin' back for some more hooks," I yelled back; "these big fellows over here have taken all mine. Be right back—an' trim you, yet!"

His derisive yell rang in my ears all the way back to the float.

THE old Cap'n hailed me as I pulled in to the boat-house. He was a chatty old codger, with an air of distinction about him that piqued my curiosity. This is a great place," I said. "You, been here long, Cap'n?"

"Aye, quite a while! Travelled a lot, I have—but you cannot beat this spot anywhere for a snug haven! Been around the globe many a time since first I ran away from school to sail before the mast. Ran away from Haileybury to see the world aboard ship, and I've seen it! But this spot here, it's a snug haven!"

"But the dog-fish is awful!" I said. "They took all my hooks, Cap'n! Ain't there nothin' you can do to call 'em off?"

"Nothing unless you whistle them!" he replied with a chuckle. "But I'd better give you some stronger spoons...." He dived into his cubby cabin.

Then I started, staring, as a large cat, black and sleek-looking, came out, purring. "Good luck!" I muttered, for black cats invariably bring me that. Then a bright idea came like a flash!

I went into the little cabin. "Cap'n, can I borrow your cat?" I asked. "Black cats always bring me luck—I sure need it right now!" Then as he chucklingly assented, I asked, "Is there any place nearby where I can buy bottled drinks?"

"Ha ha!—not the proper kind, sir!" he chuckled. "But right across there is a refreshment parlor—sell soft drinks, ice cream, etcetera."

Returning with some bottles of cider, I cracked one or two with the old tar, secured the hooks—and the cat—and started back. The old spirits were blithe again. It wasn't the cider, either—I knew, now, that the luck would change.

Jones was pulling slowly up and down, a triumphant grin on his gaunt face, when I rowed up. I eyed the silver heap

Continued on page 23

Beautiful Waxed Floors

FOR generations WAX has been the favorite finish for floors. The beautiful flooring in the famous castles of Europe has been waxed for centuries. Perfectly preserved, it mellows and glows with the years.

Waxed floors are so rich looking—have such an artistic lustre—they are so easy to care for—and they cost less to keep up than any other finish. Then waxed floors are convenient—your house isn't upset for days. Because you don't have to wait for WAX to dry—it hardens ready to polish in 5 minutes.

Now you can have beautiful waxed floors in your own home—without stooping, kneeling or soiling your hands. Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor and deposits a protecting wax film which a few strokes of the Johnson Weighted Brush or Electric Polisher will quickly bring to a beautiful durable polish.

This Johnson Wax treatment takes only a few minutes—and afterwards your floors will require but little care and practically no expense. "Traffic spots" in doorways can easily be re-waxed without going over the entire surface.

All you need is a Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit (Hand or Electric). Both Outfits include a supply of Liquid Wax and a Lamb's-wool Mop for applying the Wax. The Hand Outfit is a \$6.75 value for \$5.00. It represents a saving of \$1.75. For sale at department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores.

Singing thru the Morning

BUBBLING with happiness at a task turned into fun! At the fascinating sight of dull floors instantly transformed to gleaming beauty! Home made brighter—work made lighter. That's exactly what a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher means.

This Electric Floor Polisher actually runs itself—you just guide it. Simple! Light! Runs from any lamp socket. It polishes under davenport, buffets, beds, etc., without moving the furniture.

Rent It for a Day!

At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for \$2.00 a day and polish all your floors by electricity in just a short time.

The price of the Electric Polisher is only \$48.50. With each Polisher is given FREE a \$1.50 Lamb's-wool Mop and a pint of Liquid Wax. Your dealer can supply you or we will send one express prepaid.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD. • "The Floor Finishing Authorities" • BRANTFORD
Vancouver • Winnipeg • Toronto • Montreal

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



Fox's trade mark, every 84 ins. on reverse of cloth, or on a label in clothes, guarantees pure woollen fabric that will give sound service—should it shrink or fade, on land or sea, a length of similar grade cloth will be given as free replacement.

FOX

WOOLLEN FABRICS

Made in the West of England since 1680

Serges, Botanies, Tweeds (also Fox-Bliss Tweeds) and Cheviots, Saxonomies and Fine Worsteds, in "Superfine," "Fine" and "Standard" grades. And Fox's Improved Puttees.

Manufactured by
FOX BROTHERS & Co.
Ltd.
Wellington, Somerset,
England.

Wholesale Agent:
J. H. SHAW,
285, Beaver Hall Hill,
Montreal.

25b



Simple Remedy For Bad Stomach Gives Quick Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet—
Famous but Simple Old English
Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine
Condition, Banishes After-
Eating Distress

If you are the victim of Stomach Trouble—
Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have
quick and certain relief by following this simple
advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digest-
ants or pull down your system by following
unnecessary starvation diets.

Never hurry your meal or overeat of any-
thing, but within reason most folks may eat
what they like—if they will keep their stomach
sweet, clean and active and free from the sour-
ing acids that hinder or paralyze the work of
digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to
follow every meal with a small amount of pure
Bisurated Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless and
inexpensive form of Magnesia that promptly
neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach
sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Bisurated Magnesia, which
may be obtained from any druggist for only a
few cents, will easily convince you of the great
value of this old English recipe.

Be sure and get BISURATED Magnesia—
not a laxative.

Let the
Clark
Kitchens
help
you

A dash of Clark's Tomato
Ketchup on fish, chops, or
omelets brings added en-
joyment.

Canada's National
Condiment
Sold Everywhere. 2-24

**CLARK'S
TOMATO KETCHUP**

W. CLARK Limited MONTREAL
Largest Wholesaler in Montreal Out St. Boni, Que. & Harrow Ont.

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

The Albatross

By William Thompson

LOST in the midst of the Pacific Ocean the small island of Laysan is a veritable paradise for seabirds, where they lead a perfect existence, for rarely do human visitors molest them, the island being one thousand miles from Honolulu. In many places of the island the ground is covered with grass and shrubs, of a vegetation very luxuriant

when about two months old and depart for maritime excursions. In October they return to their nests. After having tenderly caressed their offspring, they ask it politely to vacate.

Unfortunately, the abandoned child has during the parental absence, become independent and considers that possession of his domicile represents more than five



during the summer season, and, on the arid sand of the shore there are innumerable colonies of albatross. Lovers of music should not sojourn here for the song of these winged bipeds may be compared with the braying of an ass.

Up to a few years ago the albatross lived happily at Laysan. But an English company was formed to exploit the guano which accumulates on this rock desert.

points of the law. Therefore, he surrenders his home only under protest, not however, before inflicting several vicious pecks of his beak upon his parents whom he will follow, without rancor, to the ocean the following year.

The albatross soar over the sea at a great height, and, sometimes describing graceful curves, descend to skim over the crest of the waves. Then suddenly, cast-



Thus the tranquility of this abode of delight for the giant seabirds came to an end.

As shown in one of the accompanying photographs, men employed by this company, on periodical visits, collect tons of albatross eggs. Boys heap them upon wheelbarrows, they are then taken in wagons drawn by horses to the port of embarkation. From there, ships transport them to Honolulu where they find a ready market among the natives.

Albatross are nourished exclusively on little crustacea; they have not enough agility to catch fish. Contrary to the sea gulls and sea mews, they do not rely on objects which float on the surface of the water, although they plunge and swim as easily as they fly.

Albatross reproduce in the months of November and December. Their nests consist practically of a simple excavation in the sand, sometimes filled with broken reeds or dry grass. The female lays only a single white egg, about five inches long, four inches thick, and weighing nearly two pounds. The eggs are hatched in January. The parents desert their young

ing themselves completely on the waves, with wings close to their bodies and head thrown back, they paddle. When rested, they leave the water abruptly and when at a sufficient height unfold their wings, renewing their flight with splendid grace. This giant of birddom when walking on land is as ungainly as a goose.

Things and Doing Things

Life is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
kings. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

Not the number of things,
But the things we can do,
Make the joy of living
For me and you.

So let us rejoice
In the number of things;
But the man who works
Is the man who sings.
—Maria Upham Drake.

Are Our Birds All Gone?

By W. G. Scott

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion regarding the status of the Prairie Chicken and Ruffed Grouse in Manitoba. It has recently been claimed by Government officials charged with the duties of administration of the Game Department that these birds show a marked increase in numbers, while others who have travelled over the Province hold a different view.

Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, naturalist for the Government of Manitoba, and whose opinion should be entitled to some weight, visited Manitoba during the fall of 1924 and on his return to Ontario he delivered an address before the Canadian Club at Ottawa dealing with game conditions here.

An article from his pen appeared in the "Illustrated Canadian Forests and Outdoors" for December, 1924. Conditions, of course, will not have materially changed in the interval, so it may be assumed that these are the same today as they were during Mr. Thompson-Seton's visit. This article, under the heading "Bring back Canada's Game" is too long to be reproduced here, but the following quotations will be of some interest to Manitobans.

"I was in a motor car and travelled through Ninette, Pilot Mound and right on to Morden, and during that long, long journey of over fifty miles I did not see one wild living creature; not one. Where have they gone? Was it necessary to agriculture to abolish all these wonderful, beautiful, wild things? Certainly not. Oh, the buffalo, yes; the buffalo had to go, because he was not compatible with agriculture. The badger was a harmless thing. The worst I ever heard imputed to a badger was that he dug post-holes where they were not wanted; but so rarely, so very seldom. And the coyote? Gone, gone, gone. Why? Well, they say he stole sheep. I dare say a coyote once

in a while did steal a sheep, but you may be quite sure of this, that nine sheep out of ten that are killed are killed by dogs, not by coyotes. Nevertheless, if the coyote killed sheep at all, I bow my head and I say, 'I am sorry, but he has to go.' But what about the prairie chickens? What about the wild geese? What about the cranes? What about the swans? What about the ducks? Were they inimical to agriculture? Absolutely not. On the contrary, they were helpful. Any of us who shot chicken during the summer, as we used to do in those early days, never found grain in their crops; not during the summer time. Perhaps in the fall, after the grain was on the ground, but they never molested standing grain. Their crops contained green leaves, berries, grasshoppers, bugs and other harmful insects. These are what they fed on all summer long. They were absolutely helpful, beneficial to agriculture, and not a menace in any sense. Now, they are gone, gone.

"Wherever I went I saw and heard the same story; the game is gone, gone, gone. I came down on the National Road from Swan River to Gladstone, the other day. On the train, in the smoking room, were four young men. Each of them was carrying in his hand one of those diabolically wicked, shameful things, a pump-gun, and they looked out the window, two of them at one side and two at the other, watching for a prairie chicken; they did not see one. Eventually they saw two ducks and got out. One remarked to the other, in my hearing: 'Funny we don't see no chickens. Funny we don't see none. Why last year, you mind, we got four hundred. Don't understand it.' Oh, the fools—the miserable, blind, fools! They got four hundred last year, and wonder where they are gone! Did they not realize? It was no use my saying anything. I could only make notes to reach a more responsive audience."

Call Off The Dog Fish

Continued from page 20

in his boat with chagrin. He'd got a lot! "Brought you a drink, Jones!" I cried cheerily. "Had to get me some more hooks. They're big 'uns, over yonder!"

I handed him a bottle. Then, as he was drinking, I shooped the cat into his boat and pulled lustily away. I was half way across to my trolling place, when he commenced hollering. "Hey! Come back an' get this danged cat! A black one—ugh!—c'mon, now, Pete!"

"Sorry, Jones," I called back, "I've lost too much time already. That's the Cap'n's puss—mind he don't fall overboard!"

Jones turned loose a heap of abuse, but I pulled ahead. Soon I was back, and paying out the lines, now baited with new hooks, strong ones—spinning worms. The cat "meowed" loudly from Old J's boat. I could hear him hurling abuse at it.

Soon my luck turned with a vengeance. Whatever the reason, the big silver flashes commenced leaping from the water all around. There came one tremendous tug on the line and feverishly I hauled in. Gaff in one hand, I hauled in with the other, and soon a huge silver streak showed in the water near the boat; quickly I lunged, and in came my first salmon. Boy! What a beauty! Just like those pictures on sardine cans back on the prairies! "Twelve or fourteen pounds—if an ounce!" I crowed, all excitement, as I laid it tenderly in the boat.

Within an incredibly short space of time the bottom of my boat was a mass of silver beauties. Almost as fast as I could pay out a line, I had to haul it in again, silver-freighted.

Blithely I sang as I worked. To my ears came repeatedly the sound of the Cap'n's cat, mournfully "meowing" from Jones' boat. I heard him hollering at it. I heard him frequently give a different-sounding yell, as if, for instance, he had lost a hook.

In the space of half an hour, I had upwards of fifteen beautiful salmon; I hadn't lost a single hook, either. Seemingly the dog-fish were on a new scent—they did not bother my catch at all. I was in high spirits.

Soon Jones cried out. "Time's up—five o'clock! C'mon, Pete—pay for the stuff!"

"Pay nothin'," I hollered back. I pulled in my lines, and rowed after him towards the boat-house. I came up with him as we neared the float, and got a squint into his boat. What I saw caused me to whistle merrily.

Jones looked positively happy as he commenced gathering up his catch and piling the fish on the Cap'n's scales. He had a lot all right, but there were a number of small grilse among 'em. They wouldn't weigh much. Mine were all big beauties—not a single grilse had bothered my lines.

Jones turned to me with a grin as the Cap'n announced his total. "I guess that settles it, Pete!" he chuckled. "Pay up!" He hadn't taken a look at my boat-load, supremely confident that he had me beat.

"I'll pay when the Cap'n says I lose!" I said dryly. "First, though, we may as well weigh these—eh, Cap'n?" I commenced piling mine on the scales. The Cap'n whistled. Jones looked ghastly—he was speechless.

"Sorry, sir," said the boat-keeper, turning to Old J., "but the little stout gentleman has you beaten—easily! This is as fine a catch as we've had in Went-brood for a long time! The spinning worm, I think!"

"No, the cat, Cap'n!" I said, smiling. "Eh?—the cat? What the dev...?" he looked puzzled.

"Well, you see, them dog-fish was making things miserable around my fishin' place, so I hit on the scheme of gettin' your cat and puttin' him in Jones' boat. He "meowed" so dang loud in there that all the dog-fish heard him and beat it over to Jones' boat! You did lose some hooks, didn't you, J.?" I asked, but he turned away with a growl.

"And now, what do we owe you, Cap'n?" I asked, turning to the old salt—but he was doubled up in a paroxysm of laughin'.

As soon's he could speak, he cried, "Owe me? You don't owe me anything, Mister! Caesar's Ghost! Cat meows—

Continued on page 51

FREE 10-Day Tube—Mail the Coupon



If teeth are "off color"

clean whiteness can be quickly regained this way

They are simply film coated. Remove the film and wonders are worked. Teeth grow clear, gums firm and of healthy color. Send coupon for test tube

JUST because your teeth seem dull, don't believe they are naturally "off color."

You can restore them to clear whiteness very quickly.

Dental science has made some important discoveries in lightening cloudy teeth—a new method in tooth and gum treatment.

It acts on new principles. In a few days you can work a transformation on your teeth. Can change your whole appearance.

Now a 10-day test is being offered. Just send the coupon.

It's just a film

Mere brushing won't do

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film . . . a slippery, viscous coating that dulls and clouds their beauty.

Ordinary methods won't successfully combat it. That's why, no matter how hard you try now, your teeth remain "off color."

Remove that film and what you see will amaze you. You are simply hiding their beauty now . . . just like grime on ivory.

New methods remove it

Whiten teeth, Firm the Gums

Film is charged, too, with most tooth and gum troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the million multiply in it and lay your teeth open to decay, your gums open to bacterial attack. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Old methods failed in combating it successfully. Then new ones were found and embodied in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film and remove it. Then to firm the gums.

Send coupon

Results are quick and convincing. Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this new method.

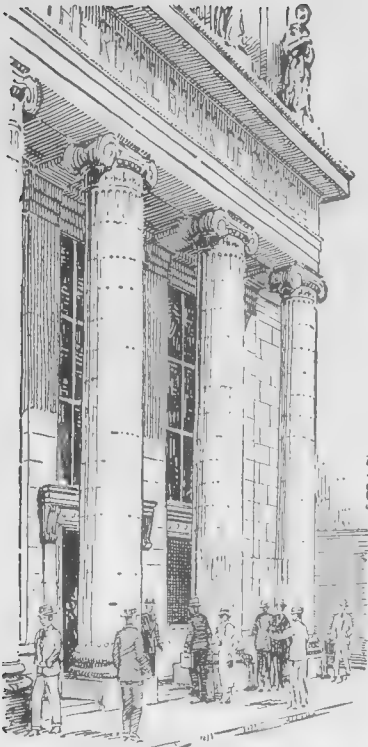
A few days' use will amaze you. The difference will be noticeable. You will note it. Those with whom you come in contact will note it. You owe clear teeth to yourself. Send the coupon before you forget.



FREE Mail this for
10-Day Tube
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 441, 191 George St.,
Toronto, Canada

MADE IN CANADA
Pepsodent
REG. IN CANADA
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities
Only one tube to a family.

Name
Address



G521



The Measure of Our Service

Not a Guardian of Money
alone; but also—

An Ally of Commerce,
An Aid to Business, and
An Advocate of Thrift

The Royal Bank of Canada

Low Mortality.

The Great-West Life selects its risks
with extreme care.

Its low mortality contributes to the
liberal profits enjoyed by participating
policyholders, **THUS REDUCING THE
ACTUAL COST OF PROTECTION.**



Great-West
ASSURANCE **Life** COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

It is
Maximum
Benefit at
Minimum
Cost.

30

International Loan Company

404 Trust and Loan Building, Portage Ave. East. Phone A1691
WINNIPEG, MAN.

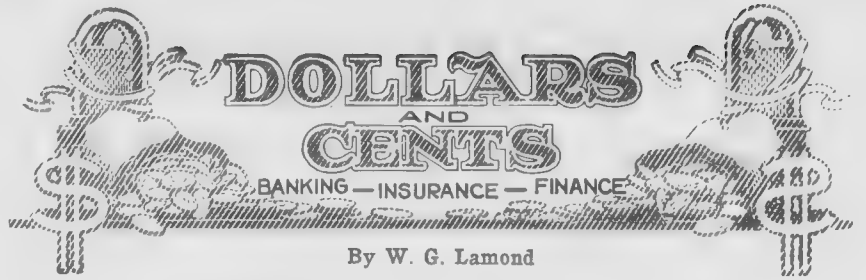
BALANCE SHEET AS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1925.

Authorized Capital, \$20,000,000.00		Subscribed Capital, \$4,202,500.00	
ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Cash on Hand	\$ 1,839.56	Liabilities to the Public	Nil
Cash in Banks, Current Account	12,206.72	Reserve for 1925 Income Tax, Payable April 30th, 1926..	\$ 1,509.94
Cash in Banks, Savings Account	20,000.00		
Total Cash on Hand and in Bank	\$ 34,046.28	Capital—	
First Mortgages and Clear Title agreements including accrued interest	605,906.35	Capital Paid Up	606,314.65
Accounts receivable(secured)	1,506.03	Surplus—	
Real Estate (Clear Title) ..	47,803.80	Reserve and Undivided Profit	82,224.00
Agreements Subject to Prior Claims	786.13		
	\$690,048.59		\$690,048.59

Winnipeg, January 22nd, 1926.

We have studied the books and examined the vouchers for the year 1925, and hereby certify the above Balance Sheet to be, in our opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit the true and correct position of the Company, and to be in accordance with the books and records as at December 31st, 1925. The Cash and Bank Balance have been verified and all Securities examined and found in order. All of our requirements as auditors have been complied with.

DAVID COOPER & COMPANY, Chartered Accountants.



By W. G. Lamond

Sun Life Passes Billion Mark

AMONG the most gratifying statements placed before the shareholders of any of our financial institutions this year was that of The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, presented at the annual meeting, held recently at the head office in Montreal. It was the fifty-fifth annual report, showing the steady progress of an organization that is now almost world wide in its operations. There are few institutions that reflect greater credit on Canadian enterprise. It shares with one or two of the banks and transportation companies the honor of being one of the Dominion's best known institutions.

The assurance in force was increased last year by \$149,460,644, bringing the grand total up to \$1,021,097,101. In keeping with this the assets were increased by nearly \$29,000,000, making the total assets now \$303,056,145. Payments to policyholders and beneficiaries of \$35,441,582, brought the total amount so paid since the Company was organized to \$219,239,710. The total net income for the year was nearly \$70,000,000.

Policyholders will share in another increase in profits—the sixth consecutive increase of this kind.

The wise selection of investments, which has marked the policy of the Company is also shown in the remarkable increase in the market value of its securities. For many years the Sun Life has specialized in long term bonds and preferred and common stocks of outstanding corporations in both Canada and the United States. It is now reaping the report of that policy. On actual sales of municipal debentures and other securities which had risen to high premiums, it realized a net profit of \$2,215,772, while the increase in the value of securities still held has been even greater.

Altogether the report of the Sun Life, establishing new and remarkable levels in business, makes very heartening reading for the people of Canada.

Economic Progress

THE end of another year finds the Canadian people, despite the confusion and uncertainty of their political situation, in a mood of much greater confidence about their economic future than they have enjoyed since the war ended. For the last five years they have been contemplating with a certain envy the abounding prosperity of the United States, and puzzling themselves why it could not be emulated north of the forty-ninth parallel. But the steep decline in the agricultural prices which proceeded from 1920 onwards until it was checked in the summer of 1924 hit Canada much more severely than the United States, because a larger proportion of her population is engaged in some form or other of agriculture, and the chaotic condition and reduced purchasing power of Europe, the Dominion's most important market for her exportable surplus of foodstuffs, added to her difficulties.

Two years ago Canada's difficulties seemed almost insuperable, and a tempest of pessimistic foreboding was widely prevalent, but the clouds have been slowly lifting, and the general impression today is that, although some harassing problems still await a permanent and satisfactory solution, the tide has now definitely turned in the Dominion's favor. In this change the main factor has been the substantial rise in the prices of all kinds of farm products. The result is that today, for the first time since the war, the Canadian farmer has, after making provision for both his past and current debts, a very substantial volume of purchasing power, which is finding its way into the general channels of trade and providing a wholesome stimulant to business.



Mr. T. B. Macaulay
President Sun Life of Canada

Canadian Modesty

ARE Canadians too diffident about telling of the great assets, wealth and opportunities of their own country? Col. A. E. Kirkpatrick, president of the Fidelity Insurance Company of Canada, thinks they are. In his annual report to the shareholders of the company he refers to the recovery to the recovery

Canada has made from the effects of the war and adds:

"Americans for years past have praised to the skies their own institutions—in fact, the expression 'the greatest in the world' has become almost a national phrase as expressing their own opinion about a hundred different features of their country or the manner of doing things therein.

"The result of this extraordinary self-confidence has no doubt had its effect on the people of other countries, and, to a large extent, acted as propaganda, which has for many years turned to their shores a mounting tide of immigration, carrying with it many of the best of our British stock who instinctively should have come here."

Industry in Manitoba

EVIDENCE of the steady growth of Manitoba's industries is afforded by the fact that capital invested in the manufactures of the province rose from \$88,779,517 in 1922 to \$92,426,674 in 1923, while the number of establishments increased from 781 to 803, according to figures published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

The number of wage earners increased from 3,173 in 1922 to 3,289 in 1923, and in the latter year \$12,516,396 was paid out in wages.

Fishing

THE total catch of sea fish on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts during the month of November was 63,415,500 pounds, valued at \$1,406,393. During the same period in 1924 there were 67,958,300 pounds landed with a value of \$1,639,023.

WHEN life proved too hard for poor human nature. Heaven sent humor to ease the burden.

Some little Hardship makes the Spirit bold.

The finest Trout are found where Streams run cold.



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

THE question of fatalities and injuries arising out of motor car accidents has created an alarming situation both in United States and Canada. Every day the motor car takes its deadly toll and every week sees the number increased. It is sometimes difficult to place the blame at the proper door. Very often the evidence as to distances, position and speed is not secured until many days afterwards when the memory of the witnesses has become indistinct and blurred and all traces of the accident have been removed. When the automobile was first introduced into the city it was looked upon as a novelty; its advent was hailed both with derision and extravagant huzzas. Today it has become a national necessity both in commercial and social realms.

Obviously the introduction of a powerful machine capable of doing great harm in the hands of inexperienced persons has of necessity brought about rules and regulations for the governing of traffic conditions. For instance motorists are forbidden to drive except on a certain side of the highway, the infringement of such rule may result in the hailing of the offender to the nearest police court or the obtaining of damages against him for his negligence. All of the Provinces have enacted Motor Vehicle Acts governing the granting of licenses, the obligation of the motorists to stop when approaching street cars, corners, bridges, horses, the rate of speed and rules of the road. Moreover Provinces have delegated some of their functions in these matters to various towns, cities and municipalities.

No subject has brought about more acrimonious discussion than the respective rights and duties of pedestrians and motorists. Many of the latter class contend that the pedestrian should confine his ambulations to the side-walks or regular street crossings and that on no account must he wander in the intervening spaces. Many of the former class assume the attitude that they have a paramount right to be upon any part of the highway and that they are at liberty to be as careless as they wish, thus throwing upon the motorist the whole duty of care.

They point to the fact that all the Provincial statutes have enacted that in any motor car accident dealt with in civil proceedings the onus of proving that he was not negligent lies upon the motorist. This is half the truth. It is true that the law will not assist a motorist who without exercising sufficient care injures a pedestrian; neither will it assist a pedestrian who invites trouble by his rashness and sometimes open defiance of the warning against him. Both parties are bound to exercise that degree of care which ordinary reasonable people would be expected to exhibit. Failure to do this will penalize the defaulter.

THERE are two very serious problems to be faced by our courts and law makers. The first centres around the "drunken" driver. An intoxicated man as a pedestrian is a source of danger, but an intoxicated driver becomes a veritable hydra-headed menace, both to life and property. For such there can be only one penalty. Formerly the local acts only imposed cancellation of license and a fine, but now by the provisions of the Criminal Code there is provided a minimum penalty of seven days in gaol with longer terms for subsequent offences. In this way a strenuous effort is being made to eliminate this dire peril.

The second case deals with the prevalent offence of theft of motor cars. The temptation to steal a motor car, left unattended by its owner, apparently constitutes too powerful a temptation for certain people. This is bad enough, especially when the offender is an old hand, but the situation has become alarming in connection with "joy riders" who simply "borrow" a car for their

night's pleasures, and either return it or not to the same place as the spirit moves them. We wish to emphasize that this temporary borrowing is regarded by police authorities in no light way. The penalty which is an extremely severe one, but no more drastic than the situation requires, is the minimum confinement to gaol for one year and a maximum confinement to gaol for seven years. Suspended sentence cannot be given without the concurrence of the Agents of the Crown, who in most cases are unwilling to exercise this right especially when there has been no justification for the commission of the offence or any attendant circumstances permitting the exercising of this right. It is true that many of these joy riders are very youthful and commit the offence without realizing the enormity thereof, but in the interests of society they must bear the penalty meted out to them.

Answers to Inquiries

(Q) I would be very thankful if this department would give me some information. I am a Canadian born and lived here, but my parents moved to the United States some years ago, so my brother and sisters have made it their home. I also have a step-son and daughter living over in the United States. Now my step-son was married and divorced, and the court gave him the child. When I went over to the United States a little over two years ago for a visit my step-son asked me to take the child home for a trip, and he would come the next summer to see his father and take the child back again, and in the meantime would pay for the child's keep. He has neither come for the child or paid for his keep. The child is eight years old and so far I have been able to keep the child at school, but it will be impossible to do so any longer. The mother who is also in the States has been very good and is anxious to have the child. I do not want to make any trouble, but something has to be done. What should be done?—Worried.

(A) Advise your step-son that unless he comes for the child or provides for his maintenance that you will be obliged to turn over the child to his mother. If the father does not comply with this notice and settle with you, communicate with the child's mother and see if she will relieve you of the burden. In any event you can sue the father for the child's maintenance.

(Q) Wishing to take advantage of your legal information column, I kindly beg you to inform me on the following: I contemplate starting business in a large town or city, probably Calgary, in the following lines. Manufacture and sales around the houses of soft drinks on the same system as a milk round. Also the sale of ice cream in this way and later on a combined confectionery candy and refreshment bar store. Could you advise me of formal applications to be made and the probable taxes, etc., charged for a business of this kind?—M. E.

(A) All businesses such as those you refer to are controlled by each local authority. Each town or city has its own separate regulations and licenses. You should apply to the Clerk of the City in which you intend to operate and he will then give you all the information which you require. You will probably need to pay for a Provincial license to carry on business as a hawker.

(Q) Could a married woman with one child legally procure a separation from her husband and secure from him ample funds to support her and the child? The husband is most unkind and neglectful; comes home for his meals, leaving immediately on finishing, has never spent an evening in the home for months; never takes his wife any place, nor gives her any attention at all.—A. R.

Continued on page 51

What would your Wife do?

"Madame", concluded the salesman, "invest \$5000. in this oil well to-day and within a year you'll be wealthy beyond your dreams."

The eyes of William Hartley's widow sparkled with interest. Little did she suspect that the whole scheme was a fraud. This man was so gentlemanly, his story was so plausible, he inspired so much confidence.

"I'm sorry", she faltered, "but I haven't \$5000."

"But your husband had considerable insurance, didn't he?"

"Oh yes, but you see, I don't get it all at once. The Insurance Company sends me a cheque every month."

William Hartley's foresight saved his widow. Although he is dead, his wise judgment ensures her comfort as long as she lives. What about your wife?

You should know more about this "Permanent Monthly Income" policy. It is protection at its best. Let us send you our booklet, "A Permanent Income", which gives full particulars.

Please send me your booklet "A Permanent Income" 51

Name

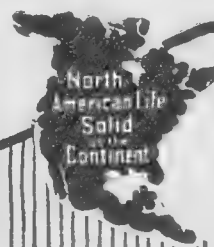
Address

Age Occupation

Agents in Every Important Centre in Canada

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
"Solid as the Continent"

Head Office—Toronto, Canada



LIVING TRUSTS

Most of the world's money is now handled in trust. On the books of this Corporation are to be found a large variety of purposes for which money has been set aside in trust—by business men for the maintenance of their families—by public spirited citizens for charitable or educational purposes—Reserve Funds for religious and fraternal organizations, marriage settlements for the benefit of wife and children, etc.

Why not entrust the management of your property to this Corporation. Our facilities for this work, combined with long years of experience are at your service to save you the detail and worry connected with the management of your property.

Ask for booklet, "Voluntary Trusts and Their Uses." It contains much information that will interest you.

The
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION

363 Main Street, Winnipeg, J. W. Paton, Manager.

Second Avenue & Twenty-first Street, Saskatoon, F. G. Lewis, Manager

Seymour & Pender Streets, Vancouver, H. C. Hewetson, Manager.

Assets under administration exceed \$152,000,000.

Come Let Us Read a While

By W.H.M. Librarian

A READER of The Western Home Monthly has written an interesting letter in which he comments upon the use of the word "broken-hearted or heart-broken" in fiction. He is a man of strong views, this reader of ours, and he says, "I am nauseated every time I happen on a story which lets the heroine pine, and almost die of a broken heart." Well, Mr. Reader, take this for your comfort, there are not many novels written nowadays where a heroine has a heart at all! I'm beginning to long for a real old-fashioned love story, for I am mortally weary of sex infidelity as the constant theme. "The Triumphant Rider," of which I have spoken, "Kept," by Alec Waugh, about which I did not speak, loathing the book too much; and now alas! and alack! my much loved W. B. Maxwell has given us "Fernande." But of that later. Not this month, because I have not finished it. Seriously, and reverently, I say "thank God" for Locke. Oh, I know he gives us stories that make the intelligentsia howl derisively. But the mass love his well-written, clever, romantic stories, clean and throbbing—I am of the mass. Read "The Great Pandolfo," Locke's latest, Mr. Reader, and you'll meet a man after your own heart. He is flouted and scorned and humiliated by the lady he loves. But does he die of a broken heart? Not he. He's too busy. That is, after all, the secret of this broken-heart fallacy. Any one who is doing his bit in the world has too many claims upon his brain and brawn, his sympathies and his interests to consider any grief, however deep, sufficient justification for releasing himself from all life's responsibilities. Therefore he does not die of his broken heart but becomes the stronger on account of the wound.

An Adventure

DEVONSHIRE STREET! Rather narrow, badly lit, bordered by squalid-looking houses and an occasional little shop, startling by its unexpectedness. One minute I was fearing lest a cut-throat was looming in the shadows of an evil-looking house. The next I was gazing into a most smiling window. Articles of wood, brightly enamelled; gay china; dashing scarves; and on the door the most delightful invitation to enter and buy. It was not the lonely florin in my purse that prevented my entering this abode of happy-looking articles. Was it not the Peasant's Shop, and what right had a peasant with more than a florin! But a magnet more powerful than this little temple to merchandise, drew me further down Devonshire Street. Another bright and welcoming window. No wooden candlesticks here. But oh, great lights, nevertheless. With my nose perilously near the window pane, I greeted the impertinent lyrics of Edna St. Vincent Millay; the heart-piercing songs of Blake; the untrammelled songs of Davies; the mystical, troubling songs of Yeats. I was at the famous Poetry Book Shop for the first time. I walked in with a feeling of intense excitement. What would I hear, whom would I see, in this shop, quite unique even in the great city of London?

Quite harmless people had already congregated in this little place which I had imagined was the Mecca of the weird and wonderful. The room, so I was informed, where the "reading" would take place was not yet open. I began to enjoy myself in the manner of those already assembled. I walked around the shop reading the quaintest "broad-sheets" and Rhyme sheets most beautifully illustrated. Here a poem to "The Guest," by Drinkwater; there that exquisite lyrical outburst to Brother Blackbird, whose authorship I have forgotten. On a table were calendars, greeting cards, and woodcuts of tame lambs and other innocent subjects. The walls were covered with bookshelves bearing volumes of all known and many unknown poets.

On the journey down, I had been reading an article about the much maligned and sadly misunderstood poet, Edith Sitwell. I thought I would like to read a book, if such existed, elucidating the works of three Sitwells. I enquired, quite forgetful of the lone florin, of a dark, sad,

soft-voiced man, if such a volume was to be had. He hesitated, and then said with obvious reluctance, "Only—it doesn't say much—there will be one out shortly—I will show you."

He fetched a volume and handing it

then a long flight of stairs whose carpet tried in vain to deceive. These were stairs leading to an attic; stairs that boys loved to mount when they had apples for secret crunching. Were they, too, stairs to Parnassus? It seems so,



Wilhelmina Stitch, the W.H.M. Librarian and Book Reviewer, who is now adding to her Canadian success a great literary triumph in London

to me, exclaimed, "Rather ashamed to suggest this."

The index showed me where to find a reference to Miss Sitwell. There was about two pages which I read with interest. I wondered why the salesman had been so apologetic. It was an excellently written criticism. A well-printed volume, by a recognized authority, Harold Munro. Still, if he didn't wish to sell it, and as it cost three times the florin in my purse, perhaps it was just as well that I could truthfully say, "Not quite enough about Edith Sitwell."

"No," he agreed heartily, and thrust the offending book out of sight. And then I noted his black hair, black eyes, rather sallow complexion, and exceptionally full lips. Of course now I knew, that salesman was Harold Munro himself! Over and over again I had seen pictures of him. Only I had imagined he was broad and short, and this man was tall and lean. My excitement increased.... And now the folks were moving out of the bookshop, going round the corner. I followed. Dark narrow stone passages lighted by a single candle bravely defying the wind. Tricky little steps, down one, up one, for no reason whatsoever, and

for at last we had reached the "reading room." An attic with plaster walls, stone cold floor, dimly lighted, and boasting rows and rows of chairs of various breeding, some were proud Windsors, others kitchen inhabitants. But as the only true democracy is to be found in the realm of poetry, the chairs hobbled most jovially. Not so the audience, numbering no more than twenty-five. Each sat severely and silently apart, "and no bird sings." The cold of the floor bit through the carpet and numbed my feet. I looked to the right and encountered the profile of a stern female with an Eton crop and a mannish collar and tie. To the left of me was a gentle-looking youth who doubtless would have spoken had there been light enough for him to see my ocular invitation. To the front—a small platform, with side and back curtains of a dark, plain, serge-like material. On the tiny platform was a reading stand and a small round table bearing a glass of water. Strangely enough the water had not frozen solid. The back curtain was suspended from a semi-circular rod, so that the effect was that of a little alcove in which one might expect to find the figure of a saint.

WITHOUT a sound, someone had appeared. I suppose all were aware of her presence but no one clapped. A slender woman clad in a Russian style of tunic of dark blue or black; the high tight collar and the cuffs of the peasant sleeves, being of a happy blue. A most interesting face, olive complexion, high cheek bones, charming hollows, determined chin. She was, said my card of admission, Alida Klemantaski. She looked sorrowfully at the audience, and said clearly and determinedly, "I will read some of the shorter poems of Robert Bridges."

No one hissed; no one clapped. The audience seemed to me like a scene from a Maeterlinck play that is but the child of an over-wrought imagination. I expected to hear a voice wail "Let down your hair, Melisande. Where, oh where is my ring."

She had begun to read. A dead child, a dead woman, an elegy, snow,—these were not subjects to add to the warmth of this refrigerator-like room. And then the mournfulness of "Die, oh song, die." How beautifully she read; what an exquisite voice; each vowel received its full value; the rhythm of Robert Bridges' quantitative verse held me in thrall. Oh! English-speaking people! when will you fully awake to the superlative beauty of Robert Bridges' command of rhythms and rhymes, and phrasings and expressions, that make the heart melt. I knew all the poems that Alida Klemantaski was reading, without intermission, without an introductory word of any kind. Drops of blood fell from my heart when she intoned "I will not let you go," and I longed to shout for joy when her voice rose to the height of passion expressed in "Awake, oh my heart, to be loved." But the audience neither stirred nor sighed. Eight poems, perhaps ten, and lo and behold, without a word, without a sound, my saint had left her alcove and passed swiftly from the room. Now surely they would rise and send a cheer of thanks after her as she greeted again the valiant candle in the dark passage. But no. In absolute silence we wended our way down, and out, into Devonshire Street. With those rhythms beating against my soul, and that beautiful voice in my ears, I hastened to the gay Peasant Shop, spent 1/9, and then bought a 3d ticket to Paddington—and home!

It is several days since I wrote the foregoing account of my adventure at the Poetry Book Shop. Since then there has appeared in the press an article under the startling headline "Poet Laureate must Resign!" Rather a blow over the heart for me, having exhorted, in such fine language, the English-speaking world to awake and take note that Robert Bridges is among the poet-prophets of the age! But I shall not die of a broken heart! The writer of this virulent attack upon the poet laureate quotes only from a newly published collection of verses. I must confess from the quotations given, "Greenjade" as he calls himself, has reason for his caustic remarks. Before next month I hope to have read the volume and formed my own opinion.

"With Thanks"

I have received gifts of new books. They are laid aside tenderly for joy in the days of rest near to hand. So anything more than a brief notice is impossible in this issue. From the author, well known in Canada, comes "Poems" by A. E. Johnson. How happy I am to see a selection of his verse in published form at last. Beautifully published too, well printed, on good paper, by the University Book Store of Syracuse. Congratulations to A. E. Johnson—and a more adequate notice later. Last year, Florence Randal Livesay sent me "Eager Footsteps" by Anne MacDonald. This year she has added yet another volume to my Canadiana by the gift of "Low Life," (The Macmillan Co.) a comedy in one act, by Mazo de la Roche, whose novel "Possessions" gave me a pleasure that I still remember. To this remark also, I must add, "more later."

From Maud Wynne Cole, one of South Africa's most prominent poets, come two books of verse—"Twelve South African

Continued on page 39

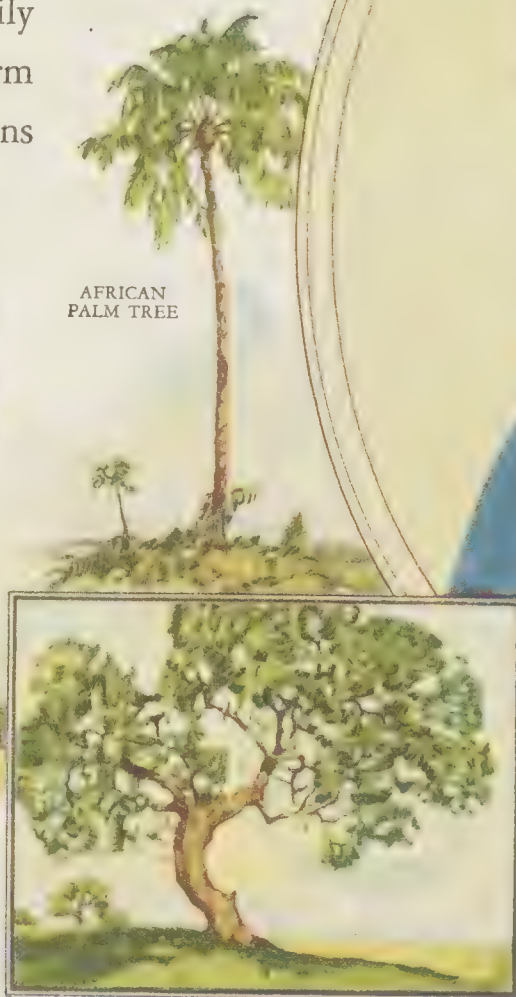
Nature's Gift to Beauty

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions

COCONUT
PALM TREE



AFRICAN
PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE

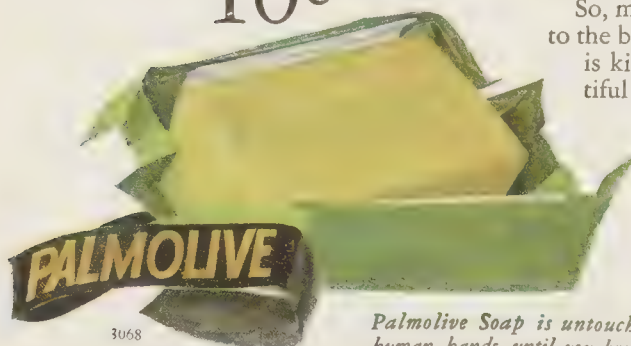
Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured above—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

Retail price

10c



3068

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both the washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Sallow, unattractive skin no longer excusable

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal
Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Massage it gently into the

MADE IN CANADA



NO-MAR Furniture Deserves Protection for all Time

THE combination of splendid materials into exquisite furniture is an art well exemplified in M & H furniture. The beauty of line, texture and finish well deserves the preservation for future generations assured by NO-MAR—the finish which makes furniture practically everlasting. The economy of lasting NO-MAR furniture makes possible the furnishing of every home with beautiful furniture.

NO-MAR furniture presents a smooth, perfect surface unaffected by heat, cold, moisture or acid. It is protected from damage and wear for all time. Even perfumes and medicines, so often spilled on bed-room furniture, leave no stain or cloud on NO-MAR furniture.

Only M & H furniture use the NO-MAR finish. Identify it by the trade mark on the guarantee tag.

Ask your Dealer to Demonstrate

M&H NO-MAR FURNITURE

WILL NOT MARK OR STAIN

Manufactured by Malcolm & Hill, Limited, Kitchener, Ont.

Makers of Walnut and Mahogany Furniture



Stands every test without injury or damage



The correct bedroom creates an atmosphere of repose, of restful charm, achieved by use of the right colors and furniture beautiful in line and detail. The suite illustrated will fill the role assigned to it with distinction.—Illustration by courtesy of Malcolm and Hill.

When We Choose New Furniture

Pointers the Buyer Will Do Well to Consider

By Katherine M. Caldwell

THE poet has it that this is the time of year when Romance buds. The serious-minded housekeeper thinks a bit in terms of spring cleaning. The person who loves to be surrounded by beauty, to have a charming home, thinks of it as a season for freshening up the house and replacing shabby furnishings. Just to visit the shops at this time of year is to lose one's heart to the infinitely charming home furnishings that are on display. One must have, indeed, a perfect house, not to yearn for this or that occasional piece or for a new suite to replace the old in dining room, bedroom or living room.

The Canadian manufacturers of furniture have taken to holding an exhibition early each spring. They put on display not only their old "best sellers," furniture that has so pleased the Canadian people that it has become almost standardized—but they show all of their new designs, frequently for the first time. I heard it remarked this year that in the case of at least one manufacturer, ninety-five per cent of the articles in the display were new designs.

This is a most interesting comment on the trend of furniture manufacture in our country. One does not need to be very old to remember the time when almost all the good furniture—and by good I mean furniture which displayed choice woods, beautiful craftsmanship and fine design—was imported into Canada, but today we have a large number of manufacturers who are turning out high-grade furniture. They are paying the greatest attention to design and to finish; most interesting developments, as a matter of fact, are taking place in wood finishes, and we may now choose from a wide variety. We can have our furniture in bright or in dull finish; we can choose a finish that is durable almost to the point of being indestructible; we can have the natural wood tones brought out or we can have

our wood stained to almost any fraction of a tone we desire; and if a single tone is not enough, we can have a lovely soft two-tone finish that gives a charming effect of light and shade.

If you are going foraging one of these days, to buy a new library table or a suite for the best bedroom or, perhaps, new dining room furniture, it would be my advice that you first think over very carefully your exact requirements. It is one thing to admire a suite you see on display at your favorite dealer's; it may be quite another to observe it placed in position in your own home. It is sad but true that many a disappointment is experienced just at the moment when the proud purchaser had expected to be elated. Usually, these disappointments may be entirely avoided, if the matter is carefully thought out before the shopping expedition begins.

FOR instance, size is very important. The handsomest furniture will lose much of its effect if it overpowers the room it is in. It not only looks too weighty and too crowded, but it makes you feel that everything is on top of you; you can get no perspective on it, and therefore cannot appreciate its fine points. Proportion is one of the first laws of beauty and it is such a simple one that all of us can study it.

So, first of all, measure your room, place the furniture mentally, decide just how long the buffet should be, look well against a certain wall, or whether you will have space for twin beds in the bedroom you want to make up-to-date; consider whether your dining table shall be of the round or square type, remembering, if you are at all inclined to be cramped for space, that rounded corners seem to make the dining table much smaller in relation to the room, without decreasing its seating

capacity. Certainly it allows more space to get around the table, leaves more clear floor space. The refectory type of table, too, is often a wise choice for a smallish room, and of course the gate-leg table is also good; it, like the refectory table with the draw-ends, has the advantage of being easily enlarged or kept small.

In the living room, there is the same need to study proportion. Of late years, the chesterfield and its accompanying chair or two has found its way into, I suppose, half the living rooms in the land. Now this type of furniture comes in an immense variety of styles, even though all are aiming primarily at comfort. Our progressive manufacturers have found, however, that they can still give us the same delightful sense of ease with overstuffed furniture that is neither so heavy in appearance nor so greedy of our space as were those chesterfields and chairs which came to us in the first rush of their new popularity.

Although at first we might suppose that our color scheme would not enter very much into the choice of furniture, second thought tells us that we may be able to contribute some quite tangible advantage to the final result by taking even this into consideration. Take the bedroom that is to strike a sunny, golden note, for instance—a room in which the furnishings must make up for a lack of real sunshine. We are thinking, perhaps, of walnut furniture. But would maple, in the clear, golden tones, help us to make in that room a much more striking and unusual harmony? I have in mind just such a room; it has walls of ivory—ivory with a golden light behind it, as it were; a rug of soft old blue; curtains of golden silk, their sunny tone echoed in the lamp shades and in a couple of puffy cushions in the delightful wicker *chaise longue* that is painted a lovely violet; the violet enters in one or two other accessories—the little cushioned maple

Continued on page 30



Is a worn-out spring wearing you out? Slumber King will renew your energy

Sleep is more vital to your health than food, more important to your appearance than clothes. Throw back your mattress now and study the spring.

Is it sagging, worn-out, and creaking? Then it is robbing you of vital energy. Compare it with the bedspring that has won all Canada—*Slumber King*.

Its 26 flexible ribbon strips of steel are joined for yielding ease with four rows of lively spirals. Two can sleep in the

same comfort as one. They neither disturb each other nor slide into a "valley" in the centre. The edges cannot sag. No sharp edges to tear the bedclothes.

Imagine how much greater your comfort can be with a bedspring like that, especially if you add the luxury of an *Ostermoor*. Canada's leading mattress for more than 30 years, it remains first today in comfort, value, and sales. Sold by all dealers at one low price, \$25.

SIMMONS

Slumber King

BED SPRING

Inherited—A Loose Tongue

A schoolmaster wrote this brief criticism on a boy's report: "A good worker, but talks too much." When the report came back signed according to rule by the boy's father it bore besides the signature this feeling retort: "You should hear his mother!"

The Least of his Troubles

Last year, writes a contributor, when I returned to the country town where I spend my summers, I was astonished to find Uncle Ezra, a jolly old native, failing rapidly after a shock he had suffered the winter before. When I asked him how

he was feeling he replied: "Well, ye see I ain't so smart as I was once. Can't use my right arm or leg, an' they say my mind's gone. "But," he added with characteristic optimism, "I don't miss it!"

Enough Said

Jobber—"Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?"

"Salesman—"I got two orders in one place."

Jobber—"What were they?"

Salesman—"One was to get out and the other was to stay out.—Good Hardware."

Uplift Item

A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor: "We're going to be living in a better neighborhood soon," she said. "So are we," volunteered Mrs. Nextdoor confidently. "What? Are you moving, too?" "No, we're staying here."—*Christian Register*.

Obliging an Old Master

On the occasion of the death of a chief of one of the department bureaus in Washington, a clerk in that bureau was dashing madly down the street when he was stopped by a friend, who asked:

"Why the deuce are you in such a tearing hurry?"

"I am going," explained the clerk, "to the funeral of my chief, and there is nothing he hates like unpunctuality."

His Reward

"But," protested the new arrival as St. Peter handed him a golden trumpet, "I can't play this instrument; I never practised while on earth."

"Of course you didn't," chuckled the old saint. "That's why you are here."—*Zion's Herald*.

When We Choose New Furniture

Continued from page 29

stool at the dressing table, and again in a gold and violet bedroom screen. And to add the final irresistible touch—the owner of the room is one of those favorites of the gods who are sometimes given truly golden hair and are allowed to keep it in spite of climate, hard water and all the other evil influences that threaten to darken blond tresses! It is ever a wise woman who gives a thought to the *becomingness* of her background; she will see to it that even such generally shared rooms as the living room and dining room, are not given a color scheme that will treat her unkindly.

BUT to stick to the subject of actual furniture—consider the different color values you will get in even such often interchanged woods as walnut and mahogany; and notice, too, when you come to examine the furniture, just the tone in which it is finished; you may find a good deal of difference, and one finish will probably be quite definitely more effective than another, when considered in relation to your entire color scheme.

The woods themselves, as you will have noticed, have each a pretty well defined character of their own. Oak speaks undeniably of stability and strength; no matter what the design, it cannot express a light mood. For this reason, a good designer will always follow the natural inclinations of the wood itself, and will use it in a simple, dignified manner—not necessarily heavy at all, but employing straight lines, for the most part, or the least complicated of curves, restraint in decoration, beauty of proportion. Mahogany, on the other hand, is really a versatile wood. It will express almost anything that is asked of it, fall in with the spirit of many widely different designs. We see a great mahogany dining table, massive sideboard and dignified chairs that display to splendid advantage the beauties of color and grain that are so characteristic of the mahogany—we see a slim, graceful suite, with well-turned cabriole legs and refined ornamentation—we see a dainty trifle of a sewing table, a thing of delicate beauty—all of mahogany, and one as well interpreted in this amiable wood as another!

Walnut, too, has attained recognition in a wide variety of uses. We find it in furniture of almost every mood from the sober, serious-minded suite, to the piquant little pie-crust or butterfly table. For a time, this useful wood suffered almost complete banishment from favor—in the revulsion of feeling that followed a general realization of the ugliness of most of the late Victorian furniture. As time went on, however, we came to recognize the fact that a very fine wood, one well suited to our present-day requirements, was sharing a blame that it did not deserve; we fastened the entire responsibility where it belonged—on the design of the furniture we had come to despise; and we took walnut back to favor in a most whole-souled fashion. It rides on the crest of fashion's wave again—in plain designs, one and two-tone effects, banded and inlaid with other woods, carrying out effectively many types of design.

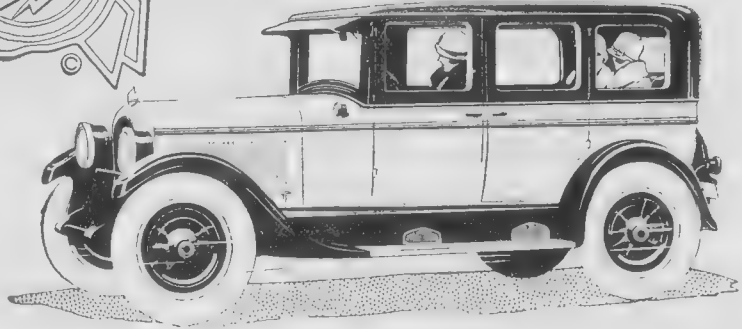
There are other woods, too, that are being turned to good use by today's manufacturers; maple, which has already been mentioned, is given its best known finish, about the color of golden honey, but it also appears in a lovely grey finish at times, and in a brown tone with an antique finish that is unquestionably good looking. Birch is

Continued on page 42

CHRYSLER



Chrysler "70"
Royal Sedan



To All Women Who Do Not Ride In A Chrysler "70"—

Whatever car you ride in—or drive, if you are one of the great army of women drivers—we can promise you an entirely new delight in the Chrysler "70."

For the Chrysler "70" offers literally all of the things which women want most in their own cars.

Comparatively few women, it is true, care to ride as fast as 70 miles an hour; but the power which is indicated by 70 miles plus represents the utmost in acceleration, in smoothness, as well as in speed ability.

And think of a car without side-sway—a car so easy riding that you can travel at high speeds over cobbled streets or rutted roads

—a car which steers with such unbelievable ease that all-day touring does not fatigue —a car made so safe by Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, and so compactly designed for easy parking, that you handle it with implicit confidence in any situation.

Chrysler is admittedly the style leader among motor cars—and that, of itself, is a genuine satisfaction.

The Chrysler dealer is eager to have you look at the beautiful Chryslers and give a leisurely inspection to all of their attractive features. Let him demonstrate its performance to you. Drive the car yourself—and then the next car in your family will be a Chrysler "70."

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board

CHRYSLER "70"—70 miles per hour—5 to 25 miles in 6¼ seconds—68 horse-power—hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

CHRYSLER "58"—58 miles per hour—30 miles to the gallon—5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds, CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—As fine as money can build—Utmost luxury for 2 to 7 passengers—92 horse-power—80 miles per hour.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires. We are pleased to extend the convenience of time-payments.

A Word to the Wise!

Letters that have already reached us indicate that George Gibbs' novel "The Flame of Courage" has taken a firm hold on the affections of our readers.

We Hope You Will Enjoy it!

Please remember, though, that owing to the heavy demand for copies we are obliged to discontinue subscriptions immediately on expiration of same, so we suggest that you take a peep at the address label on the cover and make sure that your account is in good standing. If it reads "Mar. 26" it means that your subscription expires this month, and immediate attention is necessary in order to make sure of receiving the April issue. Just in case your subscription is shortly about to expire, this little renewal blank may prove handy.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
WINNIPEG.

Gentlemen:

Here is \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription. I want to be sure and receive a copy of the April issue.

Name.....

Address.....

W E T H A N K Y O U

Rock Bottom Prices and Easy Payments

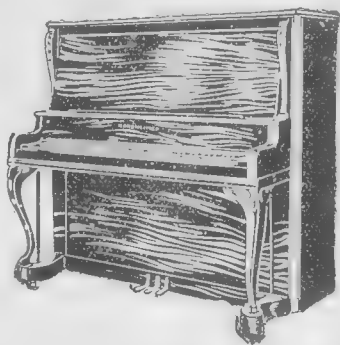
Exceptional

PIANO

Values

Over 90 different styles from which to select cabinet uprights, players, and grand pianos, standard makes—all finishes and styles. Easy payment plan on the following:—

Ennis	\$395
Bell Studio	435
Gerhard Heintzman	485



RADIO RECEIVING SETS

Standard up-to-date receiving sets from \$35.00 up enable the country radio fan to purchase the following outfits on easy terms:—

Atwater Kent
Fada Neutrodyne
Thompson Neutrodyne
A. C. Dayton
Radiolas
Westinghouse
Brunswick Radiolas

RECORDS—PLAYER PIANO ROLLS AND SHEET MUSIC

Let us send you our monthly list of latest rolls and records. Carrying charges prepaid on orders from \$3.00 upwards.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



FREE LESSON
CERTIFICATES
Issued with these
instruments

Stewart Tenor Banjo
Stewart model 11 in., maple rim and arm, complete in canvas case with extra set of strings and picks
\$22.75

Winpico Tenor Banjo
11 in. rim with large wood resonator on back, all parts ebony finished, complete in professional keratol case—
\$75.00

PHONOGRAPHS



Columbia
Console
Latest Design
\$79.00

Including 12 record selections

This beautiful instrument presents one of the biggest values we have ever offered at anything like the price.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.

WRITE US TODAY

For catalogues and terms but state what particular instrument you are interested in.

Would You Like to Have Roses Blooming all Summer?

You can grow them easily. We grow thousands of bushes of all the best varieties of Roses, which bloom from June to October.

Very Hardy Roses

Which live through our winters

Named varieties . . from 50c each
Our selection \$5.00 dozen

3 2-year-old bushes (1 hardy Rose, 1 monthly Rose, 1 Tea Rose) \$1.00 postpaid

130 Varieties Best Dahlias, Mixed	Dozen	2.00
100 Varieties Rarest Gladiolus, Mixed	Dozen	.65
100 Varieties Rarest Gladiolus, Mixed	100	4.00
80 Varieties Iris, named varieties	Dozen	2.50
Mixed varieties	Dozen	2.00
80 Varieties Paeonies, named varieties	From each	.50
Mixed varieties	Dozen	4.00

Named Varieties, Prices on Application

Write for Catalogue

The Patmore Nursery Company

BRANDON, MANITOBA

ESTABLISHED 1883

Remember that

MOTOR IN CANADA

is the West's exclusive

AUTOMOTIVE TRADE PAPER

If you are in the trade you cannot afford to be without it. At a cost of \$1.00 per year you are kept informed on all matters pertaining to your business.

Write for a Sample Copy

MOTOR IN CANADA

WINNIPEG



For coughs take half a teaspoon of Minard's internally in molasses. For sore throat and chest heat and rub well into affected parts. For cold in head heat and inhale.

Minard's gives quick relief



Rich Milk—Extract of Grain. Prepare it at home, for all members of the family, by briskly stirring the powder in hot or cold water, no cooking. Use any time; when faint or hungry. A hot cupful, on retiring, induces refreshing sleep.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Radio

APPLAUD THE ARTISTS

HOW many of the radio listeners who enjoy a really fine programme ever think of the one thing they can do to repay the artists to whom they indebted? Over and over again we receive letters and postcards thanking the station for its service, but by this time every large radio station in the country has had so many "applause" messages that it is more than willing to forego its share of them from now on in favor of the artists themselves.

Unluckily, the more discriminating a listener is, the less ready he seems to be to write a letter. People who know and love fine music are the very ones who say: "I should never think of writing to an artist to express my enjoyment." In an ordinary concert this is all well enough, because there is ample opportunity to show enthusiasm through the medium of hand-clapping. But think of the radio artist, finishing a fine effort amid dead silence.

All broadcasting stations urge their friends to write direct to the artists who appear on its programmes, whether from the local studios or by remote control. Letters sent care of them are promptly forwarded, and they will certainly be appreciated. This applies, above all, to those who love good music. The artist whose work gives great pleasure is surely entitled to applause, not simply of the usual "I heard your programme last night" type, but of the discriminating kind that means not simply hearing, but understanding.

To no small degree, the future of broadcasting, so far as the best music is concerned, is up to the listeners, and their readiness to applaud by mail, by telegraph or by telephone will determine the enthusiasm of the artists for this new form of musical activity. So, the next time you hear a fine programme, don't let it stop there. Write a letter to the musicians who have given you the pleasant hour, it will mean much to them, and will make you a contributor to the service of better broadcasting.

TIME SIGNALS

TIME signals are broadcast from CKY, Winnipeg, every day, with the exception of Sundays, commencing at 10.50 a.m. The signals are transmitted from McGill University, Montreal, by the C.P.R. Telegraph to Winnipeg. Telephone line connection carries them to the broadcasting station, whence they are radiated into space for the benefit particularly of listeners in remote parts of the country where accurate time cannot easily be obtained. Following is the procedure:

At 10.50 a.m. a continuous musical note is broadcast on CKY's regular wave length. The note ceases and is followed by the letter "T-I-M-E" in code. At 10.54 there commences a series of single beats which conclude at ten seconds before 10.55, when a series of double beats begins. The double beats end at ten seconds before 10.56. The ten seconds pause is followed by two "ticks" in rapid succession. The two ticks indicate 10.56 and the operator announces "Ten fifty-six, Central Standard Time."

1.50 a.m.—Long continuous note, followed by "T-I-M-E" in code.

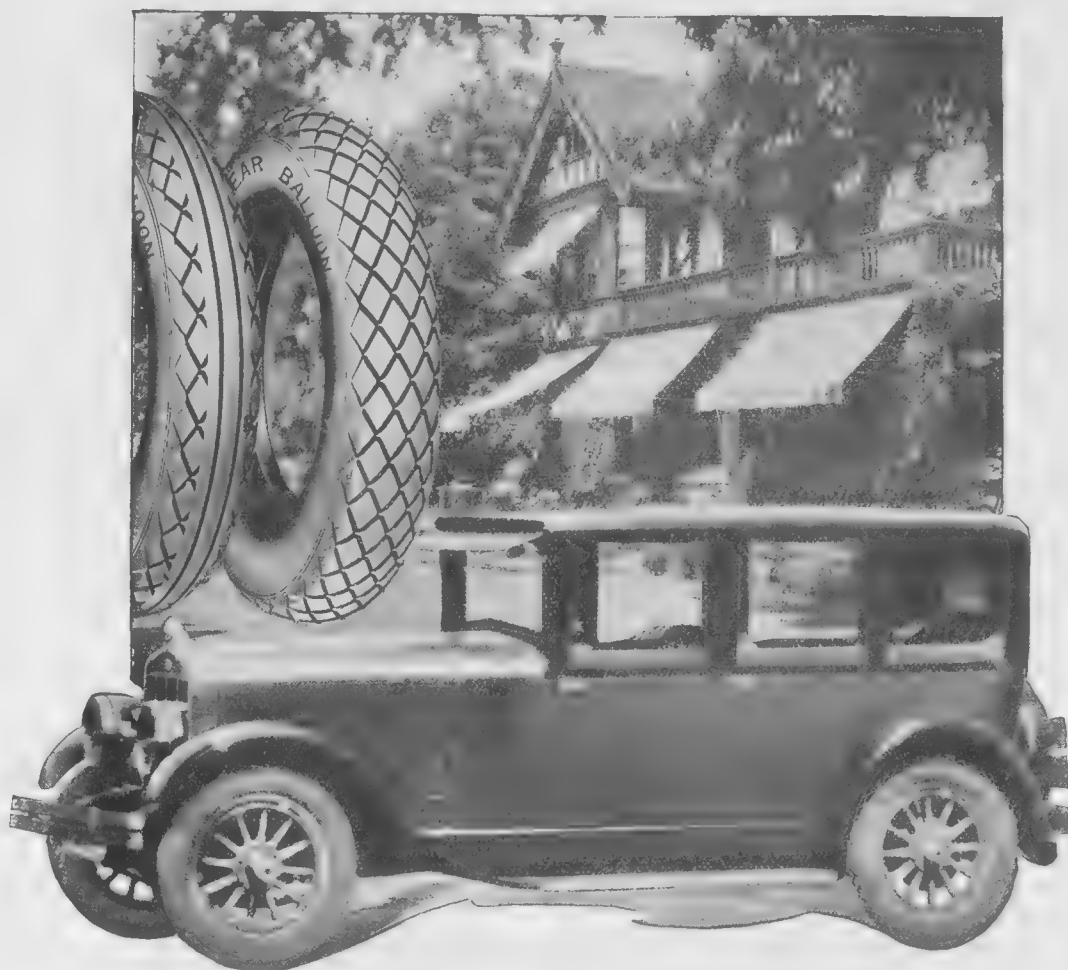
10.54 a.m.—Single beats begin.

10.55 a.m.—Double beats begin.

10.56 a.m.—"Tick-Tick" indicates time.

Immediately following the Time Signals, the meteorological report and weather forecast is broadcast. The report gives conditions in Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Lake Superior as at 7.00 a.m. Barometer and thermometer readings at Winnipeg are quoted and also the direction and velocity of the wind. The reports are furnished by the Dominion Meteorological Service.

The Genuine Article—"My little man," said the kind old lady, "why does not your mother mend your trousers with the same color material as that of which they are made?" "G'wan, Missus," replied the young hopeful, "that's me!"



S-T-R-E-T-C-H

THAT'S why SUPERTWIST adds miles to Goodyear Balloon Tires.

The essential principle of the old-style tire was *resistance* to the shocks and blows of travel.

Now the balloon tire is wholly different in principle; it is designed to *absorb* these shocks and blows.

So you can readily see that the balloon tire should have a different type of material than was formerly used.

Goodyear realized this requirement in the beginning, and at once set about finding a suitable material.

After long and repeated experiment it developed and perfected SUPERTWIST.

SUPERTWIST is unlike ordinary cord fabric. It far outstretches the breaking point of other cord fabric.

When a Goodyear Tire made of this new material strikes a stone, the SUPERTWIST cords take the blow, yield, stretch and recover, distributing the impact over a larger portion of the tire.

The result is a longer-wearing, greater-mileage tire, of extreme economy.

Proof of this extra-service-ability is seen in the testimony of typical Goodyear Balloon Tire users, presented herewith.

All Goodyear Cord Tires—balloon sizes and high-pressure sizes—are built with SUPERTWIST. And *only* Goodyears—sold only by Goodyear Selected Dealers.

The Goodyear Tires on my Studebaker have given over 18,000 miles, mostly over rough country roads.

W. C. Bettschen.

Regina, Sask.

Goodyear Balloons have travelled something over 15,000 miles on a salesman's car on what we consider one of our worst territories so far as roads are concerned.

Revillon Wholesale.

Edmonton, Alta.

I am using four Goodyears on my Hudson Coach which have gone over 15,000 miles and are still going strong.

R. S. Ritchie.

St. John, N. B.

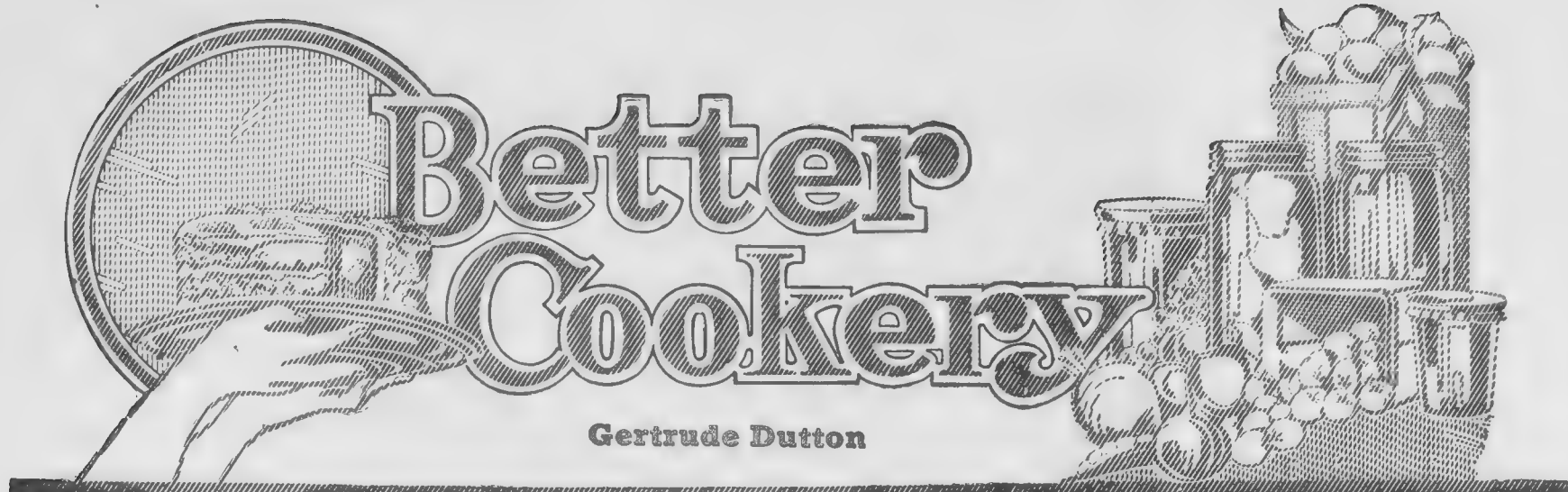
On Christmas Eve I ran into snow aplenty and came upon three cars trying to push one another out. I simply turned out for them and came through on Goodyear Balloons without chains.

G. B. Padget.

Agincourt, Ont

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOOD YEAR
MADE IN CANADA



When Fresh Fruit is Scarce

IN THE spring, very few fresh fruits are on the market, those available are very expensive and lacking in flavor if they are a forced hot-house product. Fortunately oranges and grapefruit are at their best, we can always obtain good dried fruits, and excellent canned fruits and vegetables. After the heavy winter foods, we have an especial need for the minerals and vitamins of fruits and vegetables. This is the season of the year when the supply of home canning products is apt to be getting low. We find it a good time to make orange marmalade, conserves of dried fruits, and relishes of such materials as celery, cabbage, canned tomatoes, corn, etc. Oranges should be used as freely as one's purse will permit. The baby at least should have a little orange juice every day, if one can at all afford it. If not, then a little prune juice, or juice from canned spinach.

Orange Marmalade

Oranges, 12 Water, 6 qts.
Lemons, 6 Sugar
Grapefruit, 1

Slice the oranges and lemons as thinly as possible. Peel the grapefruit, discarding all white membrane, which gives a bitter flavor, put with the water in a granite kettle without cracks or chipped spots, or in a large crock, and let stand over-night (24 hours), boil fifteen minutes. Let stand another 24 hours, measure, let it come to the boiling point, then add an equal amount of sugar, and boil till it threads, about 20 to 30 minutes, pour into sterilized glasses. If the fruit is very small, less water should be used, or the marmalade will either be thin and watery, or the very long cooking needed to evaporate the water will make it dark colored and bitter.

This marmalade costs about six cents a glass at this year's price for sugar and fruit.

Marmalade French Sandwiches

Excellent for breakfast or with marmalade or vanilla or lemon sauce for dessert.

Spread with orange marmalade a slice of bread for each person. Cover each with another slice, making sandwiches. Dip in a custard made of milk, egg, sugar in the following proportions: milk, 1 c; eggs, 2; sugar, 2 t; salt, ½ t; vanilla, ½ t. Cook on a hot frying pan till browned on both sides. Standing for a few minutes, if they are kept hot, will not spoil them.

Orange Toast

Excellent for afternoon tea, or at any time one wishes to serve light refreshments to unexpected company.

Spread buttered toast with the following mixture: Grate the rind of an orange after washing it. Squeeze out the juice and as much as possible of the yellow pulp. Add with the rind to ¼ cup of granulated sugar, or more according to the size of the orange. If the oven is hot, set the toast, after spreading with the orange, in it for a moment to re-heat it.

Orange Peanut Butter Sandwich

Orange marmalade Peanut butter
Salad dressing

Use equal amounts of marmalade and peanut butter and half as much salad dressing. Mix the peanut butter and salad dressing together till smooth, spread on a thin slice of buttered bread; spread a thin layer of marmalade on a second slice of bread, and put the two slices together. One or both slices of bread may be brown bread.

Orange Cake

In a plain light cake recipe use orange juice instead

of milk. The cake may be covered with orange frosting.

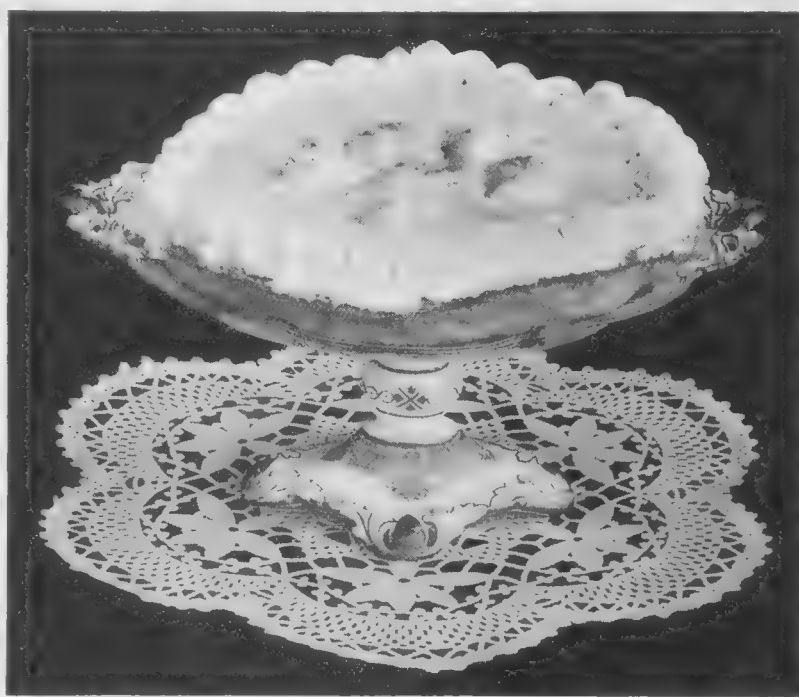
Orange Frosting

Powdered sugar, 1 c. Orange juice
Melted butter, ¾ t.

Mix about 2 tb. of the orange juice with the sugar, then add the melted butter, cream well and add enough more orange juice to spread well.

Cooked Orange Frosting

Sugar, ⅞ c. Orange juice, 3 tb.
Egg white, 1 Lemon juice, a few drops



Pineapple Shortcake

Put the unbeaten egg-white, sugar and orange juice in the upper part of the double boiler, and set over boiling water in the lower part. Beat steadily for 7 minutes, remove from the fire, add the lemon juice, and spread on the cake.

Orange-Marshmallow Salad

Mix together lightly with a fork, oranges peeled and cut in pieces, marshmallows cut or torn in pieces, finely cut celery, and cooked salad dressing. Pile on shredded lettuce, and sprinkle broken walnut meats on top.

Orange-Date Salad

Oranges, dates, bananas, lettuce leaves, and salad dressing. Peel and slice the oranges, peel the bananas and cut in strips, sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Cut the dates in strips. Mix the fruit together gently with a fork, pile on lettuce, and put a spoonful of dressing or whipped cream on top.

Orange Bread

Excellent for the children's lunch boxes or for afternoon tea. Use your favorite nut bread recipe, substituting orange juice for the milk. Nuts may or may not be used, as one wishes. Raisins, currants or dates may be used in place of all or part of the nuts.

Orange Delight

Oranges, 3 Marshmallows, 12
Cream, whipped, 1 c.

Peel the oranges, and cut in pieces, taking care to save the juice. Cut the marshmallows in pieces.

Mix with the orange pieces and juice. Let stand in a cold place till ready to serve. Fold in the whipped cream and pile in individual glass dishes. A candied cherry or whole preserved strawberry placed on top of each make it an attractive "company dessert."

Orange Custard

Place a thick layer of peeled sliced oranges in a serving dish. Over it pour a well-chilled "boiled" custard (we cook it below the boiling point). If the egg whites have not been used in the custard or for some other purpose, they may be used for a meringue for the top of the custard. Beat till very light, adding a little powdered sugar. Drop by spoonfuls on a flat pan of water, and place in a slow oven to brown. When done, remove from the water with a perforated pancake turner, or with two forks shaking off any drops of water which may cling to it, and put on top of the custard.

Ambrosia

In a glass dish put a layer of sliced oranges, a layer of cocoanut, and if necessary, a little powdered sugar. Repeat till the dish is full, having the shredded cocoanut on top. This dish is improved by standing in a cool place for an hour or two before serving.

Orange Snow

Gelatine, 4 t. Sugar, ¾ c.
Cold water, ¼ c. Lemon juice, ¼ c.
Boiling water, ½ c. Orange juice, ½ c.
Egg whites, 2

Dissolve the gelatine, after soaking in the cold water, in the boiling water. Add the sugar and stir till dissolved. Add the lemon and orange juice. When beginning to thicken beat till frothy with an egg beater, add the stiffly beaten egg whites, and continue beating till stiff and light. Pile in a large glass dish or individual dishes, and serve with a custard made of the egg yolks.

Hot Lemonade

Not only is it useful to wash down an aspirin tablet or a quinine capsule when one feels a heavy cold coming, but is an excellent cold-weather hot drink at any time, owing to the vitamins and minerals which the lemon contains.

Add boiling water to lemon juice and sugar to taste.

The Possibilities of Pineapple

Most of us are fond of the flavor of canned pineapple at any time, but especially so when the appetite begins to lag with the approach of spring.

Marshmallow Surprise

In a glass serving dish put alternate layers of marshmallows cut in small pieces, and grated pineapple. Let stand for two hours or longer before serving. Cover the top with whipped cream.

Fruit Cup

Crushed pineapple, 1 c. Banana, 1
Oranges, 3 large or 4 small

Peel the orange and cut in pieces. Cut the banana in cubes. Mix all the fruit together lightly, and serve in glass dishes, with a cherry on top if it is available.

Appledore Salad

Cubes of pineapple Cubes of apple
Lettuce Salad dressing

Use equal amounts of pineapple and apple. Mix with the dressing and pile on lettuce leaves.

Continued on page 35

To reduce the cost and increase the value of fruits and vegetables

FRESH or canned fruits and vegetables, so essential to health, will go much further by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, which, for universal use, is unflavored, uncolored and unsweetened—and should always be on your pantry shelf.

As an example of the saving it affords, try this healthful basic recipe for a dessert or salad:

BASIC RECIPE (Lemon Jelly)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups boiling water 1 cup cold water
Salt ¼ cup sugar ½ cup lemon juice
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved; then add salt and lemon juice. Strain into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

Orange Jelly is made like Lemon, using 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and ½ cup sugar and a little salt.

Note: By adding fruit, nuts, etc., you can have a dessert, serving it with whipped cream or custard sauce. To make a salad from this same recipe, use fruit or vegetables, serving it with mayonnaise or French dressing.

One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four different desserts or salads, each sufficient to serve six people.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Every woman who loves to make dainty desserts, salads, candies and other unusual dishes, should have Mrs. Knox's Recipe Books. They will be sent free for your grocer's name, and 4c for postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul Street W. Montreal



Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring but NOT mixed with the gelatine.

Better Cookery

Continued from page 34

Pineapple-Cheese Salad—I

Cut pineapple in long thin strips, and pile on lettuce leaves. Cover with cream cheese forced through a strainer or potato ricer. Put a spoonful of salad dressing beside it.

Pineapple-Cheese Salad—II

On a lettuce leaf put a slice of pineapple. With scissors or a sharp knife, cut canned pimiento in strips ½ inch wide and long enough to reach from the centre to the edge of the pineapple rings, like the spokes of a wheel. In the centre put a ball of cream cheese mixed with chopped pimiento. Serve salad dressing with the salad, or put a spoonful under the pineapple.

Sautéed Pineapple

Drain sliced pineapple and cook with melted butter in a frying pan till golden brown on both sides. Cut the slices in two, and serve with meat loaf, or with game.

Pineapple Tapioca

Cook ½ c. pearl tapioca, which has been soaked in cold water, in 1 c. boiling water till transparent. Add cubed pineapple with a little of the juice, and sugar to taste, about ½ c. Serve either warm or cold, with cream.

Pineapple Cabinet Pudding

In a buttered baking dish put a layer of stale cake crumbs, a layer of custard, a layer of crushed pineapple, and repeat, having crumbs on top covered with a meringue of the egg-whites left from the custard. Brown in the oven and serve with cream, either plain or whipped.

Pineapple Sponge

Dissolve a lemon jelly powder in boiling water. Add 1 c. grated pineapple, and when it begins to thicken fold in beaten egg whites (2) and continue to beat till stiff. Mould and serve with whipped cream.

Pineapple Custard

Milk, 1 pt. Vanilla, 1 t.
Eggs, 4 Salt, ¼ t.
Sugar, ½ to ¾ c. Pineapple

Scald the milk. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the sugar, pour on the hot milk while stirring, and return to the double boiler and cook till it coats a spoon. Add salt and vanilla. Put cubes of pineapple in a bake dish, cover with the custard, then with a meringue made of the egg whites. Brown in the oven. Cool and serve.

Pineapple Shortcake

Make individual shortcakes, or one large one, of biscuit dough. Butter after splitting in two, spread with grated pineapple, put on the top layer, spread with another thin layer of pineapple, and a layer of whipped cream.

Dried Fruits We Always Have

Perhaps the dried fruit which we use least often is the fig, which is a pity, because it is a very valuable food, especially for the roughage provided in the skin and seeds.

Stewed Figs

Soak the figs after washing well, in enough water to cover, for 24 hours. Simmer slowly in the water in which they were soaked, add the juice of 1 lemon, and a little sugar if needed. Many people find that this slow cooking brings out enough of the natural sweetness to make the fruit sweet enough for breakfast. A spoonful of whipped cream on each serving, with plain cookies, makes a satisfactory dessert.

Cereals with Fruit

Stewed figs or prunes, drained, raisins or dates cut in pieces, added to any cooked cereal before serving, make a pleasing variety.

Dry cereals such as cornflakes, bran, etc. may be served with stewed fruit and its juice instead of milk or cream, in hot weather, especially by the people who are trying to not gain weight.

Continued on page 36



82%

of the Hospital Dietitians
who answered the question—

“What type of baking powder is
best from a healthful point of view?”

emphatically stated—

“Cream of Tartar!”

... Royal Baking Powder, made
with Cream of Tartar, has been the
world's standard over a half century.

Write for FREE copy of
the Royal Cook Book —
12 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal

(Royal is made in Canada)



"My mother makes the swellest doughnuts -

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

is what she always uses"

MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA



Rare Fragrance
Delicious Flavour

Chase & Sanborn's

SEAL BRAND
TEA & COFFEE

BETTER COOKS

Peach Salad—I

Mix together crushed pineapple and an equal amount of cream cheese. Fill the cavities of canned peach halves with the mixture. Put on lettuce leaves with a spoonful of dressing beside it.

Peach Salad II

Mix cubes of pineapple and cubes of canned peaches with cooked salad dressing. Pile on lettuce leaves and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Pineapple-Nut Salad

Put the desired number of slices of pineapple on lettuce leaves. On top of each put a spoonful of dressing, and over the top sprinkle chopped walnut or pecan meats.

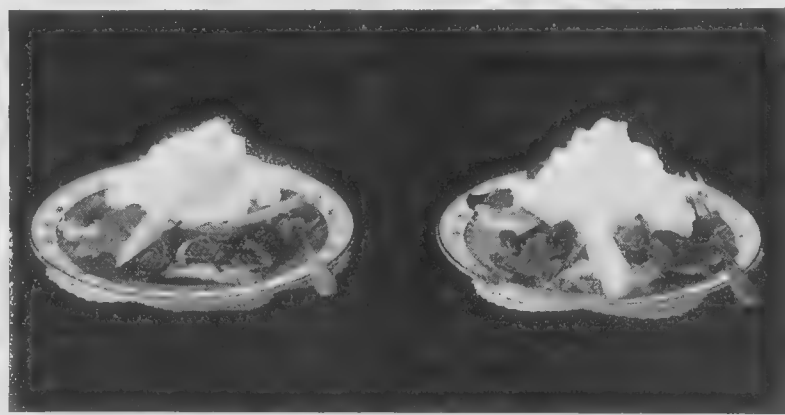
Pineapple Snow

Egg-whites, 4 Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Grated pineapple, 1 c. Custard

Beat the eggs thoroughly, fold in the eggs continuing to beat, then fold in the pineapple, thoroughly drained, beating till it will hold its shape. Pile on a dish and serve with a custard made of the egg yolks, sugar and milk.

Marshmallow Delight

Put in sherbet glasses, alternate layers of marshmallows cut in pieces, drained canned strawberries, pineapple cubes, and broken nutmeats. Top with whipped cream and a whole strawberry or half a nutmeat.



Orange Date Salad

Pineapple-Cherry Salad

On lettuce leaves place slices of pineapple, with a spoonful of dressing on top. On each pineapple ring put three red cherries at regular intervals.

Cabbage and Date Salad

Mix together shredded cabbage, shredded celery and dates stoned and cut in pieces. Add cooked dressing.

Corn Combinations

Corn furnishes heat and energy to the body and is therefore so valuable as a winter food, that the housewife wishes to use corn over and over again. It can be made to seem like a different dish by serving it in combinations with cheese, egg, tomatoes or sausage, and such a dish, cooked in casserole is very nearly a complete meal. For sausage and corn pudding, beat up a can of corn with an egg or two, season with Worcestershire sauce, paprika and salt, and then bake under a sausage covering in a moderate oven.

Cheese

Cheese is solidified milk, and because of its high percentage of protein, lime and phosphorus is extremely good for growing children and young mothers. The cheese-makers who produce the tinned cheeses with which you are familiar buy high grade Wisconsin cheese, then blend the cheeses of different ages together, so as to get a standardized product. This method makes it possible for the housewife to buy tinned cheese without asking whether it is young or old, for the cheese-makers have blended the cheeses until they have attained the flavor which is the most popular. Then they keep the cheese at this stage or ripeness by pasteurizing it and packing it in air-tight containers.

Banana Boats

Allow one banana for each person. Remove one section of the skin, leaving a boat-shaped shell, after carefully removing the pulp. Cube the banana, mix with cubes of pineapple and salad dressing and pile into the shells. Sprinkle with paprika.

Glorified Rice Pudding

Rice, 2 tb. Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Gelatin, 1 tb. Whipped cream, 1 c.
Boiling water, 1 c. Cherries
Grated pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Pineapple juice, 1 c.

Boil the rice in salted water till tender. Drain if the water is not all absorbed. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water and pineapple juice. Add the sugar and rice. Cool and fold in the whipped cream and grated pineapple. Cool and serve in sherbet glasses with a cherry on top.

Fig-Rice Pudding

Cook rice in milk in the double boiler. Sweeten to taste, add stewed figs, drained and cut in pieces. Serve either warm or cold with cream and more sugar if needed.

Fig-Cheese Sandwiches

Drain stewed figs well, chop and mash with cream cheese. Spread on thin slices of buttered brown bread.

The Value of Corn Syrup

From the farmer who grows a field of golden corn to the housewife who buys a can of Corn Syrup, there is a long and interesting chain of processes and events which "Mr. Cob" goes through before he reaches his most palatable and digestible form.

In the past few years great developments have been made in the manufacture of products from corn—because scientists have recognized it as one of the most nutritious foods that can be fed to the human body. Of the various corn products manufactured, corn syrup is looked upon as the most palatable and most important. The nutritive value of this syrup is so high that hospitals are now employing it more and more in cases of difficult digestion and under-nourishment,

especially in children, because it may fairly be called a partially digested food.

When the housewife walks into a grocery store to ask for a can of Corn Syrup, she does not consider she is doing anything out of the ordinary—but she is—she is getting a food which contains a large percentage of Dextrose which is the final form to which all starchy foods we eat must be brought to in the process of digestion before they can be absorbed into the blood and impart energy to the body.

The largest manufacturers of Corn Syrup in Canada have issued a Recipe Book showing the use of corn products in cooking. Any reader who is interested can procure this book without charge by writing the Canada Starch Company, Montreal.

MAPS

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province, postpaid.

For sale at the best stationers, news dealers and drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Ltd.

A Complete Printing Service.
Bannatyne Avenue Winnipeg
OTHER MAPS FOR ALL PURPOSES
Write for price list or further information

Gladioli and Begonia

Descriptive Catalogue of 100 highest rated Gladioli, with dates of blooming and official rating.
The finest varieties and most complete stock of Tuberous Rooted Begonias in Canada—Catalogue free upon request.

J. E. CARTER, Guelph, Ont.



Let the "CLARK" Kitchens help you

When you want
**good, ready to
serve soup—get**

CLARK'S SOUPS

Your choice of thirteen
delicious soups.

"Canada Approved"
on all meat soups. 7-24

W. CLARK Limited MONTREAL
Establishments in Montreal Que. St. Remi Que. & Harrow Ont.



Mother o' Men

Continued from page 6

out from the smother of robes beside the still warm carcass. He could not get his crippled leg free, strain as he might. He struggled desperately to free himself, but made no headway. The weight of three caribou was pinning him down securely. Besides, he could feel that the pronged horn of one encircled his ankle like a band of steel.

From the other side of the piled carcasses a sarcastic voice exclaimed: "Well, I will be eternally damned . . . if our little doctor is not still here, too!" The man pulled himself erect, felt his limbs carefully, and then continued: "Hurt?"

"No, not that I know of. But my game leg seems to be caught in that first brute's horns."

"Ah! So . . . Well, you're—what you call it—'game' yourself. Now, let's see—our dogs—yes. Where are they?"

The doctor turned on his elbow to follow the pointing finger. The storm was abating. He could see for a hundred yards along the river. At half that distance, with the sled wedged fast on an overhanging root, were two of the dogs, whining piteously.

La Rue started toward them, hesitated, turned and came back, and stood looking down at the prisoner.

Johnson wondered if the breed intended to kill him, caught as he was like a fly in tanglefoot. But no hint of the thought was in the steady gaze of the blue eyes that met the black ones. He noticed that the other man's parka was ripped from chest to knee. La Rue pressed his hand against his side, under the tear. When he drew it out it was covered with blood.

"You're hurt, man!" exclaimed the doctor.

"But, yes! That damn cow have rip me when I jump for the boulder."

"Here," ordered the doctor, turning on his side. "Reach into my hip pocket."

La Rue's eyes sparkled as he obeyed, and drew out a silver flask. He strangled on the unexpected strength of the liquor. Then, without a word of thanks, he thrust it into his own pocket, and scrambled up the steep bank, out of sight.

Had he gone . . . without dogs . . . without making any attempt to free the imprisoned man?

Johnson struggled up on his strong knee, and redoubled his efforts to pull loose, only to fall back at last, faint with the pain at his foot. The deadly cold was beginning to gnaw at his fingers, in spite of his exertions. In a short time the carcass would be cold. Then he would begin to freeze. "God," he whispered softly, "for the strength of a real man for a few minutes." He thought bitterly of the story it would make. Another case of the futile effort of a misfit. If he had died facing storm . . . but to go out like this . . . ignominiously caught by the foot . . . where another could have freed himself in a trice.

A slight sound drew his attention to the boulder. La Rue was in sight again, dragging a small green poplar that had been snapped off by the rushing caribou. It was bare of branches from their trampling. He threw it over and then slid down himself. Johnson watched him thrust the butt-end under the upper carcass, and using all his strength on the improvised crowbar heave the animal aside. Twice he repeated his effort, and then Dr. Johnson stood up, unsteadily.

The men faced one another in silence a moment, before the doctor held out his hand. "La Rue," he declared, as their palms met, "when two men have been given a second chance—together—such as we have today, there can be

no enmity between them. Come with me to Du Brouchet, and when you have faced a jury my testimony will help some. You can't escape the mounties—they never leave the trail. But—a jury! That is different."

The storm swirled around them again.

The hunted man was smiling. "Me," he said. "The good God have given me many chances—mebbe I have one more. If I get away dis time, Monsieur—I give them no cause to hunt me again. The storm, she is my friend. It is not so cold. In a few hours it will be over, but now, I leave no tracks."

"Then we'll spread the tarpaulin out from the bank and build a fire. You must let me see what can be done for your side."

"But no—there is not time, and the side, it is only a scratch. No, Monsieur. Here we part company, now. You get the dogs while I get us some fresh meat. See, here is your provision box, under dis robe."

Nothing more was said. Dr. Johnson approached the remnant of his splendid team sadly. He would miss Gogo almost as a human friend. The two remaining dogs were cowering and hivering under the ledge. How they had escaped he could only guess. It was with difficulty that he loosed the sled and got them in position for the journey. It never occurred to him to turn back. When all was ready he turned to meet the queer, whimsical eyes of Paul La Rue, who held the flask toward him.

"Mebbe you'll need this, Monsieur Doctor. You 'ave a long way . . . and two dogs."

The doctor took it with a gesture of thanks. For a moment their eyes held. Then the sled pulled into the teeth of the gale.

Two hours later the storm was over. The wind fell with the sunset. In the illimitable white level objects stood out with the vividness of day. Away on the northern horizon something appeared, grew larger, resolved itself into the moving figures of men and dogs. When they drew even Sergeant Deane exclaimed: "Holy Saint Peter! What are you doing on a trip like this with two dogs?"

"Had a little mix-up with trekking caribou—lucky to have any left."

"Caribou! This far south? I've lived here thirty years and never ran across one south of the Churchill. Did you meet any humans on the way?"

"I stopped with Sneddon, at the Horseshoe."

"Hm. I thought you might have had a run-in with La Rue. We found his dogs and sled a few hours back. The devil had nearly driven the poor brutes to death and then shot them. I thought when we found them that he'd likely commandeered yours."

"No," responded the doctor, steadily. "But, I'm afraid I'll have to do a little commandeering myself. The trouble at Du Brouchet—"

"Oh, sure, Doc. We'll see you through. No trouble to catch a renegade any moon, but," turning to his men with his slow smile, "we won't find another Doc. like ours on the continent of North America. If La Rue stays inside we'll get him, sooner or later. If he tries to get out it will be sooner. Let's mush on."

IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS the little band of frost-bitten men and jaded dogs drew up before the door of the trading store at Fort du Brouchet. Then began the hardest fight Dr. Johnson had ever put up in his life. The five

Continued on page 49



'SALADA'
TEA

Freshness

Only fresh tea is good tea. For this reason the month and year of packing are marked on every Salada label. No other tea offers the consumer this absolute protection. Insist upon and accept none but the genuine Salada.

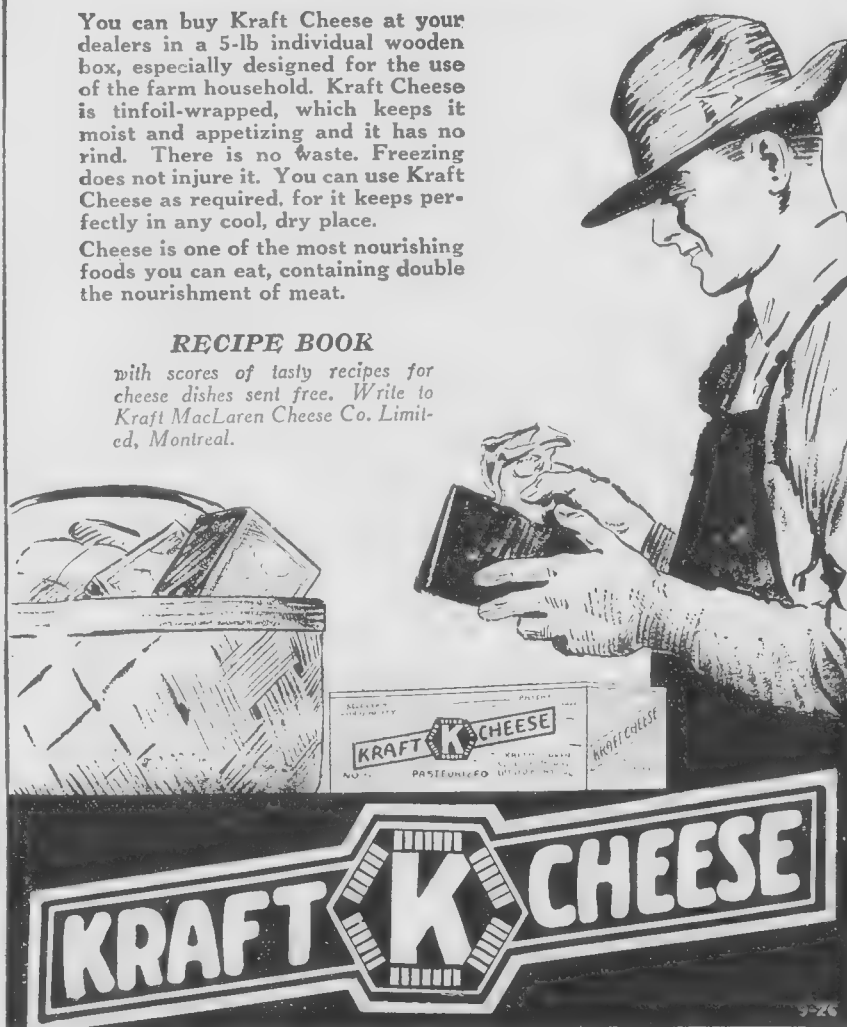
Bring Home a 5 lb box of Kraft Cheese

You can buy Kraft Cheese at your dealers in a 5-lb individual wooden box, especially designed for the use of the farm household. Kraft Cheese is tinfoil-wrapped, which keeps it moist and appetizing and it has no rind. There is no waste. Freezing does not injure it. You can use Kraft Cheese as required, for it keeps perfectly in any cool, dry place.

Cheese is one of the most nourishing foods you can eat, containing double the nourishment of meat.

RECIPE BOOK

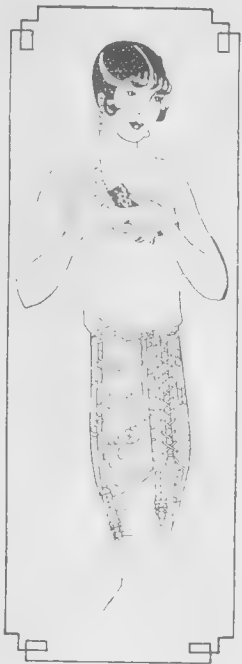
with scores of tasty recipes for cheese dishes sent free. Write to Kraft MacLaren Cheese Co. Limited, Montreal.



KRAFT K CHEESE

GOSSARDS

All
Over
the
World



WHEREVER women obey the dictates of fashion Gossard foundation garments have a following.

In Europe — London, Paris, Rome, Deauville, the Riviera. In Africa — Cairo and Capetown. In Australia — Sydney and Melbourne. In Honolulu, in Tokio, Hongkong, Peking. In every important city of the western continent, Gossard is the garment supreme.

Ease, comfort, grace, fine materials, beautiful workmanship, make Gossards the favorite of the better dressed. And beyond all qualities which years of study of the art and science of corsetry can give is the fact that the Gossard Line of Beauty is the line of the mode of the moment. For evening wear or day dress, for sport or social function, gowns fit properly if there is a Gossard beneath. And those stores favoring the most particular are the stores where you will find the Gossard Line of Beauty entire.

Ask for Gossard foundation garments. They are made to fit your form and to suit the occasion for which you wish to use them.

**The Canadian
H. W. Gossard Co., Ltd.**
366-378 West Adelaide Street, Toronto



Regatta at Cowes



MOTHER'S PAGE



My Son's Wife

By a Mother

MOST mothers are willing to extend a warm welcome to a son-in-law; only a select few open their arms to a daughter-in-law.

"My son's wife!" Ah, jealous thought! "Shall another woman hold sway where I have always reigned supreme? Shall another usurp my place?" That is the usual attitude, perhaps not openly expressed, but the feeling is there just the same. But it is quite a foolish way of looking at it. No wife ever has or ever will usurp a mother's place. The affection a man feels for his wife and his mother is so entirely different, that neither woman need be jealous. Each can have her own special place in his heart.

When my boy first fell in love, at sixteen years of age, as boys will, I knew it could be but a passing fancy, but I also knew that the time was coming nearer when the passing fancy would change to a deep reality, and I should be called upon to reckon a daughter-in-law as a solid fact in my existence, not merely an idle dream.

I felt a slight pang. I suppose all mothers must do that at first, but the feeling was a passing one; and I began to attach myself to the object of my young son's admiration. I grew quite fond of her, and it was rather a shock to me when my boy's fancy strayed elsewhere. But when Barbara had been replaced by Jane, and Jane had given way to Lucy, my boy said to me:

"When I first fell in love, Mother, I thought you had been the queen of my heart, and that your reign was over—another queen had taken your place. But now I know that my heart is a temple, and you are the goddess of it, so although queens may come and go, the goddess will remain forever."

And that is really the truth of all mothers; their place in the temple is secure and everlasting. After all, a man can have several wives, he can have but one mother. To want a human creature entirely for one's self is not love but selfishness; rather should a mother rejoice to see her children form dear and happy ties that may remain with them, when in the course of nature she is called to her rest.

Mothers! spread out your love a little wider and take your daughter-in-law in; you will find your happiness will spread out too.

To many women there is no time quite so happy as when the children are young, and all are together in the safe shelter of the home. But it cannot last, they must grow up. No use grudging them their freedom. And remember, as you look back, that those happy early days in the nest together, which gave you so much joy, are also the right of your son and your daughter-in-law. Your husband was another woman's son. He also left his mother when he formed a home for you. Shall not your boy do the same without giving rise to jealous, bitter feelings?

I once read a verse of poetry to the effect that a man was so very changeable that if a woman would be his first love she must charm him in his cradle. And that is exactly what mothers have an opportunity of doing. A mother has the first innings. Let her win the heart in childhood, and though her son may be a devoted husband and father, with the very deepest love for wife and children, yet may his mother always be sure of her own special corner in his heart, her own sacred niche in the temple.

Between Meals

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

CHILDREN are always hungry! It seems to be an established fact. It is, at least a common belief. This is why people stuff them at all hours of the day. Personally, I think a well-fed child should not be always hungry. By a well-fed child, I mean one whose mother understands food values.

I have seen children rise from an excellent breakfast and, one hour later, they were round the kitchen clamouring for tit-bits.

When some women do their cooking, they have a habit of giving the children a piece of cake or biscuit or anything they happen to be getting ready. This is done so often that the little mites love to hover round when "Mother is cooking." They know they will come in for their share of good things.

At dinner they eat heartily, and yet, in the afternoon they come again with "Can I have a cookie, please?"

This "please" melts many a mother's heart! How can she refuse anything to the child who asks so politely?

At supper there is a heavy meal, and then the children go to bed. Is it a wonder they have nightmares?

If you think, conscientiously, that your children need food all day, give them five smaller meals, instead of three enormous ones and pieces all day long!

I see no reason why a child who rises early should not have a piece of bread and jam at eleven, especially if the chief meal be at one o'clock. A child could

also have a piece of fresh fruit at three o'clock, when supper is from six to seven.

These eleven and three o'clock meals are real meals even if small. We always had them in England, especially the morning one. We called it the children's lunch. It was a regular hour. A glass of milk was generally given at the same time. There was no hanging round mother when she cooked—no matter at what time she cooked: no pieces were given.

These pieces ruin a child's digestion. They do not give the stomach any time to rest. The child that is always asking for something to eat seems to live to eat instead of eating to live.

If you want your child to stop asking for food at every minute of the day, be sure you yourself understand food values. Give him the right amount of protein, of fat and other substances he needs.

Give milk—plenty of it—cooked in the other dishes. Rice, macaroni, semolina, tapioca and all the cereals can be made tasty when cooked in milk. Use a double boiler or your patience will soon give way after washing these saucepans.

A child that has enough milk and the right kind of food should not have cravings all day long. He should be interested in something else besides meals. At any rate, it is your part to be firm and to see that no food is given between meals. You are the person in the house who is most at fault when this pernicious habit is practised.

With the Spring

By Helen Coy

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more.
Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker
With the sister that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Come Let Us Read a While

Continued from page 26

Flowers and Verse" and "Six South African Scenes and Verse." Although but paper covered, these books are splendidly printed and illustrated with magnificent coloured plates. I thought of the admirable brochure brought out by the Toronto Women's Press Club, and I felt that Canada should produce more of these definitely local productions, so that poets of the Dominion might be heard in chorus. There are many verse writers whose output is excellent but too small to justify a volume all to itself. How about a brochure such as the enterprising South African booksellers Juta & Co., have sponsored, incorporating songs of the Prairie, illustrated with equally fine coloured plates as I now have before me, in these gifts of song from South Africa?

For Children

ROSE FYLEMAN has left off singing about fairies for long enough to write a delightful book about happy normal children who go in search of adventure. "The Adventure Club," (Methuen & Co., Ltd.) is a splendid tale for both boys and girls of 'teen age and the illustrations by A. H. Watson are a joy to behold. Another volume from the same publishing house is entitled "The Very Good Walkers" by Marjory Royce and Barbara Todd. I should think Canadian teachers would like to see their pupils reading this jolly tale because it imparts so much information in a pleasant manner about the Mother Country, the principal characters walking from London to Scotland and having a series of thrilling and amusing adventures.

Drag

THIS novel with a queer but most appropriate title is by William Dudley Pelley (Andrew Melrose Ltd.). Most amazing style, jumping from the third person narrative to a puzzling "I". And this "I" crops up every few chapters. Despite this difficulty, it is an engrossing story of a boy who, so the author would have us believe, is quite a genius in newspaper work, but who speaks appallingly. "He's went and put something over," "naw we ain't seen none" are typical of the style! In fact all the characters in the book speak the same elegant language. The "Drag" implies the bally family, (I must use a slang adjective) all pulling upon poor David, who finally, after much sorrow, escapes his shackles.

London's Smart Set

THRILLING, with interest sustained to the end, is "The Bread of Deceit," the latest novel from the pen of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Whether one looks upon this story as a melodrama or a detective story, love being more in evidence than crime, or as a quasi-comedy on the manners of the Smart Set of modern London—it keeps us interested from first to last. There is no intellectual difficulty in classifying the characters. The sheep are sheep and the goats are goats—with a few "cross breeds" that don't matter. No need to consult a modern handbook of psychology when reading "The Bread of Deceit." This is a book for a few hours' enjoyable relaxation.

The Stony Trail

THIS first novel by May Sutherland (Hutchinson and Co.) has been causing some excitement in the English Press, because it is, said the papers, "a story about Canada by one who has never been there." I procured a copy from the publishers at the very earliest opportunity to see whether Miss Sutherland had made many "howlers." As a matter of fact she had been too clever to do that. Her heroine and villain travel from England so swiftly that the reader receives no distinct impression and might just as well have been travelling through Australia. "The flying landscape," delights our heroine, and depresses our villain. The references to Montreal, Calgary and Edmonton are so guarded that the most frenzied patriot could take no offence! Any guide book would uphold Miss Sutherland's contention that these places exist. Then again, even when our heroine, our villain, hero, and characters of less importance, are all living on a

huge "stock farm" west of Edmonton, there is nothing to indicate this except for sentences well peppered with "Sure," "Wal," "ain't" and "Boss," and slight references to huge herds of cattle and hundreds of horses with whom we never really become intimate. As a matter of fact I cannot see any excuse for the story being enacted in Canada except as a mechanical device to take the villain far away from his usual environment. The story itself is well-told. A highly melodramatic tale of a virtuous wife, a rotter of a husband, a splendid, noble, prosperous stock owner (the Canadian, of course!) misunderstandings between the good; deep-dyed villainies on the part of the bad; and a final clearing up of all troubles by a couple of deaths and marriage between the heroine and the wealthy stock-owner. Moreover Miss Sutherland has shewed admirable restraint in picturing a country she has never seen. She neither speaks of our snow nor our mosquitos, so we have nothing to fight about!

Alas! My Books

"DO YOU read much?" I overheard a woman ask her companion. I deliberately listened for the reply, thinking it might furnish me with some wisdom worth retailing in this very column.

"Yes," drawled her friend lackadaisically, "I read every night. I find I soon fall asleep if I read a bit."

"There's nothing like a book," the first speaker agreed, "to send one to sleep."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed to a flight of gulls circling the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, "and here am I, stealing hours from sleep in order to prolong the joys of reading." Judging from the reports in Canadian papers of the numbers of books sold in Canada, I think we of the Dominion are not in the habit of looking upon books as pills for insomnia.

If you do not want to fall asleep, procure a copy of the "Magnificent Farce" by A. Edward Newton. I defy anyone to put aside this book willingly. I began to read at nine o'clock one evening. After reading the introduction in which A. Edward Newton discourses pleasantly on purely personal, and therefore most fascinating topics, I ran my eye over the Table of Contents and picked out a chapter which I felt would interest me. It was entitled, "Walt Whitman." It was not long before I insisted upon my husband putting aside Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' latest, "The Bread of Deceit," and enjoying with me A. E. Newton's draught of truth. This for instance—"Whitman was a poet only in the sense that he was a prophet." The truth expressed in a dozen words. We both chuckled, although we felt irreverent, at the description of Walt's funeral—"The large tent and the crowd suggested to me a circus and this impression was heightened by the general confusion, and by boys in attendance selling peanuts."

"Evensong"

I HAVE referred to a volume of Poems by A. E. Johnson, whose beautiful poem "At the Sign of the Star" was reprinted in the Manitoba Free Press Literary Supplement just before Christmas. Since then I have been reading each poem with care and am convinced of Mr. Johnson's wisdom in publishing this selection. No collection from any poet can contain verses equally satisfying to each individual reader. But if out of this slender volume I can find eight that I feel are treasure-trove, someone else is sure to find others and so on until each verse has found a lover and justified its existence. I think perhaps "Evensong" is my favourite although I readily concede that it is not indicative of Mr. Johnson's most ambitious work. But it is so sincere, so technically pleasing, spiritually satisfying. I wish I could quote it all. It begins,

Let the faithful find their way
To the dimlit fane;
But I will go worshipping down
The hawthorn lane....
and the poet finds
God in the beckoning gleam
Of His star-hung bowl,
And God in the answering deep
Of a pilgrim soul.



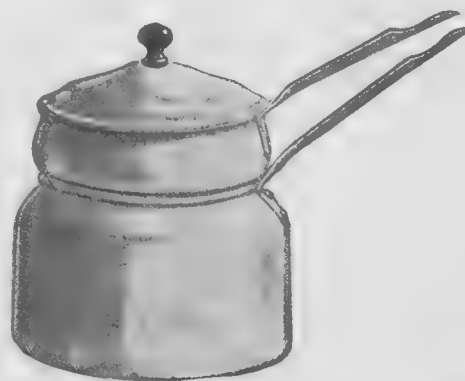
The Bride prefers "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kitchen Utensils

APPREHENSIVE as to *his* impression of her first meals, Mrs. Newlywed wants all the confidence and help she can get from her kitchen equipment.

"Wear-Ever" thick, hard, sheet aluminum kitchen utensils cook evenly and thoroughly, retaining the original food flavors, and adding just the right touch of daintiness.

They enable the bride to begin as she hopes to continue—with the best.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA
Limited
TORONTO



WEAR-EVER



TRADE MARK
Made in Canada

Over One Hundred Million
"Wear-Ever" Utensils
Now in Use

PROTECTION in Winter,

In winter, Lifebuoy, the all-year-round soap for hands and face, bath and shampoo, is especially good because:

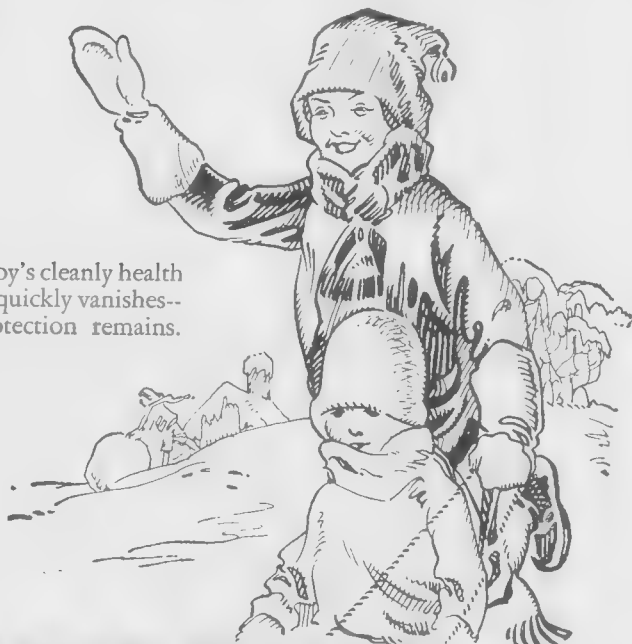
It does not remove those natural oils which are necessary to skin health.

Its mild, creamy, antiseptic lather goes deep into the pores, cleansing and purifying.

It rids the hands and face of cold germs which, getting into the nose and mouth, would cause colds—real protection against winter's worst ills.

Lifebuoy, the ultra-refined, world's most widely used soap, is an inexpensive protective necessity.

Lifebuoy's cleanly health odour quickly vanishes—the protection remains.



LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

Purifies and Protects

Lever Brothers Limited
Toronto Lb-579

GLOVER'S

for DANDRUFF

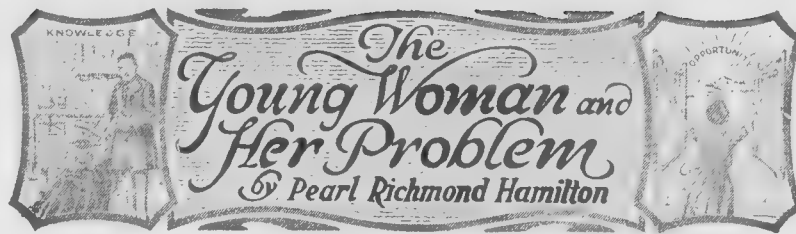
Don't take too much stock in hereditary baldness, or think you must have dandruff or thin, falling hair all your life because "it seems to run in your family." Simp's employ sensible and scientific methods to correct and prevent such troubles.

Ask your hairdresser or barber to give you a "GLOVER TREATMENT." Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the scalp and hair; free on request. It will tell you many things you should know. Address

Dept. 12, H. CLAY GLOVER CO. Inc.
119-121 Fifth Ave., New York



You can't comb
out dandruff



A High Spot

THE other night after speaking to a group of employed girls I felt my talk had been a failure—that I did not get my message across.

The next day a girl spoke to me in an elevator, saying: "I was in the audience last night and I've thought a lot about a high spot you hit—so have some of the other girls. May I have a little chat with you?"

"First tell me the 'high spot' I hit?" I asked.

"Purity is a young woman's greatest protection—her strongest weapon"—she replied.

Normal Students Versus University

CONTRARY to the belief that college students register higher intelligence than normal students, the President of a Wisconsin Normal School reported this result of an intelligence test: "Students in the four-year Normal course for future high school teachers, registered a higher percentage of intelligence than university freshmen students. Among over three hundred Normal freshmen more than half of the first year students did not know the name of the first book of the Bible."

Experiences in Journalism

IT WAS my privilege to attend a Matrix banquet given by a Journalistic Sorority—Theta Sigma Phi where, Zona Gale, Sophie Kerr and Genevieve Forbes Herrick were guests of honor.

Today, journalism is a profession and several universities are providing courses to prepare young men and women for the work, so the bringing together of successful journalists and students preparing for journalism is an interesting experience.

By the way, the most popular young woman in the university has recently been chosen from this sorority. Since the beginning of the year all students discuss pro and con the candidate for queen of the greatest social event of the year. The chairman of the Prom committee is the young man who selects the queen of the Prom. There are pretty girls, clever girls—girls from prominent families, smartly dressed girls, wealthy girls, flappers of every conceivable type—all attractive in the college setting—the question of choice is not easy, for the young man is a splendid appearing fellow—a football star—a general favorite.

For weeks the college paper discusses the possible candidate for queen of the Prom—the college girl ideal.

Finally he makes his choice.

Who is she? What is she like? The type of girl? She is Martha Walker—a girl a bit "old-fashioned" in the jazz age—the Prom is the acme of pomp and brilliance but its queen will be a girl modest in manner and action. She does not bob her hair; does not believe in petting; does not smoke or drink; feels that a chaperone is necessary for modern parties; does not absorb herself in college activities but believes in the need of study; she does not scoff at marriage—she even admits that marriage is the ideal life for women.

Miss Walker is a senior—will finish her four year university course in journalism in three years. She is popular as a student among her class mates and will graduate near the head of her class in June.

BUT back to the honorary guests of the evening. Sophie Kerr, who for several years was editor of the Woman's Home Companion, gave us a clear description of the mechanical make up of a magazine—emphasizing the human touch everywhere in its construction—and the story of a story from the time it reaches the editor until it is sent to the reader. Sometimes we do not realize the force of power back of the publication that comes to our home.

GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK—the "Chicago Tribune" reporter who reported the Leopold-Loeb trial and other criminal cases, is a clever, witty, snappy woman—the type who would get what she goes after. She told us of her experience as a steerage passenger when she disguised as an Irish immigrant girl that she might get Ellis Island experience and information first hand.

THEN there was Zona Gale—sweet, gentle, witty, lovable, who interprets little affairs of everyday life—she says she laughs with people not at them. She has placed, through her interpretation of everyday life, her little home town on the map of the continent.

BY the way, I think it was a fine expression of appreciation on the part of the Canadian Educationists to invite Bliss Carman to conduct a series of lectures in the universities of Canada this winter.

Their recognition of Bliss Carman will yield great returns to the Canadian people, for he will give his best in verse that pictures his country.

In his new book "Far Horizons," he has, as quoted on the cover "envisaged the beauty of the Canadian West—its prairies, mountains, rivers, lakes, drives, and its cities—he is the interpreter and revealer of Nature, always presenting new aspects of her beauty and bringing us fresh inspirations."

A Girl's Autobiography

SHE styled herself—The Little Flower—and this is what she writes:

"GOD showed me the book of nature, and I understand that every flower created by Him is beautiful, that the brilliance of the rose and the whiteness of the lily do not lessen the perfume of the violet or the sweet simplicity of the daisy. I understood that if all the lowly flowers wished to be roses, nature would lose its springtime beauty, and the fields would no longer be enamelled with lovely lines."

So it is with girlhood.

Honors for Canadian Young Women

A WINNIPEG young woman—Dr. Margaret George Rioch—has received the highest marks in Canada at the recent examinations held by the medical council of Canada, to test the ability of graduates from provincial colleges for practice of their profession in any of the provinces of Canada.

The number of young doctors and older doctors who took this examination this time was unusually large, and Dr. Rioch headed the list. She had had a brilliant record—at the examinations in the Manitoba University in 1924 she received her degree, two medals, and two prizes in the examinations in medicine, the Dr. Charlotte M. Ross gold medal for the highest aggregate in obstetrics and pediatrics for fourth and fifth years, the Chown prize for medicine, and took honorable mention for the Chown prize in surgery. Dr. Rioch is now attached to the Winnipeg General Hospital staff as an interne—she is the daughter of a Kenora business man.

DR. KATHERINE BORTHWICK, also of the Winnipeg General Hospital, received the second highest marks in Canada.

IN music, we learn Miss Mary Graham, of Winnipeg, has won the Canadian scholarship among the contestants from the Royal College of Music in London, England. This gives her two years free tuition at the Royal College.

The Federated Woman's Institute of Canada

IT IS difficult at this time of the year to report the activities of the Institutes, as the monthly reports deal mostly with the finishing of work of the past year, and plans for the new year. The best we can do, under the circumstances, is to give a resume of the work which has been done in the past two months.

Many of the Institutes were busy before Christmas and during the holidays preparing surprises for children, the sick and those in need. The Institutes in some towns served supper to the children, whose Christmas did not promise to be very happy, and entertained them in the evening with music, songs and games. Some of the organizations made as many as 135 Christmas stockings, which were distributed among children which Santa might not visit. In places where the Christmas Tree was planned by the school, the Institutes helped the teachers to entertain the children and parents. The young people were also remembered. Some of the Institutes entertained during Christmas all the young people of the community, and those who had gone away, and were home with relatives or friends for the holidays. Many of the Institutes sent flowers or books to the sick. Hampers of good things to eat were sent by most of the organizations to families in need. While it is late to report what was done during December, we felt we want the reader to know, how many individuals and families had a happier Christmas, than they otherwise would have had, because the Institutes thought of them.

The Months for Fun

THE people of the prairie provinces are busy from early spring till late in the autumn, sowing the seed and reaping the crops. It is little wonder then, that many look forward to the winter, when they may have a little time to relax, read, enjoy friends and pursue hobbies. We hear rumors of Institute members enjoying curling and skating. We glean from the monthly reports that many have prepared debates; that others have planned a concert or are producing a play, and that some are making arrangements for a jolly masquerade. We are glad to hear of these happy evenings, and hope that the people of rural Manitoba have had many opportunities during the winter to meet with their neighbors.

Killarney

THE report given by the Treasurer at the Annual meeting of the Killarney Women's Institute, showed a substantial balance in the bank after a year of many necessary expenditures and generous giving to worthy causes. In this respect the Society was proud to have been able to give a gift of money towards the Soldier's Memorial Fund. In a summary of the year's work given by the Secretary, the following activities are especially worthy of mention:—The opening of a Rest Room; providing the school with a hot lunch equipment; serving lunch in the Rest Room to new settlers, and assisting them with their shopping; giving aid to local and outside charities; assisting at the Agricultural Fair in the Baby Welfare Clinic, and by giving a sum of money toward the prize fund of the Fair.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Treasurer, Mrs. M. Teskey; Vice-Presidents, Mesdames T. J. Cooper, P. J. Sherlock, W. Dunn; Directors, Mesdames D. Laird, H. Brown, M. A. McLarne, A. Finnen, H. McNight, G. Parson; Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Lawrence.

The Belmont Institute Has Unique Programme

I WISH you could see the programme; it is an inspiration! The programme was planned at the beginning of the year and written by hand in a neat little book made from writing paper, held together by colored thread or colored ribbon. Two pages were allowed for each month; on one page is the programme: topic, hostess, etc.; on the other is a drawing and poem. The drawing, which is cleverly done, and the poem suggest the month; December has merry bells and good wishes; October barren trees and thoughts of wind and snow. We asked the members

of the Belmont Institute if they had experienced difficulty in following the programme planned for each month. They assured us that they had not met with obstacles, and that each member has worked willingly and eagerly to do her part.

Activities in Dominion City

THE day of our Fair was a busy one for our members. We engaged Dr. Helen Douglas to hold a baby clinic. Fifteen children were examined during a downpour of rain. How many might there have been had the weather been fine? We served both dinner and tea at the school and, in spite of the rain and poor attendance at the Fair, we cleared enough money to cover all expenses in connection with the clinic, for which we were grateful.

A few years ago our cemetery was a disgrace to the community. Weeds and saplings grew everywhere. A few individuals cared for the graves of their relatives and friends, but beyond that little or nothing was done. The Women's Institute with the co-operation of the people of the town and others, undertook to improve it. Today our cemetery is a pretty, quiet spot; one that we are proud of. The brush is gone, the grass is mown, the plots are well kept, flowers bloom and trees give pleasant shade in summer. The Institute pays a caretaker to keep it in good condition. It was very gratifying to us when a visitor to the town passed the remark, that she wished to be buried in the Dominion city cemetery, as it is so beautifully kept.

At the time of the building of the rink three years ago, the Institute assisted financially and has yearly added to the fund. We think we cannot do better than to provide means for clean out-of-doors sports for our boys and girls.

We encourage the hot lunch in the winter months for the children attending school from rural homes, and provide the utensils necessary for this work to be carried on in the school.

The members and their friends have at various times through the year enjoyed demonstrations and talks. The carding and spinning of wool and the making of wool comforters was the subject of one demonstration. "The Pyramids of Egypt" was the theme of one of the addresses.

Elva Institute Provides Fun for the Community

This is the time to tell the members about the community evenings organized, last winter, by the Elva Institute. The members planned, three evenings; special days, such as St. Patrick's eve and St. Valentine's, were chosen as the best time to meet. Invitations were sent to each home inviting all members of the family to come. At eight o'clock the sleighs arrived bringing the children, the young people and the parents, and baskets of good things to eat. The young people and older people played progressive whist the first hour, while the children enjoyed games. A short programme, consisting of an address, a humorous reading and a little music followed the games. Lunch was then served. After lunch the tables and chairs were quickly put aside and the guests sought partners for a waltz; the dancing continued till twelve o'clock. By this time the guests were in good humor, and, while reluctant to go home, bid the hostesses "good-night," assuring them, at the same time, that they had enjoyed the occasion. These evenings were a source of much fun for the whole community. We hope many such social evenings will be organized by other Institutes before the winter is over.

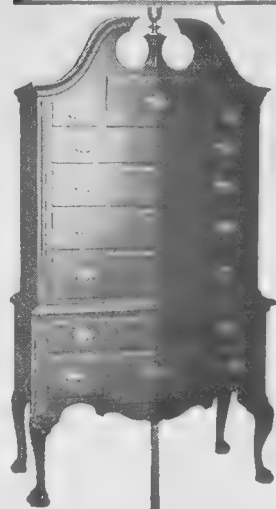
Always Selfish

An elderly German and his wife were much given to quarreling. One day, after a particularly unpleasant scene, the old woman remarked with a sigh: "Vell, I vish I vas in heafen!"

"I vish I vas in a beer garden!" shouted her husband.

"Ach, ja!" cried the old wife: "always you try to pick out the best for yourself!"

THE VANISHING LINE



Like the human complexion, the finish of furniture needs care and feeding

Otherwise its beauty vanishes into the drab, dull dinginess of neglect



LIQUID VENEER

The "Vanishing Line"

The finish of every piece of furniture has its vanishing line, —the time when the original velvety lustre disappears never to return again.

No one can foretell when that time may come. But when it does come, the only remedy is expensive refinishing.

Liquid Veneer, used on your cloth when dusting, will keep the vanishing line away. It preserves new finishes indefinitely; it restores a surprising degree of newness to those older pieces still on the sunny side of the vanishing line.

30c, 60c and \$1.25 at all stores selling housekeeping supplies.

FREE! A 2 weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer will be sent free, on request, or we will include a 30c treated Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth on receipt of 10c.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.

464 Liquid Veneer Bldg. Bridgeburg, Ont.
Canada



IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

Lover's Form

THE FAMOUS BONELESS CORSET

Beauty - Style - Freedom

NO-STEELS
NO-BONING
NO-CLASPS
NO-LACING
NOT-RUBBER
WASHABLE

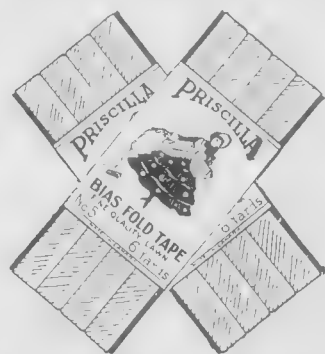
Can Be Completely Renewed at Small Cost.

Seek out a Lover's Form corsetiere, or send direct for new booklet, "A Feminine Dream Come True," and self measurement chart giving your dealer's name.

WOOLNOUGH CORSETIERS
TORONTO (2), CAN.

Save Yourself the Hard Work

Use PRISCILLA Tape to finish the yokes, cuffs, and hems of dresses and under-garments. Gives a perfect finish and will not shrink in washing.



PRISCILLA
14 Colours
Lawn and Taffeta
BIAS FOLD TAPE
Made better—in Canada

Six yard lengths—sold in transparent envelopes by all dealers.

The Kay Manufacturing Co.,
373 Aqueduct St., Montreal

Largest Manufacturers of Bias Tape in the British Empire

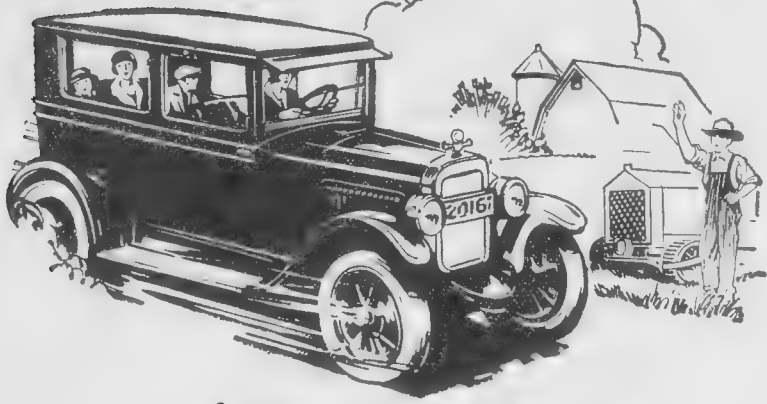
7R

A Classified Advertisement Brings Results.

Over 300,000 readers turn to the page each issue.

\$850

F.O.B. FACTORY
TAXES EXTRA



4 Cylinder OVERLAND COACH

The World's Greatest Example of Motor Car Value

The trim-looking car pictured above is the Overland Coach, a full-size, 5-passenger, 4-cylinder automobile patterned on smart, modern lines. A roomy car, carrying 5 full-grown people in cosy comfort. Body finished in polished lacquer, a rich deep blue with flashing black and nickel trimmings... as handsome a light car as you ever looked at.

A 27-horsepower engine... sturdy, reliable... fast on the straight-aways, great on the hills... extraordinary economy on gasoline and oil.

Extra big doors... extra wide... easy entrance and exit to both front and rear seats... The widest seats of any car of its type... new, single-piece, undivided front seat, 39 inches wide, 19 inches deep. Wider back seat, 45 x 18... lots of leg room.

Very latest one-piece Windshield. Big, Wide Windows... more than 20 square feet of window space... longer, deeper windows mean clear, uninterrupted vision... Triplex Springs give 30 inches more spring-base... easier riding, easier driving. See this Overland Coach—a modern closed car, priced at only \$850.

Write today for fully descriptive,
beautifully illustrated literature.

OVERLAND
SIX
COACH
\$1275

F.O.B. Factory
Taxes extra.

Willys-Overland Sales Co., Limited
HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO, CANADA
Branches: Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

When We Choose New Furniture

Continued from page 31

given a mahogany or walnut finish. Tulip wood, satin wood, certain oriental woods and others of the fancy varieties are used for panelling, banding, inlaying and various forms of ornament.

Increasingly lovely are some of the examples of enamelled furniture that are challenging the most aristocratic of the polished finishes for a "place in the sun." Every delicate shade is seen, with the greatest preference shown, perhaps, for ivory in exquisite antique finish, and French grey. Very appealing are the dainty suites designed particularly for the younger generation; instead of the dignity of ivory and gray they are finished in any of the pastel colors and are often given a smart finishing touch with gayly colored decoration.

And when, after solemn family conclave, it has been decided that the need of the moment for a new reading table or a couple of convenient small tables or some deep, comfortable chairs or a smoking stand for father or new furniture for the dining room, is to be met; and when the type of that furniture has been decided upon; and when the exact thing has been found to fit all requirements and the new furniture happily installed—what then?

GOOD furniture deserves good care. and, as has often been said in these columns, it is not difficult to keep fine surfaces in fine condition. "Little and often," in the matter of rubbing them up, is a good slogan for the housewife to adopt. Our pleasure in the handsomest piece of furniture is dimmed as its surface is dimmed; but what gives a better impression of well-being, of

good housewifery, of a proper pride in the home, than the smiling surfaces of well-cared wood?

Perfect cleanliness is the first necessity. Half of the ill-appearance of furniture is due to a film of soil—for it stands to reason that these surfaces must collect their share of dirt just as all other surfaces in the home are known to do; and certain pieces are subject to the general run of minor accident, too: a spilled drop or two; a bit of sticky candy deposited by the young hopeful of the household; and splashes of this and that. The finish of the wood may preclude any lasting damage from these things, but nothing will prevent their unsightliness until they are removed. Don't be afraid to wash a well-finished wood surface: don't flood it with water or allow a strong soap or any sort of harsh cleaning material to touch it; but if you will take a little bowl of clear warm water and some fine white soap that you know is quite neutral, ring a piece of clean cloth out of your nice lather and wash off the surface, a small section at a time, drying it immediately and polishing with a clean, soft cloth, you will effectively remove the offending soil that has lain upon it. You may then rub it up with whatever type of polish you have found most suitable to that particular finish. Of course the enamelled surfaces do not require further treatment—if they are regularly washed off in this careful way, they will retain their original beauty indefinitely.

Further to the above article, illustrations of some of the correct and handsome furniture shown at recent exhibitions in the east will be found on page 44.

International Loan Company

THE Financial Statement for 1925 of the above company is of a most encouraging nature. It is pleasing for Westerners to know that this company, which started in a small way some twelve years ago, has gradually and securely made a high place for itself among the loaning institutions of the country. The fact that it is an entirely Western organization makes that state of affairs all the more pleasing to Western investors. From its inception, it has been under the able management of George W. Argue, M.D., a progressive and capable business man of wise judgment and sound financial understanding.

Interesting points about last year's balance sheet are that collections from all sources were greatly in excess of the previous year. The company operates extensively throughout the West and there is no better trade barometer as far as general conditions are concerned than its Annual Report.

During 1925 loans to the extent of \$90,000 on first mortgages were made. A conservative valuation of the properties on which this amount was advanced is \$273,000. As extra security it is stated that, in addition to the covenant of the borrower, an additional protection is taken in collateral insurance on buildings which in itself amounts to no less a figure than \$83,000.

During the past year the paid-up capital has been increased to \$606,314.65, being an increase of \$55,016.59 and undivided profits and reserve have been increased to \$82,224.00, after having provided for the dividend paid last year. The company is also in the favorable position of having no liabilities to the public.

The International Loan offers a first class opportunity to Western people who wish to invest sums, large or small, in a safe and active organization that is playing a worthy part in building up our country.

Fact and Comment

It is a sad, sad world. No sooner do you get rid of mowing the lawn than you have to start the furnace and sift ashes.

"I never," says an employer, "lack beginners in my office or factory, but the supply of completers is never equal to the demand."

Experience is valuable, but do not make mistakes just to get it.

Make friends: do not expect friends to make you.

"Who'd every fancy," mused the wise old Frog.

"That I was once a simple Pollywog."

A begrudged kindness deserves no thanks, a willing kindness will draw thanks—from a gentleman.

Do not think that you are saying smart things when you say things that make other people smart.

Catering Made Easy

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate.

And never, as people do now, Did he note the amount of the caloric count—

He ate it because it was chow. He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat.

Destroying a roast or a pie, To think it was lacking in granular fat, Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every species of food.

Untroubled by worries or fears Lost his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert—

And he lived over nine hundred years! —Galt Evening Reporter.

Home Doctor

"Starving a Fever" is Proved Wrong

THE manner in which the metabolism of the human body increases in the presence of external temperatures either above or below 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit, which is the normal body temperature, is discussed in a recent issue of The Journal of the American Medical Association. The action of high temperatures on men has lately been the subject of tests by the United States Bureau of Mines, and the results are the subject of comment here.

The metabolic adjustment of man to a lowered external temperature is fairly well known, says the writer. Some physiologists believe in the so-called chemical regulation of body warmth whereby there is an increased production of heat in the presence of external cold. Others maintain that in the human subject the increase in metabolism at low environment temperatures is due entirely to muscular activity that involves conscious or unconscious shivering.

Experience shows, for example, that a cold bath is likely to induce shivering unless some muscular effort, such as the movements of swimming, is indulged in so as to supply caloric energy in another way. Of course, in everyday life, when possible, man adapts himself to cold temperatures by warming his abode or increasing his clothing, so that there is not so much difference between the air bathing his skin in summer and that which jackets it in winter.

"What happens to the metabolism at abnormally high external temperatures has been somewhat debated," the writer says. "Du Bois has pointed out that in such environments the regulation of the body temperature by evaporation, radiation and conduction may become insufficient, particularly in humid air, and there may be hyperthermia of the body cells and a consequent rise in metabolism.

"Something of this sort has been demonstrated in recent tests at the United States Bureau of Mines in a study of basal metabolism before and after exposure to high temperatures and various humidities. The investigators there have stressed the importance of estimating what they call the 'effective temperature' of the environment, whereby account is taken of certain modifying atmospheric conditions. Effective temperature is defined as an index of the intensity of heat felt by the human body as a result of external temperature, humidity and air movement. In other words, it takes care of physical factors of the air.

"According to the Bureau of Mines researches there is a range of successful operation of the body thermostatic con-

trol, which adjusts the heat production well within reasonable limits, according to the temperature of the environment. Above an effective temperature of 85 Fahrenheit, however, there is apparently a strain on the mechanism. The body makes strenuous efforts to resist rise in its temperature by promoting evaporation of perspiration from its surface; but the limit of action of the thermostatic control is reached, and the latter fails above an effective temperature of 90 degrees."

Preventing Children's Diseases

"WHY prevent children's diseases?" some one may ask. "Every child has to have them sometime, and the sooner the better." The person who talks in that way generally argues from the common belief that measles or scarlatina is more serious in an adult than it is in a child. That is not so; but even if it were so, it would still be wise not to expose a child to them since the older he grows the less likely he is to take them.

There are only two ways to protect a child from disease: one is to keep him in perfect health by providing him with good food and good air and seeing that he gets proper exercise, and the other is to keep him away from any child who may carry contagion. The first way is only relatively effective, but the second is certain. It is easy enough of course to keep a child away from a companion who is sick enough to be in bed or in the house; it is not so easy and is quite as important to keep him from the playmate who is convalescent, for ignorant parents often permit the convalescent child to seek his friends while he is still able to transmit the disease.

When such a child ceases to be dangerous depends on what disease he has had. After measles and German measles a child should not mingle with other children until at least a week after the eruption has disappeared. After scarlet fever he should see no other children for three weeks; after chicken pox, not until all the pimples have completely healed; after mumps he should see none of his playmates for several days after the swelling has disappeared; after whooping cough he should keep from them for a week or ten days after the last "whoop." Following diphtheria a child will be a menace to his mates as long as the germs of the disease remain in his throat, it may be for weeks and even for months. Only a physician, by making culture, can tell whether or not germs are still present in the child's throat. A cold in the head is not distinctively a children's disease, but children should be kept from anyone who has it.

Care of the Teeth

ALONG about the fifth or sixth year an event takes place in the youngster's mouth which is destined to have a tremendous influence for good or evil. That event is the appearance of the six-year molar. Coming so long in advance of the other second teeth, it is all too often regarded as a member of the first set, and neglected along with the rest. It has been said that fully 75 per cent. of the men and women in America have irregular teeth; at the Forsyth Dental Infirmary fully 95 per cent. of the children treated are thus affected. If these figures seem startling to you, remember this important fact in connection with them: that for most, if not all, of this dental irregularity, the early loss of the six-year molar is accountable. Very truly it has been named the "Pillar of the Dental Arch."

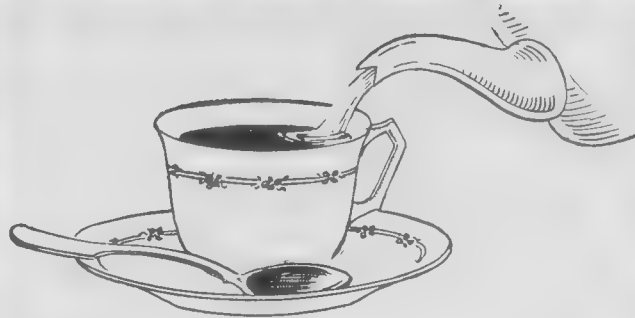
An eminent New York practitioner said recently:

"After examining the teeth of not less than four hundred school children in my neighborhood I have yet to see a perfect set of six-year molars. These teeth in nearly every instance were entirely decayed. I have never seen a perfect set of teeth in any American child."

The six-year molar comes unannounced, and so far ahead of its companions that it is treated with scant respect. Yet its presence may be detected immediately by any watchful mother. There are twenty teeth in the first set—five on each side of the centre, on each jaw. If when you count, you

discover a sixth tooth, remember it is the six-year molar, and double your precautions. For if that tooth is lost, and the other teeth crowd together to fill the vacancy, the jaw never comes to complete development. The other teeth, pushing through, find less room than they ought to have. They are out of line, or so impacted as to make mastication ill-balanced, and perfect cleanliness almost impossible. Save the six-year molar, and you have gone a long way toward insuring a perfect set of second teeth. Sacrifice it, and all the trouble of mechanical straightening is likely to become necessary.

To be sure, the case is never hopeless. Marvellous results are now achieved in the straightening of crooked teeth. It can be done almost painlessly, if proper time be given to it. And in numberless instances dull children have become bright children and sick children have blossomed into health, when the teeth were straightened into place so that they could perform their functions efficiently. If the six-year molar is gone, therefore, and the teeth are crooked in consequence, there still is hope in good dentistry for your boy or girl. But I am writing especially for mothers of young children; and the mothers of girls who are some day to have little ones. Let them watch for the six-year molar as though it were a rich legacy long anticipated; and guard it with jealous care. No other watching and care can bring richer rewards.



Put on the kettle—

Mrs. Housewife, and make yourself a cup of BOVRIL

You will accomplish more—you will renew your strength and energy—if you stop in the midst of the day's work, put on the kettle, and make yourself a cup of hot, energizing Bovril. And it is so easy to do—a spoonful of Bovril, a pinch of salt, in a cup of boiling water. That's all—but how it will refresh and "buck you up". Try it!

BOVRIL

IS SO GOOD FOR YOU

47



Nine Good Cooks out of every ten always ask for

Gold Standard BAKING POWDER

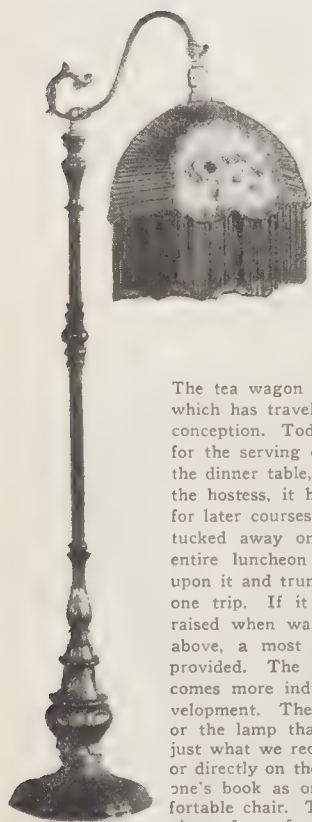
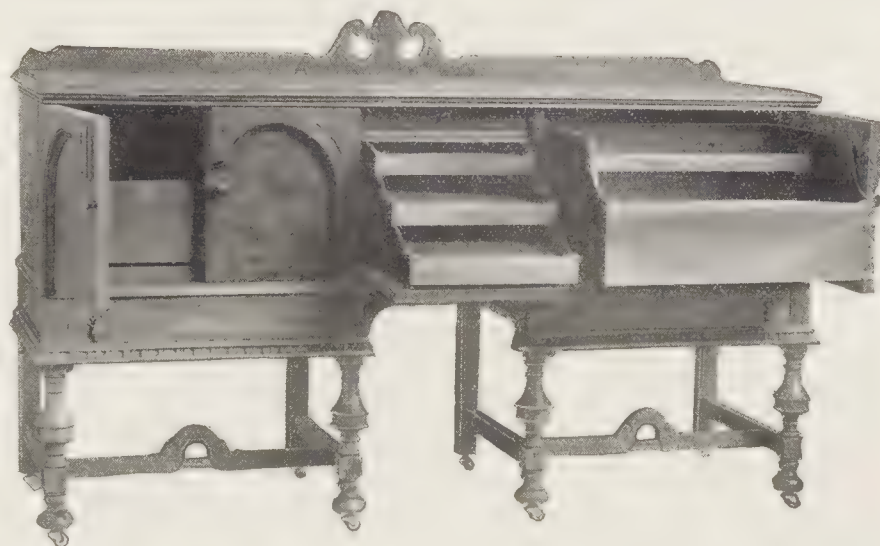
"IT-RAISES-THE-DOUGH"



When
We
Choose
New
Furniture



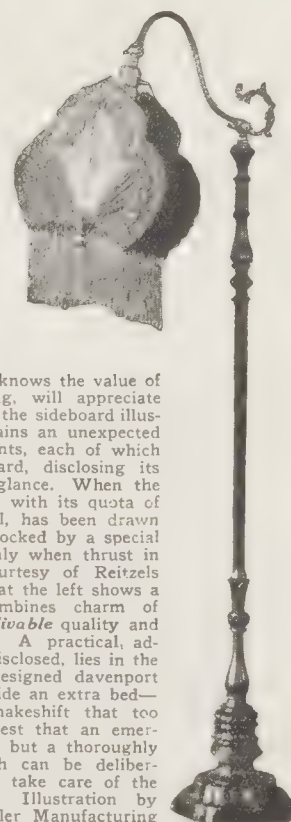
The dining room, it is generally conceded, should combine simple dignity with an atmosphere of hospitality and good cheer. The delightful room pictured above exemplifies these desirable qualities. The background and accessories, in a balanced color scheme of slate grey, blue and orange, display to advantage the suite which is developed in walnut, with rosewood and tulipwood trim. In each of the rooms shown on these pages, beautiful proportions have been preserved, thus doing justice to the beauties of design, wood and treatment, for which a very high standard has been established. The dining room above is by The Knechtel Furniture Company, Limited.



The tea wagon is one piece of furniture which has travelled far since its original conception. Today we use it not merely for the serving of tea; as an adjunct to the dinner table, drawn up at the side of the hostess, it holds the dishes required for later courses and used plates may be tucked away on its lower shelf, or an entire luncheon or supper may be set upon it and trundled from the kitchen in one trip. If it has extra leaves to be raised when wanted, as in the example above, a most adequate small table is provided. The pedestal lamp, too, becomes more indispensable with each development. The tall or short standard, or the lamp that is adjustable gives us just what we require—light at the piano, or directly on the card table or falling on one's book as one reads in a low, comfortable chair. The tea wagon and lamp pictured are from Baetz Brothers.



The housekeeper who knows the value of a place for everything, will appreciate the special features of the sideboard illustrated above. It contains an unexpected number of compartments, each of which is easily drawn forward, disclosing its entire contents at a glance. When the carefully planned tray, with its quota of silver, china or crystal, has been drawn out fully, it is safely locked by a special device and released only when thrust in again. Shown by courtesy of Reitzels Limited. The picture at the left shows a living room that combines charm of arrangement, a truly livable quality and handsome appearance. A practical, advantage not casually disclosed, lies in the fact that the finely designed davenport will open up and provide an extra bed—not the inadequate makeshift that too often represents the best that an emergency can bring forth, but a thoroughly comfortable bed which can be deliberately counted upon to take care of the most honored guest. Illustration by courtesy of the Kroehler Manufacturing Company.



Plantol Soap

*An Exquisite
Toilet Soap*



What every woman knows

The basis of a lovely complexion is the constant use of a genuinely pure toilet soap, delicately perfumed only by the natural oil of flowers . . . a soap that readily yields a rich, foaming lather . . . that cleanses but doesn't irritate . . . that leaves the skin cool and faintly tingling—in a word, Plantol.



A mild, pure and exquisite toilet soap . . . made wholly of plant, fruit and flower oils.

Sold throughout Canada at
10c. a cake.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED . . . TORONTO.

Modes du Printemps

THE fashions of this season truly reflect the spirit of the times,—animation and freedom are shown in the flare of the skirts, and their shortness, the loosely molded garments, and the all-apparent ease and comfort.

The waistline is gradually returning to its natural place, curves are replacing straight lines, and fitted effects are shown.

Circular and plaited flounces, tunic effects, uneven hem lines, scallops, capes, fringes, jabots, ties and cravats are all in favor. Sleeves are long and the neck finish is usually high.

Metal materials are shown for evening and dance frocks for trimmings on dresses, and also for blouses to be worn with tailored suits. Taffeta is again in favor. It is shown in wide widths and is soft and supple in quality. For dresses, and other garments made with full skirts, surah is a material that promises to be popular.

The new Spring fabrics are wide and supple. Printed and bordered effects, old-fashioned failles and marquisettes, wool reps, alpacas, satin in silk and in rayon mixtures, and broadcloths and cashmeres will be worn.

Blue in dark and in pastel shades is liked for street wear. Yellow is a strong "sports" color, and scarlet is again popular for sports and evening wear. In pastel shades green, mauve, rose and blue are popular. Pistache with rose is a favored combination.

Cravats are used in combination with choker and Eton collars, and come in every width from that of a shoestring to the width of georgette or surah.

Collar and cuff sets of white net or embroidered batiste trimmed with a color are smart with tailored frocks. Guimpes are shown in soft sheer fabrics.

Silk coats are worn over dresses of printed chiffon or figured silk. The ensemble retains its popularity and appears both for afternoon and morning wear, with new and attractive features.

In ensembles of the tailored type, the coat is in fingertip length or shorter, and cut in semi fitted, or in box style, or belted in Norfolk effect. The full length coat is used with afternoon ensembles.

Georgette costumes are featured fur trimmed, and worn with full length coat or cape. Pin tuckings, plaitings and incrustated bands form the trimming on ensembles.

Coat sleeves wide at the hand are shown on some of the new coats.

The two-piece dress is the style leader this season. Its blouse is in fingertip length, and may be of the same material as the circular or plait skirt, with which it is worn, or may be of contrasting material.

Next in favor is the coat dress usually shown in semi-fitted effects, with surplice closing and a flat back. Coat dresses are shown in georgette, in plain or printed georgette, in silk alpaca or taffeta.

Usually it is a narrow roll collar and cravat that finishes the neck of the simple dress. Shawl collars and jabots are shown on afternoon dresses.

The bishop sleeve, the sleeve with a wrist puff, or the flowing Moyenage sleeve are the usual types for the season. For sports wear the sleeves just cover the curve of the shoulder.

Plaited skirts, and tiered skirts with scalloped hems are in vogue.

Overblouse evening dresses are shown in soft crepe satins or richly embroidered chiffons. Generally the blouse shows the embroidery and the skirt is plain. One-piece evening dresses of metal cloth or chiffon are spangled or elaborately embroidered. Coral, pistache green, flame and violet are leading evening colors.

Spot patterns and pin-head checks are shown in wool and silk fabrics for Spring.

In wash materials there are embroidered and printed crepes, linens and voiles, the patterns are carried out on white or colored grounds.

Spring hats are close fitting, with or without brims and high crowns. The colors are brilliant. If the hat is black it is trimmed with brilliant grosgrain ribbon in cubist effects and strong contrasts of color.

Yellow is favored for summer. Green in reseda and pistache tones, and Copenhagen and French blue, also claret and rosewood shades are shown.

Sleeveless jumpers will be popular. Boleros and yokes are shown on youthful gowns. Cape dresses, capelets and capelet coats are seen.

5374. Crepe and satin are here combined. This style is good for kasha, linen, faille and other silks. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for the panel, the sleeve flare, and collar facing. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5222. The design shows the back flare, which is an outstanding feature of the latest models. The dress is suitable for silk, crepe, kasha or charmeen. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this style as illustrated for a 38-inch size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for vestee and collar. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5151. Faille, crepe, satin or metal brocades could be used for this smart style. The godets and sleeve puffs may be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size, if made as illustrated in the large view, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for the godets. Sleeve puffs require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material. The width of the dress at the foot is $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5384. Crepe or crepe de chine would be appropriate for this style. Embroidery is here shown in a very pretty decoration. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material if made with long sleeve portions. If made with short sleeves 4 yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5384

Chic panel gown, crepe and sateen are here combined.



4992 4992



5368



5368



5382



5006



5006



5379



5387



5258



5222



5379



5379



5151

Charming frock featuring the popular godets. Crepe, satin or metal brocades could be used for this model.



5384

Crepe or crepe de chine would be appropriate for this embroidered flare dress.



5222

Pretty design illustrating the latest back flare style. Suitable for silk or charmeen.

5368. Velvet with satin facings would be suitable for the development of this design. It is also attractive in jersey weaves, or crepe. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and pocket openings. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5006. Velvet and pongee, or velvet and broad cloth may be combined for this style. It is good also for linen, seersucker and other wash fabrics. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the blouse, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the trousers, cuffs and collar 36 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5390

5008. This desirable model is simple of construction and very comfortable. The long portions of the sleeve may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material if made with long sleeves and of one material. For collar, band cuffs and pocket of contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard will be required. If the dress is made with short sleeves $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5379. Percale, linen, rep or crepe could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, with $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for cuff facings. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



JACKET
VEST
5391

TROUSERS
5393

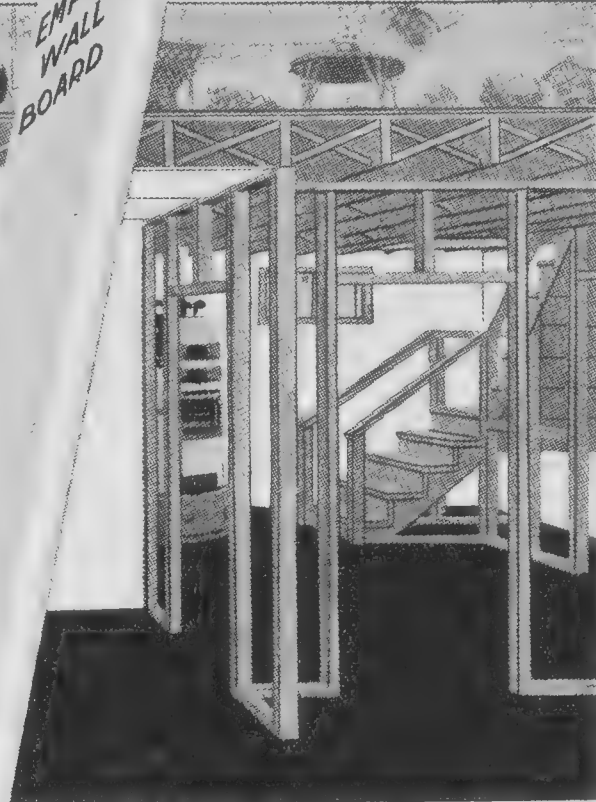
5391-5393. This suit comprises a jacket, vest, and trousers that may be long or short. Broad cloth, wool mixtures, velveteen as well as linen and beach suiting are good materials for this model. The vest and jacket are included in one pattern, 5391. It is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The trousers, pattern 5393, are cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the suit for a 10-year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material if made with long trousers. With short trousers 3 yards will be required. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

5390. Figured woolen, cotton or wool crepe, as well as jersey weaves and flannel are excellent materials for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on tab and collar. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4992. Dotted percale with bands of sateen in a color to match the dots, is a very good suggestion for the development of this style. Cretonne or chintz, unbleached muslin and dotted Swiss could also be used. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



EMPIRE
WALL
BOARD



Walls and
Ceilings of
Permanent
Beauty and
Worth

PLASTER
CAST
IN
SHEETS

The perfect wall or ceiling for every apartment—from basement to attic is

EMPIRE
WALL BOARD

Easily Erected

Fireproof and Sanitary

Will not Warp or Shrink

Rigid and Smooth

Takes Wall Paper, Paint or Kalsomine

Saws and Nails like Lumber

See Your Lumber Dealer

THE MANITOBA GYPSUM COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG

How is Your Complexion?

Rash—pimples—a sallow and unhealthy complexion are signs of blood impurities. The daily use of ENO brings a clear and healthy complexion because it helps Nature to expel impurities and poisons. A dash of ENO in a glass of water each morning is a pleasant road to health and a clear complexion.

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
TRADE MARK

The World-Famed Effervescent
Saline

22



After
\$7.50 30 Days' FREE Trial
Puts this Olde Tan
Metal-to-Metal

Harness on Your Horses

We trust you wherever you live. Write for free harness book. Learn all about this new improved harness with metal placed against metal wherever there is wear. The only kind of leather acceptable by British, French and Italian Armies.

Old Tan Harness Write for FREE Book
Do this today. Learn all about our FREE trial and easy payment offer and the remarkable Olde Tan harness—different from any harness you have ever seen.

Babson Bros. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. H103
110 Princess Street, Winnipeg, Man.
321 King Street, East, Toronto



Cuticura
Loveliness
A Clear
Healthy Skin
Insured by Every-day
Use of Cuticura Soap

Health
may become a
shadow unless
you guard The
Danger Line



Mothers! You Must Know These Facts about Your Children's Teeth To Avoid Serious Trouble

Do not make the mistake of thinking that your children's first teeth are not important. To insure good second teeth, it is of the utmost importance to guard the first teeth against Acid Decay, particularly at The Danger Line, where gums meet teeth.

Food particles gather in the tiny V-shaped crevices at The Danger Line and ferment, forming acids which cause Acid Decay and which may lead to infections—conditions which seriously affect the child's health.

There is one absolutely safe, sure way to protect your children's teeth and gums from acids at The Danger Line—it is by the use of Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Dental authorities have long agreed that Milk of Magnesia is the one best product for safely neutralizing acids which attack the teeth and irritate the gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream is a wonderful dentifrice for children. They like it so well, it helps mother teach them the habit of brushing their teeth regularly. It is harmless even if swallowed.

Get a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream today.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made—is recommended by Physicians everywhere. Try it and note its definite superiority.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Contains over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS OF CANADA, LIMITED
107 Duke Street, Toronto

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

FILLS A NEED IN EVERY HOME

Sanitary Kitchen Garbage Receiver

So handy—this attractive, white enameled receptacle for garbage and waste. Saves so many steps to the outside garbage can, saves dripping on the kitchen floor. Slight toe-pressure on pedal raises cover, leaving hands free.

So convenient also in the bathroom or in the nursery. Indispensable in the doctor's or dentist's office.

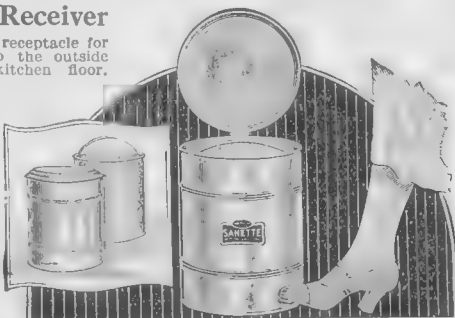
Paper Container Saves Washing
Sanette has an inner removable pail in which is fitted paper container. Lift out and destroy with garbage. Replace at trifling cost.

Send for folder No. 201, low prices and name of nearest dealer.

Dealers: Send for attractive discounts.
MASTER METAL PRODUCTS LTD.

Bridgeburg, Ont.

SANETTE



Treasure Seeking

FROM Peru comes a story that the latest of the many expeditions sent out to search for the treasure of the Tres Tortillas has failed to return and is presumably lost. The Tres Tortillas (Pancakes) are three flat-topped hills which stand over the head waters of the River Secure, which rises in an almost forgotten valley hemmed in by precipitous cliffs and reeking with virulent ague. Yet here, before the coming of the Spaniards, were great and flourishing gold mines, and ruins of whole towns built of stone or adobe may still be seen, half hidden in the encroaching jungle. Expedition after expedition has struggled to reach this Eldorado, but of them all only two men have ever returned. One was dying on his legs of fever, the other was mad, but they brought a story of a huge dim tunnel in which lay piles of smelted gold ready for removal.

Treasure seeking is one of the poorest methods of making a living, yet it is beyond any possible doubt that the gold buried by man in the bosom of Mother Earth far exceeds all that is in circulation at the present time. No need to talk of the hoards of pirates or buccaniers. There are first the vast treasures buried by the Indians of South America when fleeing before the covetous Spaniards, then there are the millions hoarded underground in India and China and in all other countries where banks have never been in fashion. In Morocco alone there must be tons of such treasure, because for centuries past it has been the habit of Moors to hide gold in the earth.

Quite apart from the difficulty of discovering such hiding-places, the belief is

general that ill-luck awaits the treasure finding, and the stories supporting such superstition are countless. Near Johnsville in Nova Scotia a hole in a cliff was revealed by a tree blown down in a storm. Two men went to investigate, and did not return. They were found dead, suffocated by bad air, and further in were found two skeletons, apparently of earlier seekers. Beside the bones stood an old iron kettle containing a few pieces of seventeenth-century gold.

England is full of legends of guarded treasure. At Bransil Castle, in Herefordshire, there is said to be a chest of gold watched over by an evil spirit in the shape of a black crow. All that part of the country is stiff with similar stories. Hulme Castle and Stokesay Castle were each supposed to have treasure chests secreted in their vaults. Some years ago, when Hulme Castle was pulled down, a search made, but without result.

In the South of Scotland Hermitage Castle is believed to have vast treasure hidden in its ruins. But the gold is in the keeping of the Evil One, and whenever efforts are made to find it, the sky darkens and a fearful storm of thunder and lightning paralyses the seeker. Another Scottish hoard is the pot of gold hidden in a pool under Craufurdland Bridge, near Kilmarnock. A former laird of Craufurdland dammed the burn and had almost emptied the pool when a voice was heard shouting that his house was on fire. He and his men ran, only to find that the report was a false one, but when they returned the dam was broken and the pool full. — John O'London's Weekly.

Relaxing

MORE than anything else American life in the twentieth century means tension. We live wound up to the highest pitch. Everywhere about us is the sense of speed, the sense of mad, multiple activity, the sense of varied strains, all crowding in upon one another with such a persistent, thronging, dominating pressure that one besets us before we have fairly finished with that which should have preceded it.

Like children playing on the shore.

Buried a wave beneath,

Another wave succeeds before

We have had time to breathe.

The tension is so constant, so unrelieved, that we are hardly aware of it as tension at all, until all at once something breaks. Well for us if it does not break irremediably.

In such an atmosphere of high, persistent strain, relaxation is good for all of us; for most of us it is indispensable if we wish to preserve our usefulness and even our existence. The form of relaxation commonly sought and advocated is diversion, turning our thoughts from the pressing business of life to something that we are not obliged to do, something

that will cheer and gladden and amuse and for the moment make us forget. And that is well enough. The only trouble is that tension and strain have become so much a habit that we are likely to carry them into even our amusements—to travel, to play golf, with the same passionate, exhausting ardor that we give to the business pursuits that are wearing out our lives.

Better therefore than even relaxing by diversion is the habit of relaxing by pure will. Learn to throw yourself down in the sun, or in the shade, by day or by night, and just for a few moments absolutely ease all strain, forget all pressure, no matter how overwhelmingly urgent it may appear. Make the mind a blank, make the nerves and muscles soft, flexible, quiescent. Only when you have learned really to do that will you begin to perceive how great and unnatural is the state of strain in which you commonly live. And if you learn that profound and beneficent secret of relaxing at will—and it can be learned—you will not only live longer and far more happily but you will do more work when you do work, and the work will be better done.

Hints For Students of the Violin

WITH so many Canadian boys and girls nowadays taking up the violin as a hobby, it does not seem out of place to make a few suggestions which might help them in their studies. They are offered by one who has tried the suggestions out and found them helpful. They are:

1. When going to a lesson carry your violin case under your arm, and thus prevent tiring your fingers and wrists unnecessarily.

2. Never hurry to the studio. It is better to come early and wait a half hour than to hurry to the teacher with the fear that you will be late.

3. Nervousness is the bane of nearly every musician. At the very outset of your musical career aim to acquire as little of it as possible by plenty of outdoor exercise.

4. Silence is golden on your part while your teacher is speaking. Have a notebook handy when you return from your lesson, and jot down the most important points of your teacher's explanations.

5. Always have your bow and violin in condition when you step into the studio.

6. Never buy a violin without first consulting your teacher.

7. Earn the everlasting gratitude of your teacher by saying nothing about acquiring the "vibrato" until you have mastered all the positions.

8. Always clean the rosin from the body of the violin and the stick of the bow before placing them in the case.

9. Come regularly to your lessons. If you cannot come, pay for the lesson. Time is your teacher's stock in trade.

10. Avoid facial distortions, swaying of the body and beating time with the foot while practicing.

Mother o' Men

Continued from page 37

days' travel, together with his encounter with La Rue, had taxed his physical reserve to the utmost.

Mrs. McKinnon, the trader's wife, big, grim and efficient, had to acknowledge herself beaten before the week was half over. After that the only help the doctor had for nursing eighteen patients, crowded into the tiny, ill-ventilated school, was one frightened half-breed girl.

He hung on until the seventh morning, when, with no warning, he collapsed.

Dr. Johnson's next contact with reality was in a room strange to him. He lay quite still and wondered about it. Somewhere an orchestra was playing airs from "Lucia." There wasn't an orchestra like that outside of New York—yet, the kerosene lamp and fur rugs and whitewashed log walls were certainly not of New York's latitude.

The door opened. He looked into the bluff, smiling face of Dr. Black.

"Bryce—and the others?" the invalid inquired briefly, at once orientated to his surroundings.

"Pulling through fine, thanks to you," came the cheery reply. "The trader insisted on bringing you in here, to his own place. Mrs. McKinnon knew, of course, that you hadn't diphtheria, and they weren't taking any chance on your getting it. You simply collapsed from overwork—small wonder!"

The music shut off suddenly. McKinnon opened the door from the living room and called heartily: "Glad to hear you're better, Doctor. We've been getting everything from Winnipeg to Mexico City tonight. CKY is coming in strong now, and I think they have a message for you."

Across the suddenly still room floated clearly the voice of the announcer: "Everyone will be glad to know that the epidemic of diphtheria in Fort du Brouchet, on Reindeer Lake, is under control, thanks to the heroic efforts of Dr. Johnson of The Pas, who, carrying the precious serum, in the face of a blizzard, and in spite of the lowest temperature in twenty years, made the 450-mile trip in five days.

"The doctor himself collapsed, after a week of almost continuous work, but wireless tonight reports that he is out of danger, under the care of his friend and colleague, Dr. Black.

"The people of The Pas are planning a monster demonstration in honor of another hero of the silent places."

There was a question in the sick man's eyes as he turned towards Black. "I was . . . afraid . . . I wasn't big enough . . . for the job . . . out here."

"Big enough! To think I was so damned small that I couldn't see your bigness—till it was almost too late!"

"And La Rue? He ought to have the real credit. He made the biggest sacrifice."

"Yes—poor devil!" agreed Black. "The supreme sacrifice—as it proves."

"You mean—"

"The Mounties found him less than two miles from where he crossed the river after you. He had lain—or fallen—in the snow, and was frozen to death. Perhaps it was best. He hadn't a chance to get clear, for he'd certainly planned the killing of Pete Kelly. Even if he'd escaped the law he could never have come back here—and he could be happy nowhere else."

"No," agreed Dr. Johnson, sadly. "He was a son of the North all right, and a real man, too."

"She's a stern mother, but—she breeds men," quoted Black. "Now, you go to sleep, partner, or you won't be able to take the seat on the right of His Worship next week at the banquet to the 'Men of the North'."



At Home with the Kodak

Little home incidents that may not mean so much at the time are the little things that count—in pictures. An album full is a prized possession in any home.

And it's all so easy with a Kodak. You can see for yourself at your dealer's.

"At Home with the Kodak", a free booklet from us or your dealer, gives you many pat pointers on picture-making.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

1 year to pay after 30-day trial

American SEPARATOR

Try any American Separator in your own way, at our risk. After you find it the closest skimmer, easiest to turn and clean and the best separator for the least money, you may pay balance in cash or easy monthly payments. Sizes from 125 to 850 lbs. Prices low as \$24.95, same in U.S.A. Monthly payments low as \$2.15.

Write for free catalog

Get our offer first. Separators sent on 30 days trial. Freight paid both ways, if returned. Many shipping points in the Dominion insure prompt delivery.

AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO.
Box 103-J Bridgeburg, Ont.

Watch for the

\$3500.00

BUNGALOW

In the APRIL Issue

Architect: V. W. HORWOOD

Interior Decorations: KATHERINE M. CALDWELL

WOULD YOU SPEND TO SAVE?

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how much money you spend yearly on "Canned Goods?" Has it ever struck you that for the fraction of one cent per day—much less than \$3.65 per year—you can ensure an abundance of fresh, crisp, juicy vegetables during the hot days of harvest time—when they are most needed—and still have "some over" for your own "Home Canning" for Winter use.

Fresh Vegetables are rich in the essential life sustaining elements—minerals and vitamins. You can grow them right at your own BACK DOOR. Delicious, fresh culled from the garden, they will help to keep your husband, children and yourself well, happy, and strongly efficient.

Plan to save now by laying out your garden—but, to ensure success sow only Steele, Briggs' Seed, Selected and Tested for the West.

Write for our Spring Catalogue now ready.

**STEELE, BRIGGS SEED
CO., LIMITED**

"Canada's Greatest Seed House"

REGINA and WINNIPEG

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It

I had been losing my hair gradually for a long time. At last I became almost completely bald with hardly a hair on my head.



"This small photograph is taken from a football group, and can be verified by any number of people who know just how I looked when bald. The larger photo shows my appearance after using Kotalko."

This verified statement is by Jack Evans, well known athlete. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff, or aided new, luxuriant hair growth. KOTALKO is sold by busy druggists everywhere.

FREE Trial Box

To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair, the producers are giving Proof Boxes. Use coupon or write, to KOTAL CO. C-216, Station L, New York. Please send me Free Box of Kotalko.

Name
Address

LAST MONTH

We asked Readers if they lived in

Calgary,
Edmonton,
Regina,
Saskatoon,
Moose Jaw,
Vancouver

A great number responded and are now working on a plan suggested by the Circulation Department. We can still place a few more.

Begonias

By J. E. Carter, Guelph, Ontario

WE ALL appreciate the fact that it is difficult to produce gay color effects in shaded or semi-shaded spots, because there are few flowering plants which will succeed there. We know and recommend Tuberous-Rooted Begonias, as they not only succeed splendidly in such places, but they glory in them and prefer shade or semi-shade to an open location. The gigantic flowers of perfect form are just like wax, and are borne on stout stems above the foliage. If the bulbs are started in the house during March or early in April, plants will be in full foliage when planted out in May, and they will begin to bloom in June and never cease until frost.

Bulbs do not absolutely require starting in the house, but may be planted dormant out of doors, which, of course, will delay the blooming season slightly.

How to Start Bulbs

First of all, learn to know which is the top and which is the bottom of the bulbs. The bulbs invariably on one side are concave or indented, while on the other side they are round. The concave or indented side constitutes the top. Secure a box filled with sand to the depth of 3 inches, smooth the surface and moisten the sand. Press the rounded part of the bulb into the sand, so that the sand is almost even with the top of the bulb, and allow about 1 inch of space between each bulb.

Keep the sand moist and place the box near the light, and, of course, in a heated room, as these bulbs cannot stand any frost. It is not necessary to re-pot the growing bulbs afterward, but from the sand-box they can be planted out of doors. Be careful in lifting the bulbs from the sand, and it is much better to transfer sand with the bulbs to the bed than to free the roots from the sand.

Outdoor Culture

To succeed best, Tuberous Rooted Begonias should be planted in beds where the soil has been well prepared. They love a light, rich soil, and to make it so it may be necessary to add leaf-moulds, thoroughly decayed manure and sand to the soil in the bed. They must never want for moisture, but, when watering, do so after sundown.

When cut down by frost in the autumn lift bulbs, permit them to dry in the open or a shed, then store them in a dry cool cellar. Following spring plant in same manner as at first. Bulbs will last for several years.

Culture of Tuberous Begonias in Hanging Baskets

The tubers may be started in boxes in the same manner as advised for those intended for outdoor culture, and are best left in the boxes until the growth is about three inches high. They are then ready for transferring to the baskets.

The size of the baskets should be regulated according to the size of the tubers and the vigor of the variety, but on no account should they be too large. A basket of eight inches in diameter will be large enough for one medium-sized tuber, but the best effect is gained by using a ten-inch basket and planting three tubers in triangular fashion in it, the plants being kept near the outer edge of the basket. The tubers should be of equal growth to ensure a well furnished and evenly balanced basket.

Some of the Newer Varieties

Single Frilled Begonias—This is a new and strikingly beautiful group, and never fails to arouse the greatest admiration. The flowers are large and a most beautiful and artistic effect is produced by the delicate frimbriation crispings and frillings of the petals. The plants are dwarf and handsome and they bloom freely.

Double Frilled Begonias—The flowers are exquisitely double, and are borne erect and upright on sturdy plants. The colors are remarkably rich and daintily beautiful, and embrace all the extensive

range of shades known in the Begonia family. Then there are enchanting harmonies and gradations; a pale primrose is seen deepening in color until in the centre it is rich yellow. The variety is endless. But notwithstanding the beauty of the coloring and the perfect doubleness, the great feature is the serrated and fringed edges of the petals, giving a most desirable softness of effect, and a beauty of effect almost indescribable.

Single Filled and Crested Begonias

—The flowers are single and of great size and are carried erect on beautifully shaped plants. The distinctive features is the unique crested form of the side petals. These are delightfully crimped and fringed, and at times have the appearance of supporting wings. They are of astonishing beauty and must be seen to be appreciated at their full value.

Double Frilled and Crested Begonias

—The flowers are similar to the Single Frilled and Crested, with the exception that the centre of the bloom is double. About one-half of the surface is very double, and the outer edges resemble the single. Extra fine and rare.

Begonia Marmorata—Single. Very large bloom, four large petals, striped and variegated.

Begonia Marmorata—Very double, many petals, striped and variegated.

Begonia Camellia—Wide outer petals, with shorter petals in centre.

Begonia Bouton de Rose—This variety is a strong grower and has much the same appearance as a rose, but much larger. Rare type.

Begonis Papillon—Very double, extra fine, strong grower.

For Hanging Baskets

Begonia Pendula—This variety is for hanging baskets only. The bloom is borne on long stems which hang over the sides of the baskets, the foliage and bloom make a very handsome basket. Plant three in a 10-inch basket.

Tuberous-Rooted Begonias are a most attractive plant and must be seen to be appreciated. Will bloom from about June 1st until frozen down in the autumn. Are not subject to insect pests or disease.

Although recommended for semi-shade, they will do well in any bed where not subject to direct sunshine the full day. Will give splendid results as a house plant or on the verandah.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT found opportunities for self-improvement in every pursuit and turned even accidents to account. Thus it was in the discharge of his functions as a writer's apprentice that he first penetrated into the Highlands and formed those friendships among the surviving heroes of 1745 which served to lay the foundation of a large class of his works. Later in life, when employed as quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry, he was accidentally disabled by the kick of a horse, and confined for some time to his house; but Scott was a sworn enemy to idleness, and he forthwith set his mind to work, and in three days composed the first canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—his first great original work.—Smiles.

RIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME

Last winter a masquerade party was given at New York, at which practically all the great musical lights in the country were present. Very few knew who any of the others were, but in some way Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, knew one of the disguised men to be a leading musical critic in the city. During the evening the latter, grasping the hand of the pianist, said: "I don't know who you are, but this hand strikes me very much as the hand of a pianist."

"Quite right," answered Hofmann, "and it is the first time I have ever known you to be right in a musical criticism."

And, as no one unmasked during the evening, the critic is still wondering who said it.



Healthy Babies

Food, sleep and fresh air, but especially proper food, ensure health. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, since 1857, has been the leading infant food. Doctors endorse it. Pure, uniform, easily digested. Use it if you cannot nurse baby.

Write the Borden Co. Limited, Montreal, for free literature

2-26

CANADA'S CHAMPION

Kiddies Suits that Suit the Kiddies - and Mothers too!

Playalls
REGISTERED

Certificate of Merit

The only Canadian garment manufacturer to secure the Certificate awarded by the International Association of Garment Manufacturers at the CLOTHING EXHIBIT and CONTEST, Chicago, May, 1925.

Children like them because they are not afraid of getting dirty.

"The Joy of Canada's Kiddies"



Sold Everywhere

Save
Expensive
Clothes

No. 1
**MONARCH OVERALL
MFG. CO. LTD.**
WINNIPEG MANITOBA

Patents Trade Marks and Designs

Write for booklet and circulars, terms, etc.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

Fred B. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C.M.G.,
Gerald S. Roxburgh, B.A.Sc.

C.P.R. Bldg., Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

Legal Information

Continued from page 25

(A) The only grounds for separation from your husband which would entitle you to his support are his cruelty or desertion or infidelity. The facts set out in your letter are not sufficient to satisfy the legal interpretation of cruelty and evidently neither of the other requirements can be satisfied in any way.

(Q) While living on a farm about five years ago I bought a set of books from an agent. Thirty-five dollars to be paid monthly. A few days after I realized I would not be able to pay for them as we had nothing in our crop and my husband had to leave the farm and find work in town.

I wrote to the agent right away and told her the books had not been handled and I couldn't pay for them and would she take them back. I did not hear for some time and then heard from a Company in the States saying they had taken over the contract for collection. I told them I could not pay it but they could have the books. They keep on writing, and now a lawyer in the States is writing saying that he will sue and get judgment. Can they do this? I have not got any money of my own. If I had I would gladly pay it. I told them that in the beginning. Will you tell me just what they can do?—Mrs. J. R.

(A) The United States Company probably cannot collect on this contract. However, we would advise you to immediately return the set of books to them. At the same time state that you will not pay for the books and also that you will defend any action brought against you on the grounds that the Company has no license to do business in Saskatchewan. It is possible, but unlikely, that the Company has any such license. However, if the Company should sue you, you must defend the action or they will obtain default judgment against you. In the event of suit you had better retain a lawyer to defend the action for you.

Call Off the Dog Fish

Continued from page 23

attracts the dog-fish—wow! That's worth the price of my boat hire, and then some!" He went off into another laughin' fit.

"But—I—I say, Jones—we ought to pay the Cap'n somethin' for his lost hooks, anyway...." I said. Old J. looked uneasy. The Cap'n sputtered, "No sir—not a thing!"

"Buy a little refreshments then, J.," I said, "you lost the bet, y'know—you got to do somethin'!"

"Pleased to!" said Jones. Then, to prove his Scotch descent, he treated us all to ice cream cones!

A Clever Opening

ENGLISHMEN are cordial enough to those whom they consider to be their friends, but it is fair enough to say that they are not loose talkers, and do not "scrape acquaintance" gracefully. Harper's Magazine tells of two Britons who crossed over to the United States a few years ago. The Englishmen shared the same stateroom, had seats at the same table and sat side by side in their deck chairs, but they did not address each other, since they had not been introduced.

When New York was near at hand, one of them bravely decided that it was time to waive conventionality and make the acquaintance of his fellow companion.

They were standing side by side at the rail. The man with the initiative was lost in thought. Finally, when he had decided upon a timely introductory remark, he asked:

"Going over?"

"Yes," replied the other Briton, "I rather thought I would. Are you?"

Lady Astor's sayings bid fair to become as famous as those of any other phrase maker. Her latest is this: "The toast used to be: 'The ladies. God bless them!' Now that women have the vote they ought to say: 'The gentlemen, God help them!'"

Vast Expansion and Advanced Equipment make New Prices Possible

The history of Dodge Brothers and their subsidiaries' drastic price reductions is simple and brief.

A better and better product followed by greater and greater demand.

To meet that demand, an expansion of buildings and equipment involving an expenditure of more than \$10,000,000.

Output vastly increased, with subsequent reduction in the cost of materials and production.

Installation of advanced labor-saving and quality-increasing equipment. For instance, one giant steel-body press costing \$10,000 replaces ten former presses costing \$7,500 each, and does the work more efficiently.

Result: The finest line of vehicles in Dodge Brothers history at prices that seem incredible in view of Dodge Brothers traditional quality—

That seem more incredible still when considered in connection with improvements that include—

Rich and attractive colors.

Smart and stylish body lines.

Four dependable cylinders.

Absolute smoothness of engine operation.

Greater power, snap and elasticity.

And advanced steel body and windshield construction that afford exceptional driving vision at a time when clear vision and safety are paramount in the mind of every motorist.

Touring Car	-	-	-	\$1095
Roadster	-	-	-	1095
Coupe	-	-	-	1170
Standard Sedan	-	-	-	1235
De Luxe Sedan	-	-	-	1485

f. o. b. Toronto (Taxes Extra)

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

MADE IN CANADA

Our Classified Columns

offer a wonderful means whereby our readers can convert into ready cash anything at all of a marketable nature and many thrifty housewives, through the judicious use of the classified page are earning a steady income. Take a glance at the little advertisements appearing in this issue and then consider whether you too have not something to offer the 60,000 readers of the Western Home Monthly. On receipt of a post card we shall be glad to send you full particulars and also co-operate with you in every possible way in order to make your little venture a success.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

This Power Food Shows Up in Your Work



—And in Your Play, Too!

YOU can do justice to your job; you can go down to your office in the morning with spring in your step, if your body is right—if your daily food gives you energy and vitality.

Just remember this: it is not always overwork and worry that cause over-tiredness, lack of bodily vigor, and nervousness. *The kind of foods you eat* have a tremendous influence on the way you feel.

Eat the *right* foods—foods which contain the vital elements of nourishment which build your body—and which contain these valuable elements in such a form that your body can readily use them.

Grape-Nuts was originated by an expert in food values to do just that—to give your body its proper balance of the essential food elements. So Grape-Nuts, made from whole wheat and malted barley, contains dextrins, maltose and other precious carbohydrates which give you energy; iron, which makes rich blood for you; phosphorus, which is so needful to the proper development of

your teeth and bones; protein, which builds muscle and repairs the tissue which you destroy in your daily activities; and lastly the very important vitamin-B.

A perfectly balanced food. And a crisp food, too—a food you like to chew, thus giving healthful exercise to your teeth and gums.

You'll delight in having Grape-Nuts for breakfast or lunch. There's no equal to the flavor of the crunchy, nut-like Grape-Nuts grains. A special process of baking transforms the precious body-building nourishment in Grape-Nuts into a form that your system can assimilate almost immediately.

Have Grape-Nuts tomorrow just as it comes from the wax-wrapped package, with milk or cream. Four teaspoonfuls to a serving—costs less than one cent. Grape-Nuts is sold by grocers everywhere.



Two Trial Packages of Grape Nuts, FREE

Mail the coupon and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," which was prepared for us by a former college physical director, and which you will find very helpful to you in preparing better breakfasts to start the day right.

CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED, 530
45 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO
2, ONTARIO.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former college physical director.

Name

Address

City..... Prov.....83

"There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts

Made
in
Canada



Staking Out for Adventure

Continued from page 11

act. Still, she could see nothing else to do but comply with his request.

"Good-looking lot of sheep you have. I like that breed."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Do you think it's the kind for these parts?" she began enthusiastically, then recalled to whom she was talking. She donned her sternest schoolmarm manner, utterly unaware of its incongruity with her rough clothes, her disheveled hair, and flushed face. "What do you know about sheep on a cattle ranch?"

"I was at Aggies for two years," he answered, adding casually: "I am trying to get Dad to go in for sheep."

Cecily smiled with skeptical politeness. Oh, weren't men the liars, though? Imagine a cattle man meaning that! She had to answer him, so she said inanely: "Do cattle men like sheep?"

Tad shrugged his shoulders. "Those days are past. Everything is fenced in anyway. The old free range is gone. What's the harm in giving a few pastures to the woolies? The trouble is, I guess, you have to go into it on a big scale to make much."

So that was his game, was it, trying to talk her out of it? Her head went up. "Maybe my start is small. But watch me grow!"

Her answer seemed to take him by surprise. He frowned, then broke into a propitiating smile. "Here, hold your horses. I meant that for us, mixing two lines. Sheep need a lot of fussy care, but you can give it with sheep alone. Why don't you go in for thoroughbreds? There's money in them."

Cecily was nonplussed. Men were certainly good deceivers. When they reached the place she turned from the main road for the mile to her homestead, he turned with her and helped drive them in as if he were glad of a chance to help a neighbor. He offered a great deal of advice which sounded so sensible she hardly knew what to think. Dared she act on it? Oh, if she only knew!

Perhaps she might have known if she had heard him mutter under his breath, as he rode away: "Plucky little devil! Too game to admit she needed help."

Daily her problems were greater. It was incredible how difficult the mere matter of living was. She must have shelter, heat, food and water, and now shelter and food for the sheep. She had to draw deeply on her dwindling hoard of savings to erect even the most makeshift sheds. She harvested the tiny crops she had laboriously planted, and daily gave thanks to Providence for endowing her with a husky build. She bought what additional feed she needed from accommodating neighbors. To her surprise she had met with no interference anywhere, even though she was raising sheep.

"They must think I'll never last through the winter," she decided. Well, maybe she wouldn't, she sometimes thought with a shiver of dread. It was a hard game she had bucked.

As fall was blinding the country with a dying splendor, Cecily received a letter from an educational journal to which she had formerly been a copious contributor, asking her for an account of her "Adventure." "A breath from the great outdoors." Cecily could picture the return they expected, glowing with colorful life and enthusiasm. Well, why not give it? she flung back at herself cynically. Why spoil the Great West Delusion, if people enjoyed it? Why write and tell them of the loneliness, the back-aches, of the three sheep dead, for all her care, and winter not yet here? No one would be interested

in that tale. The pittance the journal paid would be welcome.

In a bitter mood she walked away from the shack and began searching for sheep. As she thrashed her way up and down gulleys she could not help admitting the beauty of the land. Above the russet brown of the scrub oak was the sky piled high with sun-kissed clouds of dazzling whiteness. And beyond always lay the blue, blue mystery of the high peaks. Breathing deep of the fresh, pungent air, she thought of readers in dusty, smoky cities, in chalk-filled schoolrooms. Oh, this place did have its points!

Impulsively she pulled out a stubby pencil and a dog-eared notebook and wrote feverishly. That night she copied it neatly, and as she rapidly re-read it, she nodded approvingly. In her touch of the County Fair she had even brought in the mystic, alluring cowboy.

"And the only honest part," she commented grimly, "is where I hint vaguely of the loneliness."

The next week it snowed. Tad happened by as she was trying to drive the frightened sheep to shelter and lent a hand. Cecily always hated to have him come, for she did not want him to see there were three sheep gone already. She did not want him gloating over her. But in the storm she was too grateful for help to think of anything until it was over. Then she thanked him stiffly.

"I didn't expect a storm so soon and I wasn't prepared," she excused herself. "I'll manage better next time."

"You're doing fine," he comforted her. "You'll get the hang of it soon."

Cecily bit her lip. She wanted no sympathy from him.

The storm proved to be only a snow flurry, but a month later the heavy snows came. Her gentle pony grew to dread the rough roads as much as she did. She went to town only when necessary, going without fresh foods. That deprived her of mail, the last link with her old life. She knew that if she hinted to Mrs. Rolf, they would gladly get it for her, but then insist on bringing it on over the poor road to her place. Cecily had tried to make what return she could to their constant kindnesses, but she was uncomfortably aware the debt was all on her side. In necessary things she yielded, but mail was a luxury she could do without.

Tad often stopped in on his way to town and asked if there was anything he could bring her, but she would not accept favors from him. One day, after an unusually long stretch of bad weather, he was very insistent, urging that he would have a light load coming back.

"But there isn't a thing I need," she lied stoutly. "I was in town just the other day."

"Oh, I didn't know. Well, I'd better be getting on. Days are short now. So long."

As she watched him ride away her heart constricted. Her last touch with the world seemed to be leaving her. There was nothing in the house she had not read a thousand times over and the long dreary hours stretched ahead. Her pride deserted her.

"Oh say," she called after him, and, as he turned about, she added wistfully, "Would it be an awful bother to get my mail?"

His face brightened. "I should say not! Why didn't you mention it before? I'll get it every time."

As the slope of the hill shut him from view, unbidden the words came to her lips, "And she never had a lover since her hair came out of braid." She snapped herself about. How utterly absurd! She had no idea why Tad kept on coming, unless it was as she

had always thought, to make fun of her, but anyway it was certainly not as a lover!

The mail was the opening wedge. When he stopped to leave it, he appropriated her shovel without a word and widened those forever-shifting paths to the sheds. On his next trip he matter-of-factly repeated the act. He must have seen how her flock was dwindling, but he never commented, unless to offer some suggestion for their comfort, the utility of which was always so evident that Cecily could not sensibly refuse to adopt it. But her belief in his ill will was unaltered until one day he came on her carrying a sick lamb into the house.

She had never felt so helpless as in her powerlessness to relieve its sufferings. Tad took it from her without a word and prepared to work over it, his big hands grown suddenly quick and tender. Cecily watched him in a daze, except as she aroused herself to bring the things he needed.

At length he looked up at her. "It will live," he said gently.

"I—I'm glad." Cecily checked the sob rising in her throat. "It was one of my finest." She wanted to tell him it had also been her favorite, the one that always came running to her, but she could not.

When he had gone she tried to scold herself back to a proper viewpoint. Naturally a man that was not a brute would try to relieve a sick animal, since he knew how. And as far as his worrying about her flooding the country with sheep, well, an idiot could see what her chances were for doing that! And Tad, she must admit, was not an idiot. That seemed to be left chiefly to her as a role. What a goose she had been! What a mercy no one but herself would ever know of the melodrama in which she had visioned herself the heroine! Oh, not only the sheep—everything. Cecily felt herself now at grips with reality. Slowly the cold, bitter winter wore on. Often as she worked with the sheep her truant mind went back to Tad's tender handling of the hurt animal as he stilled its pitiful bleating.

In the mail he brought her one day was the issue of the magazine containing her article. Cecily read it through with her lips in a straight line, then crammed it into the stove. The check had been spent long ago, and that was that.

But things were not in the habit of going as Cecily expected. The next week brought a letter. Its first perusal caused her convulsive mirth, which sobered in the query: why not? It was from a girl, a school teacher, who had read her article and been touched with Cecily's old longings, but not with her headlong impetuosity. This girl wanted to see things at first hand before she leaped.

"—and she proudly wrote her name On a stake upon the prairie, where the wild sunflowers flame, And she built a paintless dwelling on a treeless, manless claim."

So free was another would-be Miss Prue. The letter ended: "There was a hint in your article of a need for companionship that gives me courage to write this. May I come and visit you? Of course, as a stranger to you, I am prepared to pay my way."

Cecily stopped and considered. She could write the girl a frank letter, disillusioning her—except that it would probably not be believed, but credited with trying to evade the visit. Anyway why not let the girl have the trip? The vacation would do her good and be the most complete cure for those aspirations. And if she was going to spend all that money on carfare she might as well contribute generously to Cecily's depleted purse. Cecily was beyond caring if she was mercenary; she need-

ed the money too desperately. Fifteen dollars a week. It would cost the girl more elsewhere, probably, and she wouldn't stay long anyway. In fact, it was not likely she would come. And if she did, it was of her own free will. Yes, fifteen a week.

Within ten days, five similar letters poured in. Cecily wrote the same answer to each, but in succeeding letters she stressed the discomforts more and mentioned that there might be others. The fifteen a week, her indifferent letters, nothing seemed to daunt them. Each wrote enthusiastically of plans to leave as soon as school was over. Luckily their schools closed different weeks, but even so, Cecily began looking forward to a strenuous June. In all ten were coming, which would mean a hundred and fifty dollars, if each lasted a week, minus, of course, the cost of their food, which, by using chiefly home products, she could keep low. It would go far toward seeing her through another year of homesteading.

The news was too good to keep, and when Tad brought the letters it bubbled out. A slow smile spread over his face. "Cricky, you'll have your hands full. You'll be running a regular dude ranch with ten here."

"Oh, they won't stay. I'll have only two or three at a time."

"Don't be so sure of that. Better enlarge. You're getting in on a good game."

Cecily pondered for several days. She found it would cost her relatively little to add a small separate cabin which would stand summer weather. There would be no place for a stove or grate in it, but as would-be homesteaders they did not deserve the luxury of a fire in summer.

Before June was over she had built three. She even contemplated hiring help, but decided to worry on as she was. If the girls wanted a taste of roughing it, let them draw water and build fires, chop wood and wash dishes. Besides, they did not seem to mind it. And with the shekels pouring in she could stand the cooking which chiefly fell to her lot, as did, of course, all the responsibility and planning.

She had no time to care for the sheep but then the only trouble with them was they were never allowed freedom. The girls made continual pets of them, and, queerly enough, the lambs seemed to thrive on it. Her flock was at least holding its own. The girls even attended to shearing with sewing scissors. One girl bought the wool to have a souvenir blanket made.

She rarely saw Tad, although he made spasmodic efforts to come over and play up to the girls' expectations of a wild Westerner. His visits half pleased, half provoked Cecily. She was glad to have her guests entertained but she had come to realize what a small part the showy white angora chaps he wore played in ranch life.

By July the girls grew ambitious to venture farther away. Cecily tried to go with them whenever she could. She felt responsible for their safety. She thought of them as her girls, though, in reality, they were as old or older than herself. It was this feeling that led her to accompany them for a picnic supper one night.

They worked their way well up toward the divide of the Flying Pan and the Cliff Creek. They stayed longer than Cecily thought wise, and as they started on the horseback trail home, one girl recalled leaving a cherished wrist-watch far up on the top of the ledge to which they had climbed.

Cecily stared at her in amazement and she explained: "I took it off for a minute to fix the clasp. I remember

Continued on page 69

*"You didn't come
a day too soon"*

The sure way to avoid trouble in your mouth is to see your dentist in time. Go to him at least twice a year as a sensible precaution. He will keep teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious trouble.



4 out of 5 see him too late

Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

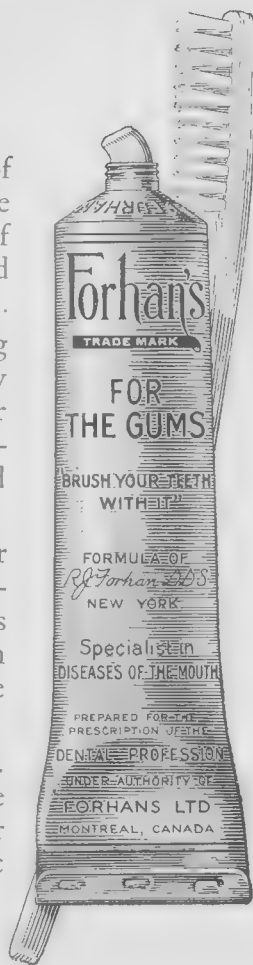
A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

The entire family should brush their teeth with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

You can't begin using Forhan's too soon. Delay may exact a heavy toll. It's unwise to take chances with pyorrhea. Get your tube of Forhan's today. All druggists: 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

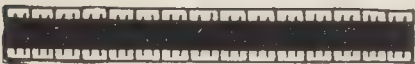
Forhan's Ltd., Montreal, Canada.



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE • • IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



For Old People

The digestive systems of old people are usually too weak to extract much-needed nourishment from every-day food. In this way the vitality is lowered and the way opened to illness.

"Ovaltine" is super nourishment in a form that is almost instantly assimilated without digestive effort. It restores and renews the depleted cells of the body and builds up the reserve of strength and vitality necessary to maintain health and to ward off epidemic infections.

"Ovaltine" is made from Nature's tonic foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk, fresh eggs and cocoa. One cup of Ovaltine contains more nourishment than 3 eggs or 12 cups of beef extract.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerves, and Body

60c - 90c - \$1.50

At all druggists

Test for yourself the merits of "Ovaltine". We will gladly send you a generous sample on receipt of 5c to cover postage and packing. Write to Dept. 3 A. Wander Limited, 455 King St. West, Toronto.

105

WHOOING COUGH

Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Spasmodic Croup and Influenza

The most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup, the little lamp vaporizes the remedy while the patient sleeps.

Introduced in 1879

Vapo-Cresolene

"Useful while you sleep"

Sold by Druggists Send for descriptive Booklet "B"

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 10

"Francois Bigot has no heart," said Madame de Lenisse. "He would kill his grandmother if he had anything to gain by it. They say he had a wife in France—"

"Hush, ladies, I beg of you," cried the hostess. "The very stones of Quebec have ears. I for one do not care to gain his ill favor."

"I care nothing," Madame de Lenisse went on. "Angelique has been his friend—"

"And a friend to many who wish her no harm," added Madame Penisseault. "It is your niece," she said with a laugh to Madame de Brinvilliers, "who is making all this havoc in peaceful Quebec."

"Well, I'm sure," Madame de Brinvilliers replied coolly, "that 'tis no fault of Armande. For the dear child would not harm a flea."

"And yet you'll admit that even for a de Lusignac it would be no small thing to be Madame Bigot."

"Nonsense, ladies. The thought of such a thing has never entered her pretty head, which is filled with a variety of things more important even than the affections of Monsieur Bigot."

"Important things, Madame!" came in an eager chorus. "What important things?"

Madame de Brinvilliers was at once aware that she had betrayed herself again and sought quickly amid the confusion of her brain for a plausible explanation. None seemed to come.

"She is—ah—well," she finished desperately, "that shall be my secret."

"You are full of secrets, Madame de Brinvilliers, of matters of importance," cried Madame de Lenisse. "Why, even the other day—"

"Come, Come!" said Madame de Brinvilliers, "the time passes and I am a loser by five hundred francs."

And so for the moment they left the affairs of Monsieur Bigot, Madame de Pean, and Armande. But one lady of the four, Madame Penisseault, who was in love with Major de Pean, treasured this gossip to be used upon a future occasion.

FOR several weeks Armande was vaguely uneasy at the result of Monsieur Bigot's sentimental passages. She could not flatter herself—indeed, she did not wish to flatter herself—with the belief that the affections of the Intendant were as genuine as he represented them to be. And yet there were moments, as she recalled the expression of his face and the tones of his voice, when she had been ready to give him credit for the sparks of nobility that he still possessed. She continued, however, to avoid seeing him except in the presence of others, twice excusing herself on the ground of indisposition when he called and once refusing an invitation to a supper to be given in her honor at the Intendant's palace.

Her position was difficult, for after his quarrel with Madame de Pean on Armande's account, she owed him at least some recognition of his defence of her right to his regard. She had a need of his friendship, though she despised herself for using it only to betray him. And yet this was her contract with Madame de Pompadour, made as the price of her father's security and her own, and she knew that she must go on blindly with no thought of her own conscience or of the danger to Monsieur Bigot.

If she had been more certain that his declared affection for her was only a device to conceal more sinister motives, all would have been equal between them, a war of woman against man in a game of subterfuge at which she might prove his equal. But she was not cer-

tain that she had not aroused from the depths of his consciousness some long-neglected impulse to charity, gentleness, and genuine affection which had nothing to do with the villainy and licentiousness of the immediate past. He had aroused, for the moment at least, her pity and her conscience, which were proving dangerous foes to her desire to acquit herself of this mission and return home to France.

For it was, as she could see now, a dangerous mission. The power of Francois Bigot was without limit, his capacity for vengeance without a curb. If he guessed that she had come to Quebec to betray him, nothing could save her from his wrath, which might be able to devise means, even in spite of the Governor, to do her great harm. He had frightened her that night by his omniscience. He knew everything, he said. She had been on the point of believing him. And yet sober second thought reassured her; he could not know her mission; he should not know it until she had sailed again for France. The sense of power over him gave her new strength of resolution.



Photo by Dan McCowan

She must go on, wherever the consequences led her, trusting to her skill in gaining his confidence as she had already gained the marks of his esteem. She was forced to admit, too, that there was an excitement in this game that drew her on. It was a triumph already to have won the allegiance of the first man in New France, a conquest that might have turned the head of many a girl of higher place than Heloise Gueret.

If she had been any one else than Heloise Gueret she might have been tempted by the rewards that this man's adoration could bring her. Letters of complete exoneration to Madame de Pompadour. It was not yet too late for that. The influence that she might bring into the life of the Intendant, the encouragement of his great qualities for leadership of his people, the correct distribution of supplies, ammunition, clothing for the soldiers in the field, aiding Monsieur de Montcalm by every material means in the battles that he was fighting for New France.

All of these things she might be able to do if the affection he showed for her was genuine, if that affection was strong enough to defy the rapacity of his friends and his own baser instincts.

It was curious that she should find it possible to think of Francois Bigot in this way. And yet was not the triumph

of French arms in the moment of trial more important to France than the guilt or innocence of Monsieur Bigot or the members of the Grand Company?

No. It was a dream, of course; a strange, mad dream; a dream perhaps for Armande de Lusignac, but not for Heloise Gueret.

Why was it that at such a time she thought of Monsieur Jacques Davol? He seemed in these few weeks already very far away, and yet she knew what his answer would have been to these strange projects if she had questioned him. For of the honesty of this man, at least, she had no doubt. It was written upon him in plain language that every one might read.

She had thought of Monsieur Davol a great deal, sometimes soberly, sometimes with amusement, yet always with respect. He was one whose personality was not to be ignored. And though she respected him there was in the mystery that surrounded his personality a provocation as well as a charm. He had deserted her at a time when he had impelled her interest. Upon his return she would have the means to conceal this interest. At least there would be some pleasure for her in showing Monsieur Davol that there were other men besides himself who could give her devotion.

TO the Chevalier de Chabannes, whose wound had mended rapidly, the gossip about the Intendant and Armande was already a matter of great concern. Though Monsieur de Chabannes was an adherent of the Intendant, a messenger of Bigot to influential friends in the parliament of Paris, he was a soldier and attached to the new troops from Old France under General de Montcalm.

The Intendant had done him a service the year before in making it possible for the chevalier, by a transaction in furs and other supplies at Fort Duquesne, to make a large sum of money. The mere fact that the chevalier had spent or lost most if not all of this money while in Paris, did not diminish his obligation to Monsieur Bigot.

Therefore the story of the Intendant's devotion was very disturbing to Monsieur de Chabannes. There was in his mind a distressing complication of thought that the man to whom he was most beholden was his rival for the affections of Armande de Lusignac; and though Monsieur de Chabannes was no anchorite the amatory affairs of Monsieur Bigot achieved suddenly a grave complexion when he was considered as a suitor for Armande. On the voyage he had warned her against Bigot, and yet she had fallen apparently under the spell of that extraordinary personality.

The chevalier was grave, angry, and humble by turns. It was nothing that he had already offered himself to her and been refused. For here, besides his own feelings, was a threat of danger to the woman he wanted for himself. He was not afraid of Monsieur Bigot as others were, and Monsieur Bigot respected the sword of Monsieur de Chabannes, which had been drawn and used successfully in Bigot's own quarrels. Yet there must be an end to this business with Armande de Lusignac. If the chevalier could not have her, no man of Bigot's stamp should triumph where he had failed.

He had explained all these things to Armande without mincing his words, and she had listened as gravely as he.

"Which is it you fear more, Monsieur," she asked with a sudden laugh, "the ardor of Monsieur Bigot or the frailty of Mademoiselle de Lusignac?"

"Mademoiselle—!"

Continued on page 56



Alabastine for the Children's Room

WHAT could be more appropriate for the children's room than walls of Golden Yellow (Alabastine tint No. 39) with a stencil design of the little Goose Girl and her flock bordering the frieze. And for the ceiling a sky blue tint in Alabastine No. 21.

The nursery and the playroom must, of all rooms, be healthful and cheerful. It is there that children spend most of the day—there that everything should be clean, sweet and sanitary.

Alabastine's beautiful harmonizing tints on the walls and ceilings lend the atmosphere of brightness and gaiety so

essential to the playrooms of tiny tots. Alabastine is much more sanitary and economical than wall paper. And the walls can be recoated so easily—with so much less trouble and effort.

Alabastine remains clean and sweet smelling indefinitely. It will not rub off. You can apply it yourself with half the effort required for painting or papering.

Write for free booklet, "Homes Healthful and Beautiful," illustrating rooms done in Alabastine tints. It will be of great value in helping you to decide on harmonious color schemes for your home.



ALABASTINE CO. PARIS, LIMITED, Paris, Ontario

CHURCH'S HOT or COLD WATER

Alabastine

The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 54

"You do not flatter me overmuch. Have you not found me capable of taking care of myself?"

"You forget, Mademoiselle, that I, like you, am noble. Monsieur Bigot is bourgeois, a man of the people. unrestrained by the scruples that are law to me. *Noblesse oblige*. There is no law for Bigot. He is a law unto himself."

"And yet," she replied suavely, "he has treated me with a courtesy as studied as your own."

Chabannes made an impatient gesture.

"He is an actor, who plays many parts. You saw him at the burning granary. That is his heroic gesture. The 'sentimental lover' is nothing to a man of his talents."

"You deny, then," she said with a provoking smile, "that I have the power to arouse, in Monsieur Bigot, a genuine love?"

"I do. He is incapable of a decent love for any woman."

"And yet it would be a triumph," she said thoughtfully, "if I succeeded where others have failed."

"Mademoiselle—Armande," he broke in passionately. "Do not torture me. I am perhaps no better than Francois Bigot, but I do love you with a purity and gentleness that he can never know. In tolerating his attentions you make him my enemy. I would kill him rather than see you fall into his arms."

His tones were quiet, but she knew that he had always been a man of desperate purposes.

"I have not fallen into them yet." And then, as he made no reply, "Monsieur Bigot has done you many services. Why should you wish him evil?"

The chevalier frowned sullenly.

"It has been to my interest to seek his friendship. It was through Bigot that I went to Fort Duquesne. But I owe him nothing for that. I gave him his share of the profits."

"Ah, I see," she said keenly. "And profit by the transactions of the Grand Company."

Her question probed deeply, but he answered her frankly.

"You have guessed the truth. He is jealous of your friendship for me, of my prior right to your regard." He gave a shrug and turned away bitterly. "If he only knew how little my affection meant to you!"

She laid her fingers on his arm.

"Monsieur," she said softly, "I am very sorry that I can give you only my friendship. And yet you have that. Perhaps I shall need your devotion some day."

"You love Francois Bigot?" he muttered.

"If I did I would marry him," she said quietly.

THE first fall of snow brought to Quebec General de Montcalm, content with his victories, but already aware of battles less sanguinary but more injurious to the cause of France to be fought in Quebec. For instead of the triumph which should have been accorded a victorious commander in the field, His Excellency Monsieur de Vaudreuil paid him scant attention, not even giving him a public reception. Nor did the Intendant take any public notice of his victories. For the present, at least, Monsieur Bigot buttered his bread with the Governor.

It was a severe blow to His Excellency when Monsieur de Montcalm received from the King the *cordons rouge*, and this only added fuel to the flame of his jealousy. For this honor signified that though the Governor was commander of the forces of New France in name, Monsieur de Montcalm was re-

cognized by the court as supreme in the field, with authority over troops of New France as well as those that had come with him.

In the following of Monsieur de Montcalm from Montreal came Major de Pean, Monsieur Penisseault, and Monsieur Davol, who had come down the river from a visit to Fort Frontenac. Armande saw Davol from her window as he was crossing the Place d'Armes from his lodgings to pay his respects to the Governor; and so, anticipating his avoidance of her, sent him a note asking for his company at supper the following week. She expected his refusal, but to her surprise, he came.

The weeks in the open had done him excellent service, for his complexion, usually pallid, was hard and ruddy as that of any savage. He wore his evening clothing with an air of fitting it snugly, though his great physical strength was concealed beneath the fripperies of the fashion.

After the repast Madame de Brinvilliers retired to her room with a sprightly romance, sent to her from Paris; so Armande and Jacques Davol were left alone. Her fingers were prettily engaged in a desultory occupation of fancy needlework, and she listened to the voice of her companion, who was telling her of his visits among the Indians of the Five Nations. Neither of them had spoken of their last meeting upon the hill of the Citadel, and it seemed as though Monsieur Davol were talking of many things that he might not speak of what was uppermost in his mind. It was not until he paused that Armande's busy fingers stopped. She questioned quietly, but with a purpose.

"Very interesting, Monsieur," she said, "but the habits and customs of the Iroquois are scarcely so vital to France as—"

"You are mistaken, Mademoiselle. Some of the tribes have been won over by the English. The savages have their value in deciding the battles of the frontiers. None knows that better than Colonel Washington of the English, who saw the forces of General Braddock cut to pieces before his eyes."

"Yes, Monsieur de Chabannes has told me of this. He took part in that campaign."

Davol straightened suddenly, a quick motion, almost unconscious. Armande glanced at him curiously. His face, it seemed, had suddenly set into the old familiar lines.

"Monsieur de Chabannes!" he muttered. "I have been told that he was in France."

"No, Monsieur Davol, he had merely gone on a mission to the Parliament in the interests of Monsieur Bigot. But why should you show such interest in the employments of Monsieur the Chevalier?"

He sank into his chair and bent forward, gazing at the Turkey rug. "It is nothing, Mademoiselle." And then with a laugh, "Since I write a history of New France, is it not necessary for me to record the military movements and those who have taken part in them?"

"Perhaps," said Armande lightly. She went on with her work, though she found herself still wondering at the strange, sudden intensity of her visitor. It was curious that at each meeting she became more convinced of a mystery behind his visit to New France.

"It was a little surprising for me to hear that Monsieur de Chabannes was among those who took part in that dreadful slaughter," he went on soberly. "The information that I can gather here in Quebec is not quite clear. The events that followed the battle of Fort

Duquesne are hardly those of which an honorable soldier could be proud."

"What do you mean, Monsieur?"

She put down her work and gazed at him, her own interest catching fire from his.

"The French are an honorable race, Mademoiselle. In war they are gallant and heroic. They are magnanimous to the wounded and suffering and defeated. That is the ideal of all civilized armies. Yet at Fort Duquesne," he paused and explained, "as I have been informed, Mademoiselle, the French soldiers were as pitiless and savage as their wild allies of the forest. It is a terrible blot upon French chivalry, one that you must feel as keenly as I. The savages scalped the English soldiers and mutilated them until they died in agony."

"The French at Fort Duquesne were as heartless and cruel as the Indians. The English prisoners were brought in, stripped naked before the walls of the fort, tied to stakes and burned. A French officer sat on a log and directed the torture; they burned them, those poor boys, with red-hot irons and brands from the fire until they died in agony."

"Horrible, Monsieur! And how do you know these things?"

"I—I heard of it from the Indians," he muttered.

"And you think it is possible that Monsieur de Chabannes could have been concerned in such outrages?"

Davol did not seem to hear her, but sat with folded arms gazing into the candles, which sent back little points of light into his dark gaze.

"Monsieur!" she said peremptorily.

"I cannot say," he replied bluntly.

"There is no way to find out. Monsieur Ligneris, the commander, has disappeared. It is a page wiped from French history. And yet, if Monsieur de Chabannes were that French officer—"

He stopped again abruptly.

"What, Monsieur?"

HE ROSE and walked to the mantel away from her, in the grasp of some violent emotion. When he turned toward her his face was again composed.

"Would he not deserve the same death that he gave to those poor captives?" His voice was resonant but stern.

"It is all too horrible," she said, putting her hands to her face. "Why have you drawn such a picture for me? I shall never forget it."

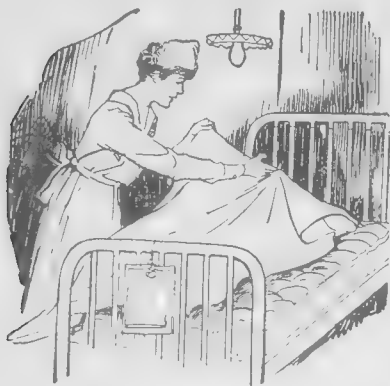
"You would forget it less easily perhaps if an Englishman had been the torturer," he said quietly.

She stared at him again more eagerly. "But your interest in this event," she insisted—"why should you take these tales so terribly to yourself? I don't understand."

He had turned away. His air was abstracted, as though he had suddenly lost interest in his subject, and when he replied he did not look at her, but into the fire.

"Call it, if you like, Mademoiselle, the interest of—a Frenchman who believes that the honor of France should remain unsullied in war as well as peace." He made a shrug. "If I am to write a history of New France must this page be missing?"

She rose and paced the length of the room away from him. She was greatly disturbed as much by the nature of the information as by the manner of its telling. If Monsieur Bigot was an actor, here was a man who could not act. It was only the second time that she had seen great emotion in Monsieur Davol, because he could not conceal it. She had understood him upon the hill of



Many Hospitals, Hotels

and Railroads specify WABASSO Cottons for their Sheets and Pillow Slips. In these large institutions, such articles are changed *every day*. Experience shows that WABASSO Cottons stand up better to such strenuous demands of wash and wear, and retain their beauty longer than any others.

**Wabasso
Cottons**
are Canada's best



You, too, will find it an economy to insist on "Wabasso."

10

GETS QUICK HELP FOR LUMBAGO

Back at work three days
after simple home treatment

"Give me relief! Stop this agony!"—that's all you can think of when you're suffering with any acute pain.

And you can get relief—quickly and completely—with a very simple home treatment.

"I was in bed with lumbago," writes C. L. Normandy of St. Paul, Minnesota. "A friend told me about Sloan's Liniment, and after using it one day, I was able to walk around the house. After three days I was able to go to work, and now I'm as well as ever."

The reason that Sloan's Liniment gives such remarkable relief is that it gets right at the cause of the pain. It stimulates the circulation throughout the place where the pain is, and clears out the germs that are causing it.

Right away you feel relief. The pain stops, and soon you are fit as ever. Get a bottle today and have it on hand. All druggists—35 cents.

**Sloan's
Liniment**
KILLS PAIN

the Citadel, for she had goaded him to his confession. But there had been no need for confession here. His explanation should have satisfied her and yet she seemed to feel some lack of authenticity to it. She governed her curiosity and returned to her chair, taking up her threads.

"It seems to me, Monsieur," she said with composure, "that you have painted a terrible picture for me to no purpose. Unless," she added with careful forethought, "it still gives you pleasure to discredit Monsieur de Chabannes in the eyes of a friend."

"Your friend!" he said, turning toward her quickly. "He could not be your friend if this were true."

"It would have to be proved," she said loyally.

He was silent for a long moment, staring at the fire.

"That will be as it may be," he said colorlessly. "I have said enough. I have spoiled your evening."

"That is quite true," she said cruelly. "You do not like Monsieur de Chabannes. Who are you to speak of magnanimity when you take pains, without proof, to assail the name of a valorous Frenchman who has even this summer shed his blood in battle against the English that you defend?"

He started up from his chair, pallid as though she had struck him.

"Mademoiselle de Lusignac," he said quietly. "It is my mission always to offend you. I crave pardon. I shall not trouble you further. Adieu."

She rose as he turned with a bow and went out of the door.

Armande remained immovable until the sound of the door to the street announced his departure and then crossed to the fireplace, sinking at last into the armchair, and buried her face in her hands, trying to think clearly of all that had happened. Why was it that whenever she and Monsieur Davol were together, and however friendly her purposes, they seemed to come at once to swords points?

There had been tonight something strange in his manner, as though the mystery surrounding his purposes had suddenly closed in upon him so that he had been forced to seek relief in imprudent speech. For there was no mistaking the fury of his denunciation of the outrage of Fort Duquesne, a fury that could not be explained by the casual interest of the student of manners nor even the impetuous defence of French honor by an honorable Frenchman.

It was a personal interest, only to be explained by his unfriendliness for Monsieur de Chabannes, who had once insulted him. That insult, she thought, had been atoned by the hand-shake that had followed his rescue of the chevalier from the sea, but she could see now that the enmity was too deep for that.

And Monsieur de Chabannes. Could it be possible that the Chevalier was the Frenchman who had sat below the walls of Fort Duquesne, directing the torture of the English prisoners? Armande knew that he had taken a part in the defeat of General Braddock, that he had been one of the officers at Fort Duquesne after the massacre, but it was difficult to believe that he had been guilty of such fiendish cruelty.

She had had some evidences of the intolerance of Monsieur de Chabannes toward those who opposed him, had been a witness of his brutal attitude toward those beneath him in station, had heard tales of his roystering in Paris and of his fame as a duelist, but these were all the outgrowth of the vicious aristocracy to which he belonged, the sinister results of a chivalry, no longer chivalrous but only cruel. But this barbarity! It was too terrible even to contemplate.

Continued on page 58

EATON'S CATALOGUE

SPRING AND SUMMER 1926



There's One for Your House!

Have You Received It?

THIS book, with its four hundred pages of up-to-date merchandise for the shopper of Western Canada, has just been mailed to all addresses on our mailing list.

Ask at your Post Office. If one has not arrived for your address, a request to us will receive prompt attention and a copy will be mailed to you free.

BEST VALUE FOR MONEY EXPENDED

undoubtedly that is the strongest factor in making a purchase. With this **EATON** Catalogue at hand, you can be sure always of making a wise and satisfactory choice.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

When Answering Advertisers Please Mention The Western Home Monthly

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR COMBINGS



Send them to me and I will make them up in a switch for \$3.00.

I carry a full line of
HAIR GOODS

WRITE FOR PRICES
AND CATALOGUE

Miss D. Lapointe
319 Garry St. Winnipeg, Man.

Isn't this a pretty hat?

I don't think I ever looked so well dressed as since I have been buying my clothes and hats from Hallam, direct by mail. I get better value and save money.

Write for Hallam's 1926 Spring Fashion Book. It illustrates the latest Paris and New York styles in coats, dresses, millinery, fur chokers, for Spring and Summer, at such low prices that, I believe, cannot be equalled. Send today—it's free.

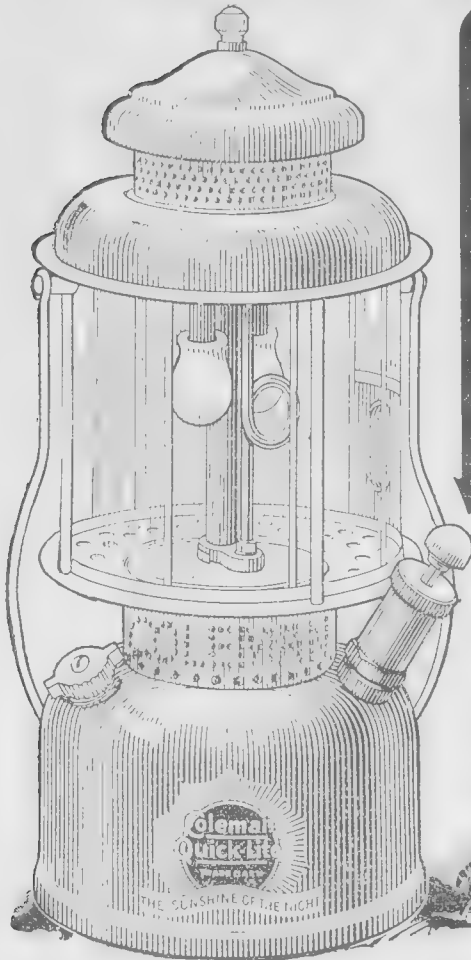
Hallam Corporation Ltd.
468 Hallam Building, Toronto.
In business for over 35 years



The New Coleman Lantern

TRADE MARK REG.

with the Built-in Pump



IT'S a proved product. After a year's practical testing in the hands of thousands of users, the Built-in Pump is voted a complete success! No chance for this pump to get lost. It's always there—right where you want it, no matter where you are. Makes it easy to keep your air pressure strong and steady, and your light brilliant.

Same Coleman Quality—Same reliable, always-on-the-job Coleman, with the added feature of a pump built right into the fuel base! Same burner, generator and mantles. Gives the same strong brilliance for which all Coleman Quick-Lites are noted.

A Real Farm Light—Always ready for any job, any night, in any weather. Use it in your milk house, barn, sheds, garage, cellar, feed lots—for building, hauling, feed grinding, etc. Has mica globe—is wind-proof, rain-proof and insect-proof. Fuelismotor gasoline. Can't spill fuel even if tipped over. No. L427, with built-in pump, Price \$11.00.

Regular Coleman Lantern with separate pump, Model L327, Price \$10.00.

Ask Your Dealer to show you the new Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern with Built-in Pump. If he is not supplied write us for full particulars. Address Dept. 3562.

Made in Canada By
The Coleman Lamp Co., Ltd.
Queen St. East and Davies Ave.
District 8 Toronto, Ontario

(2662) © C.L.Co. 1926



Plan Your Garden Early

Our 1926 Catalogue of

Bruce's Seeds

is now ready and will be mailed FREE to all buyers of Seeds. 112 pages of useful information.

Be Patriotic Buy Your Seeds in Canada

You can get none better than BRUCE'S

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO.

LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONT.
Established 1850



Tenasitine

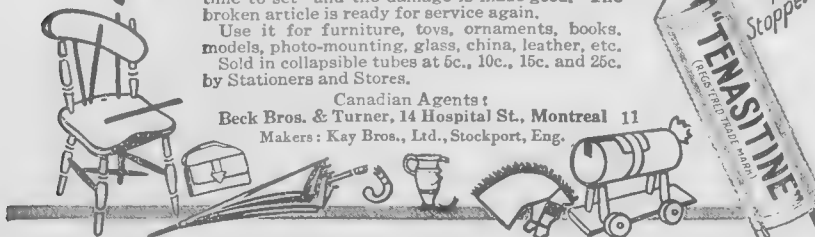
Universal Adhesive

TENASITINE makes mending easy

Just a thin smear on the broken edges—a little time to set—and the damage is made good. The broken article is ready for service again.

Use it for furniture, toys, ornaments, books, models, photo-mounting, glass, china, leather, etc. Sold in collapsible tubes at 5c., 10c., 15c. and 25c. by Stationers and Stores.

Canadian Agents:
Beck Bros. & Turner, 14 Hospital St., Montreal 11
Makers: Kay Bros., Ltd., Stockport, Eng.



The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 57

Monsieur Davol had achieved his purpose. Armande decided to learn the truth of this story if possible. And if the chevalier had been guilty of the crime of which he was accused, he was no fit associate for honorable men or women.

As to Monsieur Davol, her resentment against him was, curiously enough, almost as intense. The humility he had shown her that morning on the hill of the Citadel had been strangely lacking in his whole attitude during the evening. Perhaps she had expected a renewal of his declarations of affection, for this, it seemed, was what she might have looked for after his long absence from Quebec. But, beyond his usual attitude of correct and courteous behavior, he had given her no sign that his declaration of passion had ever been made. Indeed, it almost seemed that in his new interests in the field, he had forgotten that she existed.

She straightened and gazed into the fire, her pretty lips closing in a thin line that boded no good for her visitor. For this was the man of whom she had so often thought during his absence, of whom she had even thought that night upon the terrace during the sentimental moments of Monsieur Bigot. She had wanted him again and again, trusting to his wisdom and honesty to guide her through the difficult situations imposed by her venture. She had even written him to come to her.

When she rose and snuffed out the candles the thin line at her lips was turned upward slightly at the ends, and her eyes, so gentle at her greeting of Monsieur Davol, reflected brightly the gleam of the candle that she carried up the stairs. If Francois Bigot could have known her thoughts at that moment he would have believed that the star of his destiny was still in the ascendant.

THE next afternoon, in response to a note from Armande, Monsieur Bigot left the Intendancy in the midst of a press of important public business and came calling for her in his sleigh. The winter had set in and the sound of bells was making all Quebec merry. The snow was not too deep for the sleigh, and Monsieur Bigot drove toward the Saint Louis gate to the open country of the plains. He had discarded his three-cornered laced hat and wore a round fur cap and a heavy pelisse of sable, while around her he had carefully tucked a robe of the same fur.

The streets were full of children sledging down the hills, their long, pinched faces showing a touch of color in the frosty air. Already the citizens were building a toboggan-slide upon the slopes of the hill to the Citadel. They were dressed in their long frocks, and wore their hoods over their heads, while about their waists were tied worsted sashes knitted in gay colors.

It was difficult to believe that this lively scene could conceal, as Armande knew it did, the sufferings of hunger and want. The habitants drew aside at the approach of the swift sleigh and its mettlesome horse, warned by the splendor of its equipment that the vehicle was driven by some one of wealth and quality. Monsieur Bigot in his round cap and furs was not easily recognized, and yet as the sleigh passed the corner of a street where a crowd of men was assembled Armande heard an imprecation and, turning quickly, saw two men shaking their fists at her.

But Francois Bigot was quite unaware of these demonstrations. Indeed, even had he been aware of them, he would have paid them no heed, for a

man who dares to defy a thousand furious hungry men is not easily disturbed by the anathema of an idler on a street corner. At the Saint Louis gate there was a rattle of musketry upon the pavement and a salute as the Intendant passed, touching his whip lightly to his forehead in acknowledgment. Again Armande was impressed by his power, and the casual way he bore his honors.

It was not until they were beyond the walls of the city that Monsieur Bigot drew his horse into a walk, relaxing the reins.

"You wrote that you were *enuyee*, Armande. May I hope that your note is a sign of indulgence? May I hope that my devotion is at last to receive some recompense?"

"*Me voila.*" she said with a bright glance. "How can one help being sensible of the flatteries of Monsieur the Intendant?"

"Not Monsieur the Intendant to you, Armande, but Francois Bigot, your devoted servitor and the public suitor for your hand in marriage."

Again the same guilty thrill of triumph at her success.

"Marriage, Monsieur?" she said innocently. "I thought you had long ago forsworn marriage for the interests of business and of the hunt."

His face grew sober at once. "You have been listening to gossip. Someone has been telling you of my hunting exploits at Beaumanoir?"

"Yes, Monsieur," she said with a piquant glance. "Your hunts of the bear and of the moose as well as the chase of other animals not so ferocious."

"And you have listened to these tales?"

"Why not?" Is not my interest sufficient to wish to hear everything concerning the life of Francois Bigot?"

"You are tantalizing me, Armande. It is your right. I have given you the right. Many things have happened before you came to Quebec that can never happen again. You see, I am honest with you; I tell you all."

"And yet you can not blame me for my inquiries."

"A man does not reach my years and my position without temptations. I have yielded to them. But is it not true that the best men are molded at last out of their faults?" He bent toward her eagerly. "With your influence in my life, Armande, the world will be changed for me. I will make you my confessional, my creed, my church, my God."

"Hush, Monsieur!" she commanded. "I cannot listen to sacrilege."

"It is true. When I come to you I feel the reverence of one entering the nave of a great cathedral. Your eyes are its rose-windows shedding their gentle effulgence upon a sinner; your face is its altar; your heart its soul. I ask you only to let me kneel and confess until you absolve me."

"Hush—you must not talk like that."

She was silent, thinking deeply of a way to test this man's sincerity and her own power. The moment of crisis, it seemed, had suddenly arrived. How far would he trust her with his confession? How far would he dare to jeopardize the interests of the Grand Company? Her dream came back to her for a moment, and she thought of the power that she might exercise over Monsieur Bigot for the good of the colony and of France.

He was the natural leader of these people, and to his genius, and not to De Vaudreuil or De Montcalm, they looked, in spite of their knowledge of his venality. With General de Montcalm and the Intendant united against

Continued on page 59

the enemy, the triumph of French arms might be assured indefinitely. And she, Heloise Gueret, provincial actress, might be the means of bringing all the military forces and resources of New France under one successful administration. The moment was propitious, but the stake was high, and she reckoned her danger. So she spoke cautiously.

"I was, until recently, a stranger in New France, with no knowledge of politics or government. I come from the country where there are only echoes of wars and men's quarrels. In Paris, at the court, one hears little more than gossip. But here in Quebec, Monsieur, people talk very plainly in language not difficult to understand."

"Accusing me—"

"Yes, Monsieur Bigot, you and what is called the Grand Company—Monsieur Cadet, Major de Pean, Messieurs Varin, Penisseault, and others. These tales come to me from sources that I cannot doubt."

"What are the stories, Armande?" he asked quietly.

She replied slowly and with accents of great gravity and pain.

"That you and these gentlemen not only have robbed the poor farmers of their grain, which you sell to them at three times what you paid them, but that you are also making great profits by the sales of merchandise and supplies to the soldiers at the frontier, who are ill-clothed and unprovided with ammunition and the necessities of life."

She paused. Monsieur Bigot showed no anger, nor even inquietude. He even smiled a little.

"And who has told you these stories, Armande?" he asked.

"That, of course, I cannot tell. It is common talk of things that people say can be easily proved."

His face grew grave as she paused.

"And you believe these things against me?"

"How can I help believing them when they are talked of openly, boasted of, even, by Monsieur Cadet himself in public?"

"Cadet?" he said in contempt. "He will always be the son of a butcher."

"And yet he is honest enough or courageous enough to speak the truth."

"The courage of good wine that my generosity has bought for him," he muttered.

"You understand, Monsieur," she went on calmly, "that these stories could add nothing to my high opinion of you. You have done me the honor to offer me your hand in marriage. You have treated me always with great deference and consideration. And yet you must see that if these stories are true I am distressed beyond measure. Explain them to me that my mind may be again at peace regarding our friendship."

"My honor, then, means so much to you?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Perhaps, I think, too much. Perhaps my training has led me to believe that honesty, virtue, and courage are the only qualities that a woman can admire or reward."

She turned her head away from him as she finished.

"I could never be happy enjoying the confidence of one who was disloyal to his conscience and to his King."

Monsieur Bigot swung his whip-lash over the ears of his horse and they went forward at high speed. He did not speak, nor did she dare to look at his face, for this was a moment that required every art of her femininity and of her profession.

At their left below the cluster of houses at Sillery, pale green now with its thin veil of ice, lay the silent river, slowly donning its white vestments for the long winter retreat. The sky, a shining bowl of pale green. Against this brilliant prospect, dark hovels clinging together like sheep as if for protection against the coming cold. A

dreary land, yet in its gleaming white more beautiful than she had ever seen it. And the destiny of this country, stretching limitless in all directions from sea to sea, was in the hands of the man who sat beside her, to control and defend or to plunder and ruin.

IT WAS a great moment to Armande.

Perhaps some of the great thoughts that were in her mind were communicated to Bigot. For after a while he drew the steaming horse to a walk, turned into a homeward road, and put the whip in its socket.

"A confessional," he muttered. "I have said so. And if I confess, what then? Will you give me my answer?"

"Wait, Monsieur, she said quickly. 'Let me tell you my thoughts. I am only a girl with a learning that has come from books. I know nothing of the business of government or of the problems that must come to such a man as you, the difficulties or the temptations. And yet for all my un-

wisdom I seem to see some things clearly, as though with a vision beyond my years. We French are a hopeful people. We believe that we have a spirit that is unconquerable. We are successful at Oswego and Carillon against the English and we think New France is secure. Is it secure, Monsieur? The English are brave, as brave as we are, and they will fight on sea as well as land. They are preparing to attack Louisbourg and even Quebec."

Monsieur Bigot gave a careless smile. "Louisbourg! Quebec!"

"You may laugh, Monsieur. But a threat like that is no laughing matter. If rumor can be relied on, France will need all her courage, all her resources."

"Do not fear, Armande. Who holds Quebec holds the New World. Quebec is impregnable."

"Not without a leader," she said quickly.

"And have we not leaders? Vaudreuil, Montcalm, Bigot?"

"One leader, Monsieur. There is but one man in New France who can organize all its forces, who has the genius, the magnetism that Frenchmen need as an inspiration to great deeds."

"Francois Bigot," he said with a laugh.

"Yes, Francois Bigot, the ablest man in New France. Every one acknowledges it. Yet," she paused a moment and then spoke boldly, "the most dishonest." His smile faded and he lost color. Monsieur Bigot had never heard himself so called and her temerity astounded him. And yet as their glances clashed he could not repress his admiration of her courage.

"Soft lips to say so hard a word!" Francois Bigot muttered.

"Deny it, then, Monsieur," she went on desperately. "Tell me that the things I have heard are lies, but as you hope for my affection tell me the truth."

He was silent.

"It is France I think of, Monsieur. New France that can defy its enemies with the genius and honesty of one man. I plead with him for France, for myself. Honesty, the reparation of past wrongs, the defeat of the enemies within the gates of new France, the forces of corruption and evil, that are sacrificing their country for their own selfish projects and personal gain."

She broke off with a quick gesture.

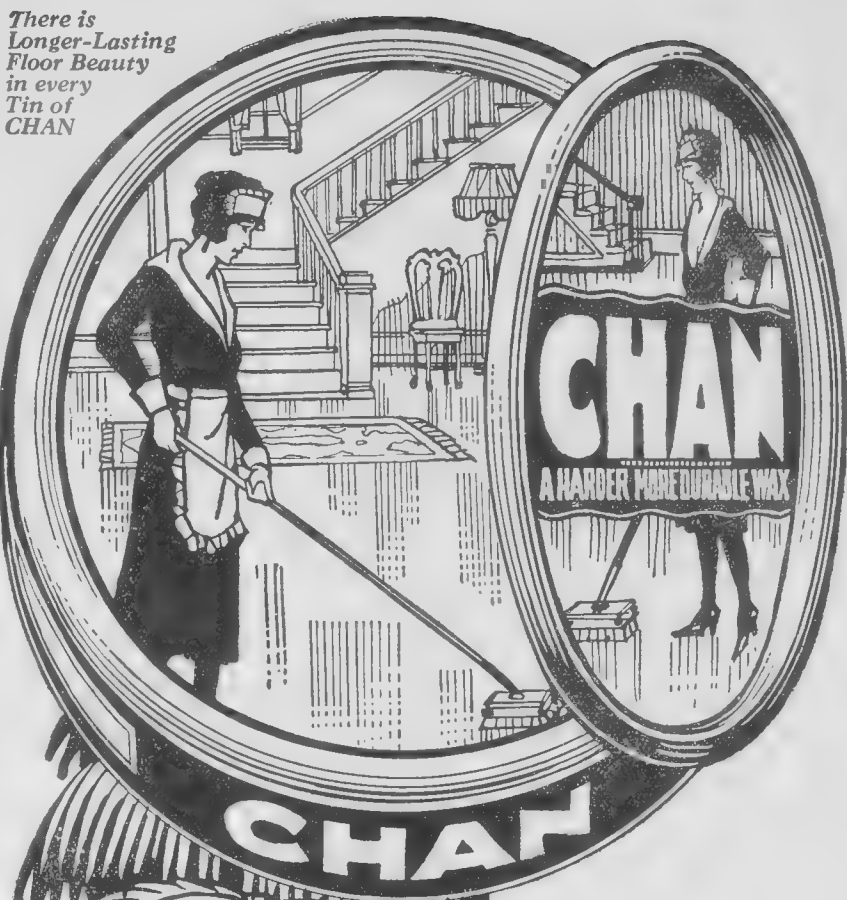
"Oh, you may think of me as you will. Punish me even for my boldness, for that is in your power. But you have given me the right to speak. I could marry no man who did not give to France the best that was in him, his loyalty, his integrity, even his life if that were required of him."

Bigot caught her gloved hand to his lips. "Armande," he cried, "you are magnificent!"

She sank back weakly.

Continued on page 60

There is
Longer-Lasting
Floor Beauty
in every
Tin of
CHAN



It's That
Wonderful
Carnaubra Wax in
CHAN Which
Gives the Rich,
Longer-Lasting
Floor Beauty

From the Carnaubra Tree, growing in the heart of the tropical jungles of Brazil comes a wax that science has found to possess all the qualities of an ideal floor wax.

This Carnaubra wax forms the base of a wonderful new floor wax—CHAN.

Blended with bees wax and other soft waxes, for easy application, it produces a lovely finish that retains its lustre and hardness long after other polishes would be dull and worn.

A one-pound tin of CHAN will cover over 1000 square feet of floor—two or three times more than other floor waxes. That's why CHAN is so economical. It sets quickly, dries hard and gives floors a brilliance that will outlast any other floor-wax polish.

Your hardware man can supply you with CHAN in tins of 1/2 lb. 40c., 1 lb. 75c., 3 lb. \$2.00, 5 lb. \$3.25.

Send 10c. for Trial Tin

Upon receipt of 10c. (stamps or coin) to cover postage and mailing, we will send a generous sized tin of CHAN, sufficient to polish a medium sized room.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO
Makers of O-Cedar Products



Ye Olde Firme

Heintzman & Co.

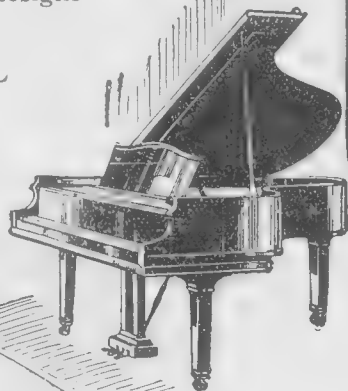
Your pride in possessing a genuine Heintzman & Co. Piano is reflected in the charm of its glorious tone—in its grace and nobility of line. You have, too, the joy of knowing that your choice is entirely in accord with that of so many of the world's most famous musicians and singers.

Hear these beautiful pianos at our Salons. A pleasing variety of designs invites your choice.

HEINTZMAN HALL

193-197 Yonge Street
TORONTO

Model illustrated is the
"Style E" Grand, priced
at \$1250



CHILDREN CRY FOR



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-

goric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

No More Fat; Wash it Away With La-Mar Reducing Soap

New Discovery Brings Quick and Amazing Results
and Shrinks the Skin, Keeping It Free From
Telltale Wrinkles

What will reduce me and make me thin? Science answers this question with La-Mar Reducing Soap, a new discovery that reduces any part of the body without affecting other parts. Nothing internal to take. No dieting or exercises. You simply wash your fat away without changing your regular routine. It acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, ungainly ankles, fat wrists, arms, shoulders, large breasts or superfluous flesh on any part of the body.

Fat is a needless burden, over-taxing the heart, causing high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. And who ever saw a double chin that was beautiful or excessive fat that was becoming? Fat is fatal alike to beauty and to health. La-Mar Reducing Soap washes it away and shrinks the skin, leaving it free from flabbiness and telltale wrinkles. Sold direct to you by mail, postpaid on a money-back guarantee. Price 50c a cake or three cakes for \$1.00—enough usually to accomplish its purpose. Order today and begin to reduce. You will be surprised at the results. H. J. Brown Medicine Co., 508B King Bldg., Toronto 2.



The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 59

"I adore you most while you crucify me. You are glorious. And you do not fear me?"

"No," she cried. "No."

He bent to her hand again, but she did not move. She seemed suddenly abashed by the eagerness of her plea, the fury of her denunciation. He spoke quietly, tensely, controlling his voice with difficulty.

"There is no woman in the world who could speak to me as you have spoken. It would mean death for any man. But you have won me. I have no words for a reply. I will not try to vindicate myself. Will you be generous if I speak the truth?"

"Try me, Monsieur."

He sat back in his seat, staring before him at the distant mountains.

"I am a politician, Mademoiselle. I was brought up in a school of intrigue. I learned early that to amount to something in this world a man must have money. I made money this way and that. I won favor, position. But I was generous, always generous, giving my associates as much as I got myself. I have done wrong in Quebec and Montreal, but others have profited more than I. What more can I say?"

"Nothing of the past," she said distinctly. "It is the future that matters now."

"You will forgive me, then, for my sins? Reward me?"

"Why should I not?" she said dreamily. "It is not of your past that I think, if the future lies beautiful before me."

He put his furred arm about her, and she remained quiescent while he kissed her cheek.

"You will marry me, Armande?"

"The future shall tell me that, Monsieur. It is you who must make that future."

"You shall see," he said with a joyous smile. "I shall lay the destinies of New France at your feet. I will do my duty to her and to you, as I hope for heaven."

"I shall watch, then, and pray," said Armande quietly.

They had reached Saint John's Gate and drove up the hill past the Jesuits' College and the Cathedral, to the steep incline that led to the Place d'Armes, where he left her at the door.

MEANWHILE, had Mademoiselle de Lusignac been aware of them, dark clouds were gathering about her, in presage of a storm. For Madame Penisseault had been greatly impressed by the possible advantages to be derived from the mystery suggested in the imprudent conversations of Madame de Brinvilliers.

Accordingly she invited the aged gamester to her house, provided for her an especial vintage of Hautvillers of which she was very fond, permitted her to win a considerable sum of money, and then attempted by flattering her vanity to induce Madame de Brinvilliers to talk of this mission to New France in which she was involved. But Madame de Brinvilliers would say nothing, evading the questions of her hostess with skill and at last with an air of indignation.

But this repulse only further convinced Madame Penisseault of the importance of the secret. So, having exhausted her own ingenuity, she took Major de Pean, the husband of the beautiful Angelique, into her confidence. This was not an unusual proceeding, since Madame Penisseault was much in love with the gallant and unscrupulous major, whose wife had long since deserted him for the still more gallant and unscrupulous Monsieur Bigot.

And since Monsieur Bigot was making the fortunes of Major de Pean

and Monsieur Penisseault, the com-
plaisant husbands went their own ways little the worse for their domestic entanglements. Indeed, so agreeable are the sedative effects of prosperity that these various persons met at the table of the Intendant or in the social groups that he dominated in an atmosphere of the utmost grace and cordiality.

Major de Pean, already aware of the flouting of his wife by the Intendant, promptly took the beautiful Angelique into his confidence, for, as De Pean knew, there was no fury in hell that Angelique would not have braved to bring about the discomfiture of her beautiful rival.

But Angelique had not won and held the affections of the Intendant by the mere attractions of her physical charms, for she had, if not the keenest intelligence, that sixth sense which skilful women employ when their other faculties fail them. It seemed quite certain that there was mystery here, the nature of which she could not even guess, one that seemed to grow in importance with the obstinacy of Madame de Brinvilliers. And yet there was nothing that could be used against Armande.

The aged noblewoman should of course be made the point of attack. And success could only be achieved by taking advantage of her weaknesses. Wine? No, that had failed. A game of cards? There were possibilities in a game of chance. How great a gambler was she? And how far need the conspiracy go to place the old woman definitely under obligations?

Major de Pean was quick to see the advantages of such a plan and ready to execute it. Madame de Chateaufort was not to be trusted, of course, or Madame de Leinsse. But there were other ladies in Quebec who enjoyed the friendship of Madame de Brinvilliers and might be relied upon in this emergency.

The details of the plan were carefully arranged by Major de Pean. The ladies chosen were Madame le Conte, who had married a stepson of the Governor; the other, Madame Martel, the wife of the King's storekeeper. Madame Penisseault made the fourth. They were each to play with Madame de Brinvilliers in turn. All through the month of December these ladies met on three afternoons of each week.

Madame de Brinvilliers said nothing to Armande of the high stakes for which she now played, and since, by Christmas Eve, the sprightly dame was the winner of twenty-five thousand francs, she did not consider it necessary to take Armande into her confidence. But with the new year the run of her luck seemed to change.

Madame le Conte, her least formidable adversary, began showing a sudden luck and skill against Madame, whose good fortune seemed to have deserted her. Madame Martel still lost small sums, not compensated by the winnings of Madame le Conte and Madame Penisseault, who by the middle of January held the notes of Madame de Brinvilliers for over fifty thousand francs.

The poor lady was desperate, but played with the coolness of the good gamester, hoping that luck would turn so that she would regain what she had lost and place herself safely upon the credit side of the ledger. Twice she assented to the doubling of the stakes, to the end that upon the approach of Lent, Madame de Brinvilliers was in the debt of these ladies in sums aggregating over a hundred thousand francs, an amount that she saw no way of paying.

When Madame le Conte asked for a few thousand francs Madame de Brinvilliers was forced to confess that she

had not the money at the moment. It was now time for Major de Pean to take a part in her affairs. With the plausible manner for which he was famous, he made himself the confident of the bewildered lady, who told him with tears that it was the fortune of Madame de Lusignac that she had placed in jeopardy, that she did not dare to tell Armande of her misfortunes, and that she did not know which way to turn in the settlement of these debts of honor.

Major de Pean was very kind, very sympathetic, telling her that his fortune was not large, but that he might be relied upon to do what he could. He questioned madame as to her resources in Paris, as to her visit and that of Armande for such a protracted period to the colony, finally gaining her confidence and by keen questions, which placed her in an equivocal position, at last induced tears, hysteria, and a full confession. In return for this information all her notes of obligation returned to her.

Madame de Brinvilliers was contrite but terrified. She had Major de Pean's promise that the information should go no further, but she knew that she had brought about the ruin of the plans of Madame de Pompadour, possibly the ruin of Armande and herself. Had she been wise she would have told Armande the truth at once, but after several visits of Major de Pean, who took pains to reassure her as to the personal character of the whole transaction, she decided to say nothing about it.

THUS it was that Angelique de Pean found ready to her hand the weapon that she needed. And she carried it boldly into the private room of Monsieur Bigot at the palace of the Intendant.

Monsieur Bigot was very busy, but he dismissed his clerks and rose to greet his handsome visitor, aware that she had at last pocketed her pride or else that she had come to make trouble. Indeed, as she stood in the brilliant winter sunshine by the window, she had never seemed so careless or so handsome.

"You wonder, Monsieur, why I have at last done you the honor of a visit, especially at an hour devoted to the business of government."

He bowed elaborately and indicated with his usual grace the chair by his desk.

"You are, my dear Angelique, of course ever welcome, and always beautiful."

"We can dispense with compliments," she said coolly, as she sat. "I did not come here to speak of my beauty, which is still passable in spite of my great grief at the denial of your society."

"I have denied you nothing, nor can. You have been foolish in staying away from the palace, in refusing to see me in the Rue Saint Louis, just because of a bit of childish pique."

"The more proof that I grow no older. But it is not of myself that I come here to speak."

"I can imagine no pleasanter topic for conversation."

"Save one." Bigot straightened, suddenly grave. As he made no reply she went on quickly.

"I am here to speak of a lady who professes to be your friend, who accepts your hospitality, your devotion and Heaven knows what else besides."

"Madame!" "I refer to Mademoiselle de Lusignac," she continued vigorously, "the spy."

She spat the words with a venom that took nothing from their importance. Bigot had risen and was leaning toward her, his face inflamed with fury at her temerity. Angelique sat, now smiling up at him and toying with

her glove, enjoying, apparently, the little drama of her creation.

"It is an excellent thing," he said, governing himself with an effort, "that you are a woman."

"So I've been told, Francois. Excellent. You've even told me so yourself."

"Enough of this!" He walked toward the door and reached for the knob significantly.

"Wait a moment," she said in her sweetest voice. "Aren't you going to listen to me? Or are you afraid to listen?"

"You are vilely jealous."

"Perhaps, but still your friend." She laughed provokingly at him over her shoulder, but did not move. "You'd better listen. My information, though incredible, is most exact."

He stood poised uncertainly and then slowly returned to his desk. There he waited for a moment, arms folded, staring at her in a sombre study of her face. She met his angry glance with a laugh and a shrug.

"Do sit down. You make me nervous pacing around."

But he did not move.

"Go on," he muttered; "I'll listen. Who told you this nonsense?"

"Madame de Brinvilliers. It's all quite simple. Armande de Lusignac, a spy, sent by Madame de Pompadour to report upon your conduct of the Intendancy, and many other things."

"Madame de Brinvilliers!" He laughed aloud. "It is absurd, to betray her own niece."

"She has no niece. You should have looked into the pedigree of this beautiful visitor more carefully. This young lady is no De Lusignac, but Heloise Gueret, an actress of the theatre of Rouen, employed by your patronne to find out where all the money goes that she sends to New France." Angelique tossed her pretty head back and laughed. It was a beautiful vengeance. Francois Bigot changed color at the clearness of the story and at the assurance of the woman who told it. But his question probed straight.

"Why should Madame de Brinvilliers betray Madame de Pompadour?"

"That, my dear Francois, is another story."

"One that you will find some pains to invent," he said with a sneer.

"You think I'm lying? Thanks. Have I ever been so dull as to invent a lie that I could not prove? Really, Francois—"

"The truth, then, and quickly."

"That's better. Though I'm in no hurry. Do sit down. It's so long since I've seen you. If I elaborate, it's because of my delight in prolonging the moments in your—"

"Have done," he muttered, and speak."

She obeyed, embellishing her remarks by an attention to detail that enraged and fascinated him, finishing with an account of the breaking of the resistance of Madame de Brinvilliers and of the letters that had already been sent by Heloise Gueret to France, containing Heaven knew what to his detriment and those of the Grand Company who were his friends.

He sat silent, toying with a quill, his face pallid, his lips working into a thin line.

"You will easily see, Francois, if you will consent to be reasonable," she went on coolly, "that we are all placed in great jeopardy, you and I, the Sieur Cadet, my esteemed husband, Messieurs Varin, Penisseault, and all the rest of our gallant company. The books of our commissaries are hardly in a condition to be examined. It will not be pleasant to be recalled to France to answer questions as to the disposal of millions of francs that have passed through your hands. Even His Excellency Monsieur de Vaudreuil cannot come off free."

Continued on page 62

Gray Hair Conquered By This Clean Colorless Liquid

Applied to Any Gray Hair It Restores the Original Shade Results in a Week

What is the story your mirror tells? Have you reason to feel that your friends are whispering "She is showing her age. See how gray she is"? Or are you a man still full of ambition and the ability to win and yet regarded as "too old for active service" because your hair is gray?

But no matter how gray it may be, no matter what you have tried without success, you can see your hair quickly restored to its original color by means of a simple preparation as easy to use as water.

This wonderful treatment comes in the form of a liquid, clean and colorless, known as Kolor-Bak. Simply apply it to the hair and scalp as directed and not only will the former color return, but your hair will have renewed strength and beauty of texture. It will not appear streaked, faded or dyed—the color will be uniform. Years will be taken from your appearance.

No Sample of Hair is Required

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blonde, etc.—this one, clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need whatever for a special formula for each shade of hair—no sample of hair required, no "matching" to obtain the right shade. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak and each would obtain satisfactory results.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak!" (A typical letter.)

Guaranteed by the Makers

With every full treatment we send our legal, written, binding agreement and guarantee which contains the provision that Kolor-Bak will restore your



For Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Kolor-Bak also banishes dandruff, and prevents itching of the scalp and falling hair. Thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair.

gray hair to its original color, will remove dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair or your money will be returned.

Amazing Reports Received

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff." "Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth." "One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition." "Hair was streaked with gray. Now the former shade, and dandruff all gone." "My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition." From everywhere come words like the above, praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

Send Coupon for Trial Offer

To enable you to learn without a penny's risk what Kolor-Bak will do for you, we are making a Trial Offer, which will be sent on request. Send no money, just mail the coupon.

No need to send any sample of your hair, as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair, regardless of former color.

Proprietary Products Co., Distributors
93-95 Church St., Dept. 335 Toronto, Ont.
Please send me your Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free Book on Treatment of the Hair and Scalp.
Name.....
Address.....

Easy as A-B-C ! You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!

ANY one can easily learn music by this remarkable new method. And the cost is only a fraction of the old slow way. You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home. Almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies, both popular and classic, to please your friends, amuse yourself, and make money. This wonderful new method of reading and playing music is as simple as reading a book. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals—complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need. You can select your own time to study or practice. And the cost is only a few cents a lesson, including the music. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Mandolin Saxophone
Piano 'Cello
Organ Ukulele
Violin Cornet
Banjo Trombone
or any other instrument

Free Book Tells All

Our free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," contains a special offer that makes the course available at a very low price—if you act promptly. Also a Demonstration Lesson which

tells how delightfully quick and easy the Wonderfully Simple Method is. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. If you really want to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 123 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 123 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov.....



The woman who loves refinement will appreciate the superb elegance and irresistible smartness of

"Niagara Maid" SILK GLOVES

Every pair "double tipped"

Also Makers of "Niagara Maid" Silk Hosiery

A CANADIAN PRODUCT

"Niagara Maid" Glove Silk Underwear

FACTORIES AT BRANTFORD

The finest selection of LINEN goods in the World

LOVERS of Irish Linen! No matter where you reside you have the same advantages in buying our LINEN as the people who live in Belfast. We have a special department for dealing with your orders and our Illustrated Catalogue contains a wonderful assortment of Household Linen goods.

LINEN DAMASK CLOTHS & NAPKINS

Bleached Irish Linen damask table cloths and napkins. Can be supplied in Scroll Border and small Stripe Centre or Clematis with a Lattice-work Centre designs. Will wash and wear well.

2 x 2 yards each \$5.50
2 x 2 1/2 " " \$6.90
2 x 3 " " \$8.25

NAPKINS TO MATCH

22 x 22 inches 6 for \$3.10
24 x 24 " 6 " \$3.60

We also have a splendid assortment of Linen Sheets, Pillow Cases, Tea Cloths, Bedspreads, Face Towels, etc.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

Linen Manufacturers

BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND

Write for our

CATALOGUE with samples

Post Free

Ask for No. 38E



Protects Children from Chapped Hands

Let the children enjoy the healthy outdoors. Biting winds will not chap their faces or hands if the skin is protected by Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

Send 10 cents for sample bottle

For sale everywhere. Regular price, 35c. The Frostilla Co., Toronto, Ontario. Established in 1873. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10-18 McCaul St., Toronto.

Frostilla
Fragrant Lotion
The skin's greatest guardian



The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 61

Bigot rose and paced the room violently.

"Impossible. It is all impossible. I do not believe it," he cried.

She smiled at the wintry sunshine as she rose.

"Suit yourself as to that. I've given you the sources of my information. Ask Madame de Brinvilliers herself. I've merely done my duty to you, to Hughes de Pean my—er—husband. I should greatly dislike to see him in manacles, or you in the Bastille. It's very moist there, and you know, Francois, how you sometimes suffer when the dampness gets into your joints."

Monsieur Bigot did not smile. His mind was already far beyond her, thinking of slight incidents in his conversations with the girl who had fascinated him, incidents unimportant at the time, now assuming extraordinary significance. That beautiful face a mask? That lively spirit merely a role to hide a purpose? An actress of Rouen. It was unbelievable, and yet—

"Thanks, Angelique," he said coolly; I will make inquiries. We will discuss this matter again at a future time."

She found herself admiring him for the coolness with which he met her revelations, aware that it was when Francois Bigot was most quiet that he was most dangerous. She laughed again over her shoulder at him. "My dear," she said, mocking him, "if I have lied to you, you may have me drawn and quartered in the Place d'Armes, so that Heloise Gueret can look down from her window and see. *Au revoir*, Francois. Pray confide to me the result of your deliberations."

After she went out he paced the floor for a while in deep thought. Then he rang a bell furiously and a man entered. He was a small man, bent at the shoulders, from which his lean yellow face peered upward, his eyes blinking as though at a light. His redingote and linen were stained with snuff. This was Deschenaux, Bigot's personal secretary. He glanced at his master uneasily, for moods like these brought tempests.

"Deschenaux," Bigot asked crisply, "what ship first gets out of the ice for France?"

"The Navarre, Excellency, in three days."

"Good. You will find what letters she carries from the household of Madame de Brinvilliers."

"All letters from madame and mademoiselle are sent in the mail pouch of Monsieur de Vaudreuil."

"See the Governor's secretary, then. Bring those letters to me."

"Yes, Excellency."

And as the man turned toward the door, "Wait! What is your latest report as to the movements of Monsieur Davol?"

"Nothing much, Excellency. A walk through Beauport, a ride in a sleigh to the Falls of Montmorency."

"What did he do?"

"There was nothing more than a few conversations with the *habitants*."

"I wish a closer watch kept on Monsieur Davol. If he goes again up the river his guides are to be in my employ. Has he called this week at the home of Mademoiselle de Lusignac?"

"No, Excellency. He keeps to his lodgings a great deal."

"Has Batiste, the steward, made any report to you since you informed him of my wishes?"

"No, Excellency."

"Who has been at the house of Madame de Brinvilliers?"

"Madame de Chateaufort, Madame de Lenisse, the Chevalier de Chabannes."

"You will have Batiste sent here to me at once, within the hour. That will be all, but speedily."

"Yes, Excellency."

When Deschenaux went out Bigot sat at his desk, staring for a while at the papers before him. But he did not take them up or sign them. His thoughts were elsewhere.

THE interview with Batiste, the steward of the house in the Place d'Armes, took place behind closed doors. The man emerged from the palace pale and slightly frightened, while inside the room he had left, Monsieur Bigot paced the floor.

"We shall see," he muttered at last. "Heloise Gueret. Quite as beautiful as Armande de Lusignac, but more vulnerable."

At this moment there was a light tap upon the door and a clerk peered timidly in. "Monsieur the Intendant, will you see the Chevalier de Chabannes?"

"No." And then suddenly, "Yes, tell him that I will see him."

As the man disappeared he went to his desk and sat composedly. When the Sieur de Chabannes entered the Intendant was busily engaged signing some papers.

"Good morning," he said. "What may I do for you?" As he glanced up he saw that Monsieur de Chabannes was rather the worse for wear, for his laces were soiled, his hair was in disarray, and his eyes were inflamed, as though he had just been aroused after a boisterous night at the *Taverne de Menut*. The visitor flung himself down into the chair that the beautiful Angelique had occupied.

"It must be clear to you that I want something," he growled thickly.

"Yes, Chevalier," said Bigot, "sleep, and a bath. Or perhaps a little more brandy?"

He made a motion toward a cabinet behind him, but De Chabannes shook his head.

"No, I've had enough. That's not what I want. Money," he finished.

"Money? That's not extraordinary. You're always wanting money."

"That beast Cadet and those other thieves of your Grand Company took my measure last night at *lansquenet*."

"Envy, Monsieur, need not make your language immoderate."

"Thieves, I say," he growled. "I was drunk and they've robbed me."

"It is always a mistake to think you can drink more than the Sieur Cadet. He is a bottomless well, that no plummet has ever sounded."

"Well, I've got to pay ten thousand francs, or slit his throat."

"And you expect me to give you ten thousand francs just because you haven't the stomach of the Sieur Cadet? Surely, my friend, you are unreasonable. A new stomach, Chevalier, or a more judicious use of the one that is your own."

De Chabannes rose and swaggered to the mantel.

"You are pleased to be humorous, Monsieur the Intendant. Well, I'm not. It's time we had a reckoning, you and I. You promised me a share in the Grand Company if I carried out successfully my mission to the parliament of Paris. You've put me off again and again, though I've put my sword more than once at your service."

"Quite so, and yet you've been well paid for what you've done. Further service, further payment, Monsieur."

"I need fifteen thousand francs. You are going to give them to me."

"Oho! Threats? Now I'm sure you are not yet quite sober, Monsieur."

"By heavens! What does that matter? When a man wants something he wants it, drunk or sober."

Continued on page 63



Greet Him with EYES that Glow

Clear, healthy EYES, glowing with vitality, reward the use of **Murine**. It soothes and brightens EYES wearied by sewing, reading or office work—relieves the irritation caused by sun, wind and dust. **Murine** takes away not only the tired look but the tired feeling. Harmless!

Write **Murine Company, Dept. 95, Chicago**, for book on Eye Beauty.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

ALL HUMBUG

Says: Uric Acid Never Did Cause Rheumatism

Free Book Explains Why

If you want to get rid of rheumatism, you must first get rid of the uric acid bugaboo.

Read the book that is helping thousands. It's called "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism," and it's well worth reading because it tells, in simple words that anyone can understand, the truth about rheumatism, gout, neuritis, sciatica and lumbago.

The tenth edition is just on the press and a free copy will be mailed to you if you will send your name and address (a postal will do) to H. P. Clearwater, Ph. D. 40-E Street, Hallowell, Maine. Better send today, as a new edition will not be printed unless necessary.

When Travelling, Carry

DOMINION EXPRESS TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

Good the World Over

YOUR SIGNATURE IDENTIFIES YOU, THEY PROTECT YOU AGAINST LOSS



You'll Get Rid of Blackheads Sure

There is one simple, safe, and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads, that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.



FREE This Phonograph. Write for 500 bargain catalog of premiums and fancy goods free. For \$1.00, 250 large silk pieces postpaid.

ALLEN NOVELTIES
ST. ZACHARIE, QUEBEC

The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 62

Bigot rose and took a pace toward the door, but the chevalier strode forward. The man was in a dangerous mood. Old slights and injuries were rankling.

"Wait!" said De Chabannes angrily. "There's got to be a reckoning between you and me."

Bigot paused. He feared no man and an alarm would send his sentries running to him; but in a quick trick of swordsmanship de Chabannes would be his master. So he only shrugged his shoulders.

"Speak then."

"I will. Call it a threat if you like. But a word in the ear of Monsieur de Montcalm as to the supplies for Carillon and Frontenac."

"Tush, man. I'm not responsible for the poor bookkeeping of Monsieur Varin."

"There are other matters closer at home, Monsieur the Intendant," the chevalier went on hotly. "I've been put off too long. Since I've been away to the frontier you've chosen to forget my existence in the matter of your promises. Well, here I am. I'm not afraid of you."

"Dutch courage," sneered Bigot.

"In wine, the truth, then. I'm no longer patient. Money I must have, a fair share in the *Fripoune*, and fair play too in another matter more personal."

"Another matter?" Bigot stared at him. "Oh, I understand. Monsieur de Chabannes is jealous." Bigot put his hands to his hips and laughed.

"Fair play, I said, Monsieur. You've played your games with me loose-handed. You'll find I can fight my own battles and those of Mademoiselle de Lusignac too."

Monsieur Bigot was now really given to sardonic amusement, so much so that he sank into his chair by the desk, relaxing in a mirth that entirely disarmed his importunate visitor, who merely stared at him in a kind of drunken stupor. So this swaggering blusterer was in love with the woman too, with Armande de Lusignac, the noblewoman who had already turned Quebec topsy-turvy. Monsieur Bigot laughed because he saw in the infatuation of the drunken Chabannes a comic reflection of his own chaste and thwarted passion.

"Now you are really amusing, Monsieur," he said at last while the chevalier stared. "A tragi-comedy. Has Mademoiselle confided to you that she has given me the favor denied to you?"

"No, but I don't trust you," growled the chevalier.

"You flatter me," laughed Bigot again lightly. "Well, I will confide a secret. She does not love me. And yet she loves—whom do you suppose?"

De Chabannes stared at Bigot blankly, his drunken anger suddenly lost in curiosity.

"She loves?"

"The antiquary, the student of ancient truths, the seeker of new ones, Monsieur Jacques Davol."

For the moment, in his astonishment, the chevalier was almost sober.

"That crow! Impossible!"

"It is the truth."

"How do you know?"

"It is my business to know."

"Who has told you this?"

"No matter. You have no proof to the contrary?" Bigot asked ironically. "Such, for instance, as her preference for yourself?"

De Chabannes leaned heavily against a chair.

"By Heavens! Monsieur, this is no subject for jesting."

Bigot smiled. "This information is not pleasing to you, then?"

"A thousand devils! No!" growled the other. "I hate the man. I'd rather even it were you."

"Thanks. So do I hate the man. My evidence is circumstantial, but there's no doubt that I'm right. Monsieur Davol stands in my way, and yours." Bigot got up and took from the cabinet a bottle of brandy and two glasses.

"Come, Monsieur. We should continue to be friends. To your health and to the strength of your wrist! Do I make myself clear?"

The chevalier stared at his glass, but did not touch it.

"And the money?" he growled.

"You shall have it. Did I not say further service, further payment? I will pay and then you shall serve. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes. Command me."

"All in good time. I must do some planning. In the meanwhile—" He opened a drawer in his desk and counted out a number of bills, handing them to De Chabannes. "And now, Monsieur, I would advise your going at once to your lodgings for a bath and some sleep."

The Intendant watched his visitor depart, then turned back to his desk, pouring out another glass of the brandy. It had been a trying afternoon, even for Monsieur Bigot.

TO ARMANDE the conquest of Monsieur Bigot had been a bright feather in her cap of triumph, for, contrary to all that she had heard of his gallantries with other women of the colony, he continued to give her every mark of respectful and sincere devotion. It was no mean achievement to have won from such a man an honorable affection.

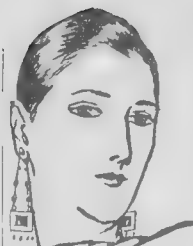
It was quite true that she did not love the Intendant, and that the role she had been called to play became more and more distasteful, but she persisted in it, justified in her own conscience by the necessity born of her promises in France and by the desperate alternative in the threat to her father and to herself.

The confidences of Francois Bigot had already yielded much useful information. She was using this with discrimination, attempting in her letters to Madame de Pompadour a kind of compromise between her knowledge of Monsieur Bigot's venality and her conviction as to the need of New France for his honest leadership. He had told Armande of much that he had accomplished; of reforms already begun in the management of the King's affairs, of the wagon and sleigh-trains of supplies that had been sent into the wilderness to Crown Point and Oswego.

And she had been given proof of the correctness of these statements in a conversation with General de Montcalm, who informed her that Monsieur Bigot now seemed to be doing all that was required of him in repairing past mistakes. These acts she took as evidences of the sincerity of this man and as tributes (very flattering to the arts of the actress of Rouen) of his admiration.

If she had been as infatuated as he, her head must have been turned by his dreams of empire in this new land, where he, more even than the military officer, was qualified to lead France to success over all its enemies. But she was not in love, and her head, like her heart, remained proof against his adulation and the temptation to delusions of his grandeur. She enjoyed his companionship, enjoyed it perhaps a little more because she had been warned against his attentions by Monsieur de Chabannes and Monsieur Davol. For,

Continued on page 64



"She must be 40, for she has

Gray Hair

YOU may be prematurely gray at 30, be fresh in face and slim in figure, but this the world won't notice. Most people call you old when your hair is gray.

That's why pretty actresses, society women and business girls won't have gray hair. They restore original color in a scientific way which gives perfect results, quickly.

Mail coupon for a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer—it tells their secret. You learn that a dainty hair cosmetic (clean, colorless) works this miracle. No streaking, discoloration, dyed appearance, no interference with shampooing. Application easy—just combed through the hair does it.

Mail Coupon—Today

By return mail you'll receive Special Patented Free Trial Kit, which explains all. Test on a single lock of hair, watch the gray go, natural, youthful color return! Then when you know you never need have gray hair, get full-size bottle from druggists. Or, order direct.

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
934-C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... City.....



Do you realize what 17

VENUS PENCIL

degrees really mean?

VENUS 6B is as soft as crayon, while VENUS 9H is so hard it will write on stone.

The 17 degrees of VENUS Perfect Pencils meet every writing or drawing purpose.

Plain Ends

\$1.25 per doz.

Rubber Ends

\$1.50 per doz.

Ask for VENUS B—a soft Pencil for general use. If your dealer cannot supply you—write us.

American Lead Pencil Co. 215 Fifth Ave. New York

VENUS—The argest selling Quality Pencil in the world

17 black—3 copying degrees

"Diamond Dye" Any Garment or Drapery

Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye



Each 15 cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH



H.K. Kellogg

Eyes that Betray

EYES with circles under them . . . eyes with spots before them . . . eyes that lack luster . . . eyes that betray the hateful, treacherous inroads of constipation—one of the worst diseases to afflict the human race. Fight it off before it drags you down into the valley of sickness and despair.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is the safest, surest way to permanent relief from dreadful constipation—and the most pleasant! Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—or in chronic cases, with every meal.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is what doctors call a bulk food. As it travels through the system, its fiber remains unchanged. Therefore, it sweeps the intestines clean and drives out the vicious poisons of constipation. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also absorbs and carries moisture through the intestinal tract, stimulating it to healthy and normal action. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN works as nature works.

Its delightful nutty flavor makes it good as a cereal. Serve with milk or cream alone or with fresh or preserved fruit; sprinkle over cereals or cook with cereals; use in soups, or make into the many recipes given on the package. If eaten regularly, it is guaranteed to bring permanent relief, or your grocer refunds the purchase price.

Beware! Be sure to get Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Only ALL-BRAN brings sure relief. Doctors recommend it. Kellogg's is the original and only ALL-BRAN—a 100% bran product. Leading hotels and restaurants serve it. All grocers sell it. Buy a package today.

Made by Kellogg in London, Can.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

The original ALL-BRAN—ready to eat



The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 63

like other women, she took some sort of pleasure in any game of dissimulation.

The admonitions of Monsieur de Chabannes had not mattered as much as the anger of Monsieur Davol, for the chevalier, so pleasing at first, had now fallen from grace.

The warnings of Monsieur Davol as to the Intendant made pleasant music to her ear, for she conceived that she saw in them the inquietude of a jealous lover. He had come calling a few nights ago, finding her alone. He had worn again his sober visage, paying her graceful compliments with his most forbidding air. A strange lover, mystifying her still, with eyes that looked adoration and a tongue that constantly denied it.

What sort of a man was this who fled from her encouragement, taking refuge behind the cloak of his dignity or resorting to denunciations of Monsieur Bigot, a course that usually brought their conversations to a stormy conclusion. They quarreled frequently, and it angered her now, as it had always done, that this advice was the result of trustworthy information and sound judgment.

She constantly compared Francois Bigot with Jacques Davol. Monsieur Bigot stole his kisses. Jacques Davol would have run away from her as from the plague if she had offered him this rare privilege. She recalled how, to provoke him one night, she had told him of Monsieur Bigot's dreams of empire, with her as empress, and he had flung out of the room so violently that he had almost upset the dignified Batiste, who happened to be passing in the hall.

She feared that Monsieur Davol would not come again until she wrote to him, and so at last she sent a note informing him that she knew something to his interest. An unworthy subterfuge, perhaps, for one of the pride and intelligence of Mademoiselle de Lusignac. And yet she was after all only a woman, constantly humiliated by his coldness, so greatly at variance with the words of his passionate avowal upon the hill of the Citadel. Any means were justifiable that would bring this man to his knees.

She had given him too much gentleness, so when he came into the room, she chose the ironic mood in which Monsieur Davol had left her.

"Perhaps, Monsieur, I have gained favor in your eyes by dismissing Monsieur de Chabannes?"

"Mademoiselle had, no doubt, every justification," he said slowly. She expected him to question her, but he said nothing more.

"You are not interested, then, in my reasons for giving him his *conge*?"

He bent his head, smiling.

"I have already too often incurred your displeasure by speaking freely of your affairs."

She laughed. "Why this sudden humility?"

"Since I have, apparently, a genius for arousing your anger, I can no longer trust myself to speak," he said quietly.

"We would get along better," she put in coolly, "if you were willing to assume as a basis for discussion that I was gifted with an average intelligence."

"It is not your intelligence that is lacking, but your discretion, for indiscretion springs from charity, charity from gentleness. And then, as though the deepness of his voice had warned him of the sudden flow of feeling, what is it that you wished to tell me, Mademoiselle?" he asked quickly.

She turned her head away and smiled. She had heard other men's voices sonorous like that. Could he know how transparent he was, how easily she read

the tenderness that he constantly denied?

He was, she thought, very much at her mercy and yet he never gave her the opportunity to prove how much at her mercy he was.

She took up her needlework, speaking deliberately.

"Once in this room, Monsieur Davol, you showed an extraordinary interest in the affair at Fort Duquesne."

She glanced up in surprise, for Monsieur Davol had risen suddenly, for no reason in the world, going to the door of the room, peering quickly out, then closing it behind him.

"What is it, Monsieur?" she asked as he returned.

"Nothing. A sound. I thought—"

"Listening servants? I have learned discretion in Quebec, Monsieur," she said with a smile, "but there is nothing in what I say that could be of interest."

"You've heard the facts as to the affair at Fort Duquesne?" he broke in, with an eager, suppressed voice.

She nodded, regarding him soberly.

"I've found myself often very curious, Monsieur Davol, as to your strange interest in this matter. And I may confess that my horror was no less great than your own. I have made inquiries among those who might know the truth. Monsieur de Montcalm holds high the honor of the French army. And though this discreditable thing happened before he arrived, he denied with indignation its possibility. There is, it seems, a conspiracy of silence. You have found this true, have you not?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle. But you?"

"A woman's curiosity may triumph when everything else has failed."

"You know the name? Who?"

She bent her head to her work, speaking in a low, concentrated voice.

"You see, then, no connection between my knowledge and the absence from this house of the Chevalier de Chabannes?"

"It was he, then," he whispered. "There is no doubt?"

"None," she replied. "After some artifice I learned the story from his own lips, to my dismay and horror. He wished to know how I had guessed his secret, but showed no compunctions of conscience, shrugging the event, as one of the exigencies of war, carelessly aside. One of the English prisoners, a young man, had angered him by his insults, called him a coward, though already surrounded by fire. The Englishman would not recant, laughing at the torture and at Monsieur de Chabannes, suffering his martyrdom with the stoicism of a savage. A heroic lad, dying with a smile."

"He told you this," groaned Davol; "he dared to tell you this?"

"Yes. He did not seem to realize that the fortitude of the Englishman was the token of his own dishonor. A soldier without honor, a man without compassion. I sent him away from me, Monsieur. He has not been here since. And since then he has given himself up to the wildest kind of dissipation. I think that I am well rid of such a man."

Since his one quick question, Jacques Davol sat with head bent forward over his clasped hands like a priest at his devotions. It hardly seemed as though he could be listening. She thought that her frankness needed some return.

"Well, Monsieur," she said at last impatiently, "am I not to be praised? Or do you find some criticism?"

"Chabannes," he muttered. "Chabannes," like one trying to impress a name upon his memory.

"Answer me, Monsieur," she went on impetuously. "Is it nothing if I admit

that another of your premonitions was correct?"

He raised a hand to his forehead as though to clear away a vision.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle; I was thinking."

"Of what?"

He passed a hand over his eyes.

"Of this, this barbarity by a man wearing a French uniform. Can anything condone it? Has such a man the right to live?"

He had risen and stood over her, pale, distraught.

"I ask you, Mademoiselle, has he the right to live?"

She stared at him, her fingers listless at her work. It was the same strange fury that had possessed him once before. She could not understand what it all meant, his strong fingers that trembled like a woman's, the dark fire that burned in his eyes; yet somehow she felt the spell that enthralled him, and fused in sympathy with his passion.

"No, Monsieur," she replied, scarcely knowing what she said.

Suddenly he flung his arms out in a wide, definitive gesture and slowly paced the floor before her.

"Mademoiselle," he muttered, "in a world of such injustice, where even war is no longer the employment of honorable men, fate must take a hand."

"What do you mean, Monsieur Davol?"

He laughed dryly.

"That I have become a fatalist; what else?"

"Not yet do I understand."

"It is better that you should not understand."

He walked quickly to the door, listening for a moment, then, returning, came to a pause before her, speaking in low, eager tones.

"Mademoiselle, listen to me. I am a fatalist at least in this. I have a premonition that you are running into the midst of dangers. I can not explain, but I know that all is not well. I beseech you to relinquish this mission and return quickly to France. You have already accomplished what you set out to do. The crimes of the Grand Company are written upon every street corner. These men have grown bold by what they've fed on. They think that nothing can harm them."

"If Monsieur Bigot should now learn of the letters that you have written, if he should learn that you are not Armande de Lusignac, but one with neither fame nor influence at court, his fury would lead to dangerous consequences. You do not believe this. You think that his tenderness for you will save you from any mishap. You have not believed me when I have told you that he was utterly unscrupulous. You have not believed me when I have told you that you were merely a pawn for Madame de Pompadour, one that she would not scruple to ignore or even to destroy when its usefulness was ended."

"Listen to me, Mademoiselle. You must listen. I beg you to leave New France at the earliest moment, secretly and speedily. In a few days, perhaps less," he muttered, "my own mission will have been accomplished. The *Navarre* is sailing this week, the *Fleur de Lys* shortly after. Come with me. You have done all that you can with safety accomplish."

"Not yet, Monsieur Davol," she said slowly. "Not all that I can accomplish."

"What, then?"

She did not reply at once. Rising slowly, she walked away from him to the mantel, where she leaned, gazing into the flame.

"You will not think me unkind if I say that it is my own affair?"

"You trifle with a serious moment."

"How?" she asked with a quiet smile.

"Because your mission here is accomplished and you're ready to go back to France? And since you are ready to go, I must be ready too? My Heaven, Monsieur Davol, since when have I been at your beck and call?"

"You do not understand."

"No. Your mission in New France may be ended; mine is not."

He stared at her, frowning. It was the old battle between them, but with a more definite issue. He took a few paces away from her in indecision, then turned suddenly.

"Your mission, what?" he muttered impetuously. "To satisfy your pride of conquest in bringing this libertine to his knees before you; what else?"

"Nothing else, Monsieur," she said furiously. "If there were anything else, you would not understand."

"You are playing with fire. This man has turned your head with his dreams of empire, because you forget, why, Heaven knows, that he is a rogue. You think perhaps that you have a useful purpose in trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. You can never succeed. No man can ever be great, no matter what his genius, who thrives upon the misfortunes of others."

"You think that he loves you, that he has fallen, as other men have done, under the spell of your purity. You are deceived by your own excellence. Monsieur Bigot is a monster. Ask those who know him, Mademoiselle, the men he has defrauded, the women he has dishonored."

Her laughter disconcerted him, and as he paused she faced him coolly.

"Really, Monsieur," she said, "if your charity were as eloquent as your malice we might be better friends." She laughed again more unpleasantly.

"As it is, you have merely brought me to a decision."

"As to what?" he asked sombrely.

"Monsieur the Intendant," she said slowly and with a great assumption of dignity, "has done me the honor to offer me his hand in marriage. I have not yet accepted it. But in a few days I shall give him his answer."

"You can not mean it!"

"Pray, why not?" she replied, taunting him maliciously. "Surely, if I think well enough of Monsieur Bigot to consider him as a suitor for my hand, it is nothing to drive with him to his chateau in the wilderness for a morsel to eat and a sip of wine."

"To Beaumanoir! Mademoiselle, I beg of you to listen to me. Your head has been turned by the honors you have received. You must know that the Chateau of Beaumanoir is not a place where you may properly go. Any one will tell you that. No lady of quality in Quebec has ever been within its walls."

"And yet they go to the Intendancy."

"There is a difference, as they know and you must learn. A chateau in the woods, where all the vile plans of this band of robbers are brought to hatch. A den of high gambling, reckless drinking, of other deeds, dark and nameless; a palace of debauchery where Bigot is king."

"Enough, Monsieur. I do not believe you."

He stared at her. "You are mad."

She shrugged her shoulders lightly.

"No, not mad. Merely confident that all men in the world are not so vile as you picture them."

His voice was hushed as he replied.

"And nothing that I can say will make any difference to you?"

"Nothing."

He turned without further word to the door and went out.

TO BE CONTINUED

Children Thrive On It

Doctors recommend it because of its high percentage of DEXTROSE—the energy producing element in food!



It is delicious in flavor and is so easily digested. Give the children as much as they want.

CB12

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED-MONTREAL

Charming Colors

Guaranteed Sunproof

The New Designs



in Merston Gloss Silk Draperies are unusually attractive . . . featuring heavier fabrics in damask weaves, etc. . . . gorgeous blendings of rose, blue, gold and American Beauty and a wide variety of striped effects in combined colorings.

These new designs—like all Merston Silk Draperies—are guaranteed sunproof . . . safe to wash carefully . . . offering all the advantages of imported draperies at a considerable saving in price. Ask your dealer for "Merston."

Free Booklet on request

MERWIN-STOHN LIMITED
206 McGill Street, Montreal, P.Q.
Mill at Granby, P.Q.

MADE IN CANADA



Merston Silk DRAPERIES

Dr. Philip G. Ziegler



Blue-jay will enable you to wear the loveliest, most extreme shoe styles without fear of corns

"A dangerous practice—home corn-paring," warns the chiropodist

"Lots of men think because they can use a razor on their face, they are qualified to pare their own corns," is the observation of Dr. Philip G. Ziegler, a well-known chiropodist of New York City.

"Did they realize how dangerous a practice corn-paring at home really is, they would never attempt it, but instead go to the chiropodist for skilled treatment."

Should you want to end a

corn safely at home—apply a Blue-jay corn plaster. For 26 years, Blue-jay has been recognized as the safe and scientific way of removing corns at home. A soft, cool pad fits over the corn, relieving the pressure and pain at once. In 48 hours, the corn vanishes—unless unusually stubborn . . . Then another Blue-jay plaster is all that's required to rout the old offender. . . At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Greyness Gone!

Inecto-Rapid banishes grey hair safely!



INECTO-Rapid quickly restores the original shade of your hair. It is a natural, clean and quick preparation that leaves the hair beautifully rich and glossy—the most accurate in shade and the easiest to apply.

Endorsed by Canada's leading Hair and Scalp Specialists

INECTO-Rapid is the best hair recolorative on the market and may be used with perfect safety on any healthy scalp. Exhaustive tests by W. T. Pember, Canada's leading hair and scalp specialist, have borne out these facts.

Use only the genuine—there is only one. For sale at good hair goods stores, beauty parlors, drug and departmental stores, or write

The W. T. Pember Stores, Limited

Hair and Scalp Specialists, TORONTO

Pember's Antiseptic Lubricant

for applying to the scalp before using INECTO-Rapid. A new discovery that prevents scalp from being soiled by dye or system from absorbing dye. Leaves scalp clean and healthy after washing. One tube in every case of INECTO-Rapid.

Distributors to the Drug Trade:

John A. Huston Co. Toronto



Tim Took After His Dad, Bedad

Continued from page 13

Tim knows that there are more ways than one of skinning a cat. Sometimes he merely hangs about in the lobby watching for very fat people, preferably fat ladies, so that he may try to slip past the ticket-taker by darting in on the off-side of the stout one, but this scheme doesn't always work. And then it's surprising how few fat dames there are among movie patrons—really fat ones, you know—and if you don't believe it just watch some time and try to find one in a movie queue. Perhaps the fat patrons like better to stay home and listen to the radio. Tim sometimes thought so. Then, even if you did manage to get past the ticket man there was always that fresh usher—the sorehead!

Still, the doorman was the worst of all. He had it in for Tim and Tim, as a direct consequence, felt a never-ceasing urge to get the better of the doorman. Tim did, too—once.

He was standing in the shelter formed by the angle of the outer door. It was about ten minutes to seven on a cold February evening and he was waiting for victim number one. He selected his easy marks with a shrewdness worthy of a wildcat-stock promoter. Experience had taught him among other things that the swankier the patron the less sympathy he might expect. If a lady or a gent rolled up in a Rolls-Easy it might mean a couple of copper cents but usually it meant nothing at all. On the other hand, he could tell almost at a glance the soft-hearted soul, generally in shabby-genteel attire, who could be depended upon to come across with a dime.

He sent long, searching side-squints up and down the street, thrust his blue hands deeper into his pockets and waited for one of these.

There were the fellas and their goils. You snuck up close to the goil and you said: "Please, lady, gimme a nickler-dime, jus' a nickler-dime, lady. I wanta go in an' get warm." Then the lady would be almost sure to say: "Oh look, Jim, the poor little kid! He wants to go inside to get warm!" So Jim would laugh and dig down for the dime. Once a Jim had given him a quarter. Yessir, a whole quarter! Golly, he must have been in love or something! But of course there were some Jims who pretended not to hear and Jims who frowned and said: "Beat it!" The world is full of all kinds of people.

There were those who put Tim through an embarrassing questionnaire before giving up the coin. Old ladies, mostly. As Tim stood shivering in his corner one of these came along. He was ready for her. Putting his arm up before his eyes he turned and leaned against the wall and began to sniffle in an ostentatious manner.

"Dear me! What in the world is the matter, my little man?" she inquired, as, having bought her ticket, she essayed to pass in.

"I—I got t'rown out," blubbered Tim.

"Thrown out! Out of the theatre?"

"Uh-huh." (Sniff.)

"Were you misbehaving?" asked the old lady.

"Naw, I didn't have de price." (Blub-blub.)

"Dear me! Can't you count money yet?"

"Yeh, but I lost a dime," explained the ever-resourceful Tim.

"How did you happen to do that?"

"Dere's a hole in me pocket."

"You ought to have your mother mend it."

"Aw, me mother's too busy."

"What does she do—work in a factory?"

"Naw—takes in washin'."

The old lady began to fumble in her handbag and Tim watched her out of the corner of his eye. Would it be only her handkerchief?

"And so," she said kindly, "you want very much to go inside?"

"Sure," returned Tim promptly, recovering quickly from his grief.

"I'm afraid," observed the old lady with a shake of her head, "that it's not quite the sort of picture for children to see."

"Aw, I seen worse ones, lady—far worse."

"Well—" (she was still fumbling), "Tut-tut, I thought I had a ten-cent piece—ah, here it is! I suppose you want to grow up to be a leader in an orchestra—is that it?"

"Sure," replied Tim, whose secret ambition is to be a fireman.

The old lady held out the dime, thin and dented, but undisputably a dime.

"Tanks," said Tim, "yiz are a lady."

"Yiz?"

"Youse," Tim grinned disarmingly.

The good-hearted old soul shook her head and passed in, serene in the consciousness of a kind deed done. A little later, if doubts assailed her—But by that time Tim had amassed almost thirty cents and had made several devious and desperate attempts to get in on the afternoon price. The third time, the ticket-taker called the doorman.

"—and if you try any more funny stuff I'll call the cop!" bellowed that ornate personage, "no more of your monkeyshines! Get out, and stay out!"

Tim retreated to a safe distance.

"G'wan, yuh big stiff!" he retorted.

"Whoja t'ink you're gettin' fresh wit'—a bum?"

THE doorman contented himself with a last threatening glare as he disappeared within the glittering portals that shut Tim out from the enchanting world of make-believe. And they were real tears now that made clean little pathos down the boy's cheeks. If at that moment he had thought of praying the burden of his invocation would have been: "Oh Lord, send me a fat lady, quick!"

Came two middle-aged women now. Both thin.

"Poor little fellow! Did some horrid big boy hit you?" one asked sympathetically.

"Naw," answered Tim, using the back of his hand for a handkerchief, "I—I'm hungry."

"Goodness!"

"How terrible!"

"Ain't had a bite all day," muttered the young prevaricator.

So they gave him two nickels and instructions to go across the street to a cafe to get a glass of milk and a sandwich. He walked smartly away and then, reconnoitering, saw the pair enter the movie house. He returned.

Unfortunately for any moral that might have adorned this tale Tim did finally attain his desire. There are in every city every night certain lonely souls upon whom time would hang heavily indeed were it not for the movies. One such now appeared. He may have been a commercial traveller.

"Show any good, kid?" he asked as he swung in through the outer doors, exhaling an air of opulence and the odor of a twenty-five cent cigar.

"I dunno. I ain't seen it," answered Tim.

"Well, come along in, then."

"Huh?"

"I say come along in," invited this prince, sweeping the dazed Tim in ahead of him.

He bought two loge seats. Swell guy he was. Fur-lined coat. Gold-headed cane. Wallet bursting with greenbacks. Tim followed him in a half-trance.

Oh boy! You should-a seen that doorman's eyes open! And his mouth too! How Tim strutted past him, past the fresh usher (at whom he stuck out his tongue) then up the great staircase to a seat among the elect, right up against the sacred velvet rail! And when his benefactor pulled out a handful of chocolate bars and tendered them carelessly—just as though it didn't matter a hoot how many he took—Tim's cup of bliss was full.

At a quarter past eleven the caretaker on his rounds discovered the lunched-up, snoozing bundle that was Tim and shook him awake.

And at the door: "...So you got in after all, eh?" the doorman without his uniform seemed, somehow, less formidable.

Tim, very sleepy and very happy, blinked at his enemy. He grinned his cheerful missing-tooth grin and swaggered just a little. In his retort there was the consciousness of unblemished integrity.

"G'wan!" he muttered. "Whoja t'ink you're talkin' to—a bum?"

Believing that all young Canadians should be brought up with a due sense of the close association between soap and Saturday, the good folks who preside over the melting-pot in the initial stages of its bubbling, have instituted a weekly bath day for the new little citizens. The "washings" are popular. Grateful mothers with their babes come to the Neighborhood House as early as eight o'clock on Saturdays; little daughters look forward all week to the great event. But the small sons—well, perhaps you know from experience the brand of sentiment the small boy entertains toward that virtue which is said to be next in importance to godliness. Tim had never been to "the washings." It was not for lack of urgent invitations.

One Saturday afternoon eight-year-old Olga Willetski, looking as cool and crisp as lettuce just off the ice, in a pale-green gingham dress that the Neighborhood Lady had given her, and holding by either hand a younger sister and brother, stepped from the portals of the Neighborhood House and took her decorous way homeward. The three immaculates, very self-conscious, very virtuous and wholly superior—even little Pete had assumed an upstage air—passed close within the field of vision of Tim and his pal Mac. (No, Mac isn't Scotch. They call him that because his last name is Caroni). Tim and Mac were "walking a fence."

"Oh, look at the stuck-ups!" they shouted in shrill duet. "They had t' take a bath—they had t' take a bath!"

"Pay no 'tention," was Olga's advice to the little ones. "They're iggerunt—that's what they are. They're iggerunt an' they don't know nuthin'."

Her nose went up higher. "Dirty face, dirty face, go an' take a bath!" sang Tim.

"Now, don't go an' roll in the mud, children!" shouted Mac in falsetto.

"Stuck-ups—stuck-ups!"

"They took a bath—ha! ha! They took a bath! Aw, the sissies!"

Suddenly just below the two tormentors a sweet voice spoke.

"Wouldn't you boys like a bath too?"

It was the Neighborhood Lady. She had just come round the corner, her arms full of bundles from a shopping trip.

"Wouldn't you?" she repeated smilingly.

There was a painful silence. Tim and Mac looked sheepishly at one another.

Then Tim answered with a squirm: "I dunno."

"How about you, Mac?"

"What does it feel like?" he asked with some slight curiosity.

"Just ask Pete or Yetta or Olga."

"Aw, they ain't speakin' to us. They're stuck-ups." Mac spat sideways and gave his cap a jerk further over his left eye. Mac's a hard-boiled guy and proud of it.

"Haven't you a bathtub at your house?" the lady wanted to know.

"Us? Naw. Whadda we want a bathtub fer? 'Tain't no use. We did have one but me pa hocked it. He said it only took up room."

"Do you ever take a look in the glass?"

"Huh?"

"The looking-glass. The mirror. Ever look in it, Mac?"

"I ain't so sissy."

"You could look in it accidentally, couldn't you?"—But the irony was lost on him.

"Ain't got no lookin'-glass where we live. Not now."

"What happened to it? Did you hock that too?"

"Naw. Me ma bust it over me pa's head."

"But doesn't anybody ever tell you how dirty you look?" the Neighborhood Lady asked in desperation.

"No'm. They're used to me, I guess."

As a final resort she propounded this one: "Don't you yourself ever notice how dirty you are?"

"N'm. No ma'am," answered Mac, easily. "Y'see, I ain't very noticeable—I never notice little things like that."

She turned to Tim.

"Haven't you ever had a bath either?"

"Sure. Once I did," said the son of fighting Tim Callaghan. "Gee, it was fierce. I fell into me mother's bluing-tub."

"Haven't you a bathtub?"

"Sure we have. Me mother keeps the wood in it."

"But how do you people take a wash—an all-over wash."

"Gee, lady, that's easy! We wait for a thunderstorm!"

The Neighborhood Lady pretended to scan the sky.

"I don't believe we're going to have one very soon," she observed. "Tell you what! You come along with me, both of you, and I'll show you something better than a thunderstorm and not half as dangerous."

It was only when she had promised them an ice-cream cone apiece that she got them. They went along with the air of men who are game enough to try anything once.

Another pleasant-faced woman met them at the entrance to the cubicles and escorted the shrinking pair to the only vacant one, where she began to turn the faucets and fill a nice white bathtub with steamy water. Over the partitions floated a babel of sound—shouts, squeals, laughter, splashing, and much scrambled dialogue.

"Hey! Leggo me ear!"

"There's soap in me eye!"

"Nu Abie, hold still! So doity you are I guess I got to sandpaper you yet!"

"Oi, what happened the towel? Ester, did you see anywhere the towel?"

"Maybe it went down the little hole, momma."

"Miriam, stick out your head and yell for the lady. Ask her please could I have it the scissors so I can undress Wasyl." (Wasyl is regularly sewed into his underwear every winter and not unstitched until spring).

"Ma! Make Nicky stop throwin' the soap around!"

"Mrs. Steck, could you dress for me

Continued on page 68



Just Sign Here

We'll send you a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream, postpaid

GENTLEMEN:—

Palmolive Shaving Cream embodies the four great essentials 1000 men told us they wanted in a shaving cream, plus a fifth which we added.

Its success is a sensation. Men re flocking to it by the thousands.

We believe it will give you shaving comforts unknown to you before. That it will surpass your present method of shaving in five important ways.

In your interest and in ours, let us send you a 10-day tube to try. We know we can win you in this way. 80% of its present users thus were won from other preparations.

Five Advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after effects due to palm and olive oil content.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh and gives that well groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.



We're the makers of Palmolive Soap, as you know. Thus 60 years of soap study stands back of this creation. We made up and discarded 130 formulas before venturing it on the market.

Just Send Coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.



Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acidester of Salicylic acid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

What is Catarrh?

An insidious scourge—how to recognise it—its effect on general health—how to get rid of it quickly and pleasantly.

Doctors say that four out of five people suffer from some form of catarrhal trouble. Doctors say, moreover, that it is an insidious scourge whose presence is often quite unsuspected by its victim but whose effects are all the more serious because they are consequently allowed to go unchecked.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses.



This diagram shows how the catarrhal infection spreads into all the minute passages and channels of the respiratory system, till the inflamed tissues choke the tiny airways.

How to Know Catarrh

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed,

or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Having seen how catarrh inflames the membranes in all the minute passages and channels it is evident that the only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected. Obviously ointments cannot do this, nor can liquid sprays reach more than the outer parts, while no stomach medicine can affect the passages of the throat and nose. Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to the affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes containing no tobacco, cubebs or habit-forming drugs, but made of aromatic herbs, leaves and flowers and called, after the famous Specialist who discovered them, Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into various nooks and crannies of the respiratory system where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes may reach every part that could possibly be affected.



How to Prove It

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., etc., just send a post-card or the coupon below and we will send you a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try. When you have proved them yourself, you can get further supplies at any drug store, but we make this offer in all sincerity and you would be wise to take advantage of it now, before this paper gets mislaid.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR

Trial Package

The Blosser Co., 326AA 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Please send by mail your trial package containing eight Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for which I enclose ten cents (coin or stamps) to cover postage and packing.

Name.....

Town.....

Street.....

or R.F.D..... Province.....

(spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly).

Tim Took After His Dad, Bedad

Continued from page 67

my little Jakey already? He's all dry now like a herring."

The supervisor hurried to and fro dispensing towels, clean clothes, and advice.

"Don't stay too long under the cold shower, Izzy. Mrs. Bariocci, see if this little dress will fit Angelina. Here are the pins, Anna."

And perhaps the last of the grey water has scarcely gurgled away in one bathtub than three new would-be bathers will arrive bearing a parental note and clamoring for a cubicle. The note: "Why you my Selma send home with her head. Only two months ago I wash him. She was good enough yet. Anyhow I need the soap for the Monday's wash. I send Greta and Jan and Ruba."

Or the two oldest Simonetti children will appear, explaining that their mother "just went on the hospital." Their note reads like this: "Please keep washing Joe and Tony until further notice." This is the spirit that's bound to tell on future generations.

So the supervisor herself—and well for her that she has a brawny arm—turns in. She removes her wrist-watch, rolls up her sleeves and does her bit in the way of scrubbing clean some other woman's children. Little Tony, rosy and smiling and almost engulfed in a bigger brother's hand-me-downs puts a pair of chubby arms around her neck in leave-taking and kisses her resoundingly. Soap and soul in the melting-pot! Something in the supervisor's eyes that isn't soap, smarts for a moment or two. . . .

TIM and Mac passed through the initiation, first with courage, then with growing enthusiasm. Their ablutions proceeded noisily and they seemed inclined to linger long under the needle shower, but at last the attendant cut their amphibian delights short. The moment came when, dry and ready for their clothes, no clothes were to be found. The supervisor or somebody had taken their own apparel out to the ashcan and nothing in the nature of a substitute had yet appeared. Tim poked his head out the door.

"Oh lady!" he cried, "Gimme me pants!"

And Mac, garbed only in a damp towel, went pattering down the passage crying: "Hey! Somebody swiped our pants!"

Sometimes the clothing in the supply-room runs a little short and on this occasion applicants for boys' shirts were out of luck. Only one was forthcoming, and Mac got it.

"However," said the supervisor, "here is a little girl's blouse. You, Tim, could use that—to go home in, you know."

It was a very frilly blouse and pink in color. It was elbow-sleeved and quite neckless. In short, though faded and worn it was still the essence of femininity. Tim demurred.

But just then along came the Neighborhood Lady with the ice-cream cones

Oh, well, once let him get away and he could duck down the first alley and take the thing off. Anything to please the lady. The new pants had lots of pockets and that was something. Pockets without holes, too. So Tim put on the frilly blouse.

But Tim didn't get a chance to reach the lane, because not twenty feet from the Neighborhood House fate in the form of the Battling Dago came sauntering toward them, a half-smoked fag hanging from one corner of his mouth. He took a look at Tim and gave vent to a very loud, offensive laugh.

NOW, whether it was the recent bath—or one feels so good after a bath—or some latent spark of Celtic spirit, something seemed to have wrought a change in timid Tim. He suddenly, *mirabile dictu*, felt like fighting. Lowering his head he made a sudden rush at the champion, winded him with the bump, got him down, and with Mac holding his feet, started in to pound the daylight out of him. An interested crowd accumulated, all cheering and whooping for the aggressor.

It was a brief encounter, but a glorious victory. Tim was badly wrecked, but you should-a seen the champ! When Tim walked into his mother's kitchen where she and two cronies were drinking tea he could see out of a part of one eye.

Mrs. Callaghan glanced up, a saucer at her lips. Her eyes widened, her mouth fell open, and the saucer crashed to the floor.

"Timmie darlin', are ye kilt?" she screamed.

Dirty, bleeding, bruised, a little tearful, there nevertheless clung about our hero the unmistakable air of the victor. Flinging his cap across the room he swaggered to a chair. Through swollen lips and in the most casual tone he could muster he said:

"Where's the stickin'-plaster?"

His mother gazed at him for a full moment, quite speechless.

"Gloribetagawd!" she murmured, at length. "He's been fightin', so he has! Me Timmie's been fightin'! The blessed saints be praised—he takes after his dad after all!"

The son of fighting Tim Callaghan had had a taste of blood. He had come into his birthright. As far as the Neighborhood Lady was concerned love's labor was a total loss but 'twas a proud, proud day in the life of Mrs. Callaghan.

The Boy Burglar of Chicago

TWO boys, John and Henry, were caught by their mothers reading "The Boy Burglar of Chicago." John's mother took her boy's copy away from him, threw it into the ash-pan and forbade him to read any more such books under penalty of "a good, sound thrashing." That afternoon the mother went out, and John, of course, got the book out of the ash-pan and finished reading it, as any normal boy would do.

Henry's mother suggested that they read the book together. Mother read it out loud, and somehow it didn't sound right to the boy when the story came from his mother's lips. "It isn't much, it is true," said the mother, "but let us finish it." But the boy protested. "Well," said the mother, "suppose we read a story like it, but which I think is better." The boy was interested, and the mother read "Robin Hood." The boy voted it "great," and asked John to come over the next day and listen to it. Then the mother continued with "The Boys' King Arthur" and Fenimore Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales." Meanwhile "The Boy Burglar of Chicago" lay on the library table where Henry could get it, but it was never taken up nor finished.

It was simply two ways that two mothers handled the same situation but secured different results.

All Wrong

A party at the Zoological Gardens, says Tid-Bits, stood puzzled before a bird. "It's a heagle," said one. "It's not," said another; "it's a howl." They appealed to a bystander. "Both wrong," he said shortly; "it's a nawk!"



Heal and Clear Itching Skin

Are you a sufferer from skin diseases, ulcers, pimples, scales, crusts, or eczema in any form? Do you long for that calm cool sensation that comes when the itch is taken away. You can easily have clear, smooth healthy skin—if you will only try pure cooling antiseptic D. D. D. Twenty five years of success—thousands of former skin sufferers recommend this famous remedy to you. Instantly it brings relief from that burning itching torture. Pimples, and more stubborn skin eruptions quickly vanish. D. D. D. effectively heals and soothes. Clean disappearing antiseptic liquid. Easy to use and positively safe. Cleanses the skin perfectly and makes it clear, soft and healthy.

Trial Bottle Free



Send your name and address for a generous trial bottle of D.D.D. The first touch from this trial will give you instant relief no matter how long you have suffered.

Free Trial Coupon

D. D. D. COMPANY
2702 Lyall Ave., Toronto

Send me prepaid trial bottle of D. D. D. prescription. (Enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.)

Name _____

Address _____

D.D.D.
THE Lotion for Skin Disease

On Credit!



\$1 DOWN!

STUDEBAKER 21 Jewels
The Insured Watch

Pay in easy monthly payments and get a Studenker watch direct from the factory at lowest factory prices. 21 jewels, 8 adjustments including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. Insured for a lifetime! Write for Style Book showing 60 newest, thin-model designs. Sent FREE!

WRITE

Send a postcard or letter today for amazing Studenker FREE Book of Advance Watch Styles and \$1 down offer.

Chain FREE Special Offer.
Write while offer lasts. Get beautiful Style Book in colors FREE!

STUDEBAKER WATCH Co., Dept. J 187 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

End Your Rupture

in this new scientific way
Without Pain, Operation or Delay
You Can Try It FREE!



No springs or gouging pads to push into the rupture opening. Its soft, clean, oval air cushion brings the edges of the rupture together. Asleep, awake, at work or rest, it works for your cure. It has healed thousands. The most modern and the cleanest healing method known to science.

Gives Absolute Freedom in Motion

Write today for Free Trial Offer. Don't Delay—Rupture is a dangerous thing.

Brooks Appliance Co., 141B State St., Marshall, Mich.

Staking Out for Adventure

Continued from page 53

laying it down to look at a columbine they found."

"I'll get it," Cecily decided. "You go on slowly. I'll make better time alone. I'll easily overtake you."

But Cecily had not counted on her unfamiliarity with that section, nor the growing dusk. She found her way up quickly, located the watch, and started back on what looked to be an easier descent. Instead it became so rough she retraced her steps. After a while she stopped uncertainly. That was not the way she had come before. It was foolish, though, trying to regain the exact starting point. She would cut over this ridge and come out where she had left her horse. It was only after a half-hour spent clambering over boulders and prickly shrubs that she began to doubt her directions. It occurred to her that in the darkness she might have crossed over the divide and be going toward the Cliff Creek district, a tricky, almost unsettled country.

Cecily sat down and tried to control her trembling. She must keep her head. In this case was it wise to follow the usual mountain rule of descending to water and following its course to the next habitation. Wouldn't she be wiser to go to the top and try to get her bearings? Slowly she commenced climbing again. She wished she had not sent Jagg back with the girls, his tail between his legs. If only he were here!

At the top the trees cut off an extended view. She hurried from one elevation to another but in the semi-darkness it was impossible to locate anything familiar. Blind panic fell on her. Common sense, reason, told her that a night in the hills could not hurt her, inured as she was to being alone. But the horror welling up in her beat down that feeble comfort. She was lost—lost—lost.

She crouched down against a great tree trunk. Then in terror wondered what was behind it. With fingers clenched about her tiny revolver she crawled slowly around it. Was that a movement behind that bush? Surely

it was. With a convulsive start she fired blindly. No, it was nothing. Her shot echoed and re-echoed. Then, how silent it was! Alone. All alone. *Lost!*

Was she losing her mind, too? Hearing voices calling her? It could not be a human being, yet someone was calling—yes, calling her name. A force entirely outside her will answered through her choked throat: "Here! Here!"

"Where, Cecily?" the answer came louder and a figure loomed below her. Tad! It was Tad!

Cecily hurled herself down the incline toward him. "Oh, Tad," she sobbed as his arms closed around her, "I was lost."

"There, there, girlie," he soothed her, and in his voice was the aching tenderness she had seen him give the hurt lamb. "You're all right. The girls grew frightened when you didn't catch up with them and they had sense enough to come for me. You're all right now."

Yes, when he held her to him. "Don't, don't leave me," she begged.

With a twist of his powerful arm he lifted her off her feet and cuddled her as he might a child. "Never, never," he promised her. "Unless you make me."

His lips were very near hers. It needed only the motion she made to have them meet.

When again approaching normal, he questioned, anxiously: "You're sure you'll like to be a rancher's wife?"

"A few months ago," she confessed, "I had the minutes, even the seconds figured out to the time when I could get the title to my homestead—and leave it. Yesterday a letter came offering me a position as teacher in a private school with the biggest salary I'd ever dreamed possible. Then one of the girls offered to take over my claim and pay me back all I had put in. And I turned them both down. The mountains had got into my blood. I couldn't leave."

"And a ticket to New England wouldn't please Miss Prue at all."

His Wife's Easter Hat

Continued from page 12

cousin Madeline wrote me they were combining the most unusual colors there this season. Your hat—it is *sweet*—with that suit just looks like a Paris combination, and I know it is! I do like something out of the common, and—"

"Oh, I do wish I had known you were sending away for one!" chimed in Peggy Price, the contralto, "and I'd have had you get mine. Such a charming combination! Now here the milliners never seem to know just what is worn in the centres. You always have such wonderful taste, too—it's so becoming!"

"My husband really chose it—he has such wonderful taste, and always likes me to be up to the very last minute in styles," answered Mrs. Jack unblushingly, for just then she believed it.

Mrs. Falconer was just behind Mrs. Judge Farquharson and her visiting sister as they descended the church steps after the service. To her utter amazement she heard this most aristocratic of all Oldham ladies say in an undertone:

"Do try and get a look at the woman behind us, with the pansy hat and the tomato suit. It's charming. Her

husband was in New York last month I understand and has, of course, got her outfit there. Some style about a costume like that! Your suit is nearly the same shade, so do try and get a pansy hat like—"

"Oh, I noticed her—she and that woman who sang the solo were the two most stylish—"

Mrs. Falconer heard no more.

Jack Falconer was on the front steps of his house waiting for his wife. Just a kiss and "How are you, dear?" when he began hesitatingly:

"My dear, I'm so sorry about the hat—just let me explain what happened. You see—"

"Sorry! Why, my dear, it's beautiful! I've always said you had such wonderful taste, and I'm just going to have you buy all my hats after this. I'm so glad you didn't get that old pansy thing I asked you to get. This is so much more unusual, and just what they're wearing in Paris. I—"

"Hey there Jack!" shouted a voice from the street just then. "Come here a minute—hurry!"

"Why, if it isn't Van Falconer—must be something wrong at that corner! I'll be back in a moment, dear," and Jack was off.

Continued on page 71

Heats Home for 25¢ a Week!

"I can run my Bulldog furnace steady for fourteen days in normal weather conditions on the actual cost of fifty cents." So writes F. R. Redetzke, of Cleveland, North Dakota, and he adds: "Hard to believe is it? That's what some of my neighbors thought until I showed them! We have an unlimited amount of grain screenings in this country. That's the fuel I am using."

That's what the Bulldog does with about the lowest grade fuel you can think of! Here's what it does with coal:

"There is no heater to compare with the Bulldog. I burned 2½ tons of coal last winter and heated 5 rooms and bath"—Walter Geary, Gloucester, Mass.



Comes Completely Erected!
Fits Any Height of Basement
Goes Through Any Door
You Install It Yourself!

If you are even thinking of a pipeless furnace, or any furnace, write for our free catalog. The Bulldog is one furnace you MUST investigate. Comes completely erected, fits any height of basement, goes through any door, and you install it yourself!

No Money Down!

The Bulldog is sent you for free inspection. Then, if satisfied, you make only small monthly payments, at our amazingly low price! Don't consider buying any furnace until you find out about the Bulldog. Write at once for our special offer and our free catalog, together with the wonderful record of Bulldog success. Get ready for winter NOW! Mail this coupon TODAY!

Babson Bros., Ltd., Dept. P103
110 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.
321 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Without obligating me in any way please send me your free catalog and special offer on the Bulldog Pipeless Furnace.

Print name and address plainly.

Name _____

Address _____

Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.



Mend looks instantly in all utensils, graniteware, aluminum, tin, brass, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivets. Any one can use them. Send for sample box, 15¢; large box, all sizes, 30¢ postpaid.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Collingwood, Ont.

When You Catch Cold Rub on Musterole

Musterole is easy to apply with the fingers and works right away. Often it prevents a cold from turning into "flu" or pneumonia. It does all the good work of grandmother's mustard plaster without the blister.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts.

The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Montreal



IT WON RENOWN

The vitamins in cod-liver oil play an important part in protecting the body against germ-infection.

Scott's Emulsion

of invigorating cod-liver oil is the food- tonic that has won renown through its power to strengthen and protect the body. If you would keep strong, take Scott's Emulsion!



Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

**BUY YOUR
PIANO
OR ORGAN**
From the West's
Oldest Music House
LOWEST PRICES EASY TERMS
Satisfaction Guaranteed
J. J. H. McLEAN & CO.
LIMITED
Dept. W. 329 Portage Ave., WINNIPEG
"EVERYTHING IN MUSIC"

LUMBER

DIRECT FROM OUR MILLS
At Wholesale Mill Prices

Write for prices delivered, Freight paid to your station. You save the dealer's profit.
We have special facilities for handling Club Orders

Consumers' Lumber Co., Ltd.
224 Rogers' Bldg., VANCOUVER, B.C.
Est. 1912. Banker: Royal Bank

EARN \$75 PER WEEK
SELLING
Men's Tailored Clothing \$22.95 delivered. Money back guarantee. Big commissions. Experience unnecessary. Full or part time. Outfit free. Write Society Craft Tailors Reg.
P.O. Box 2022 MONTREAL

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

SOMETHING TO LEARN Two Little Know-Nuffs

There's a fairy comes to see me, every single night.

She dances through my window and she leaves a streak of light.

And she says, "Good evening to you, I've come a long, long way

For a little conversation, but I haven't long to stay.

"Now, tell me 'bout your lessons, can you add and multiply?"

And I said, "Oh, no, my goodness!" and she said, "No more can I!"

"For we haven't got that far in school, and I'm afraid that neither

Can I ever learn to spell long words!" And she said, "Well, I can't either!"

"And what about your history kings, and queens, so grand and famous?"

But I shook my head, and said, "My dear, I'm just an ignoramus!"

And then we laughed together, and she said, "Well, don't you cry,

I'm afraid you don't know nuffin', and no more do I!"

"Now don't you go to sleep!" said she, as if I ever could.

But she looked so bright and dazzling in the moonlight, where she stood,

I shut my eyes a minute, I couldn't stand the glare,

And then, the sun was shining, and the fairy wasn't there!

Edith Lelean Groves.

This little verse is taken from a dear little book called, "The Kingdom of Childhood." There are many other verses in it you will love and I hope to give you some more some other time.

SOMETHING TO DO IN MARCH

IT'S a queer, funny month March, isn't it? One day it is spring, or you think it is, and the next day along comes the biggest blizzard you have ever seen and covers everything feet deep in snow, and then—along comes Mr. March Wind and with a few strong blows he tumbles down the snow drifts and just to show off his strength he turns the snow into water, and before you know it—why there is the back yard full of water and the roads are dreadful puddles that are all right for the boy with the rubber boots, but pretty hard for everyone else, and so there you see it's a queer month that's a little bit of spring and quite a bit of winter!

There's a funny old story about the 2nd of February, that on that day the ground hog comes out of his winter burrow and looks around, and if he can see his shadow he knows there will be six weeks more winter. This year as the 2nd of February was a dull day, the ground hog couldn't see his shadow and so I suppose he remained out of his burrow because he was sure there would soon be spring. I wonder if anyone ever saw that old ground hog come out, and look around and then crawl back again? As far as spring is concerned, therefore, if February started off so well, surely we should expect a great deal of March this year. However, spring or no spring there will be long evenings when we just must have something to do and I wondered how you would like to try a new recipe for candy. Here it is:

Butterscotch—1 c sugar, 1 c water, 2 tb butter, 1 tb molasses, 2 tb vinegar, small pinch of salt. Boil altogether until a few drops put in cold water become brittle. Do not stir except enough to keep from burning. Drop from a spoon on buttered or waxed paper.

OR how would you like to start a spring garden ahead of time? Such an easy garden too—place a piece of old sponge in a glass, scatter it thickly with canary, flax, or any grass seed, keep the sponge wet all the time and watch what happens! Another Pretty miniature garden is made of sweet peas. Fill a common tumbler with water, tie over it a piece of coarse net and cover it with

peas, pressing them down into the water. Keep it in the dark for two or three days then bring it out into the light. Pretty soon you will perceive the roots piercing the net. As the vines grow up they may be twined about the window or, better still, twist wire about the tumbler, then let it run up in pieces that curve outward so as to form a sort of globe above. If the vines are twisted up these wires a very pretty effect will be obtained. The water in these glasses must be changed at least three times a week by a teaspoon or a syringe carefully inserted beneath the top. Always keep the glasses warm.

Write and let me know how these gardens succeed.

SOMETHING TO READ

Slovenklang

Continued from February Issue

"Show me how you write."

"Can't," said he, skipping to another tree. "You don't catch me," he added, as she came nearer, for they were moving slowly as they talked.

"Can't what—show me, or write?"

"Both."

"But you said just now that you write

I, Slovenklang, didn't?"

"No," said the elf, "I said 'whenever'; and I never."

"Never what?"

"Work."

"Oh, I see. Your works are works of the imagination, and so you only write in imagination?"

"What's that?"

"Imagination? That's fancy—making believe."

"Yes," said he, "that's how I work and write."

"Then you have never written 'I, Slovenklang, didn't'?"

"Never."

"Well, some day not far away you shall—for look, look!" she cried, pointing behind him.

"What is it?" he asked, edging away.

"Just look!"

"No fear, said he; "if I look, you'll have me."

"No, I promise," said she.

So he looked. They had come to his play-valley, and where he had hidden the bulbs there stood lovely flowers, all aglow and nodding in the wind. The fay-girl ran to them. She bent down over a yellow flower and breathed its delicious sharp fragrance.

"How did they come here?" she cried to the elf.

"Don't know. Never saw them before."

Not another word did he say, but sat on a root, his elbow on his knee, his head in his hands, eyes wide open, full of wonder.

"What beauties!" he said at last.

"Why did you take them?" asked the lay.

"Never took them," he said. "Never saw them before."

"But they tell me you did take them"; and the flowers seemed to nod their heads.

"Little story-tellers! They're not what I took."

"What did you take, then?"

"Little purple and brown things that I thought were your winter apples; but they didn't taste a bit nice, so I hid them in the ground. . . . Hi!"

said he, jumping up, "I believe they're standing guard over every one!"

"Of course, they are," said the fay.

"Isn't that what they tell me?"

"Little tell-tales!" said he. "But you may have them all back again"; and he started to scrape away the soil. Of course, he found that the flowers sprang from the very bulbs themselves.

"Oh!" he cried, "are you a fay-witch?"

"No."

"Are you a teacher?"

"Oh, no!"

"Who are you, then?"

"Some one called Shakespeare writes about me in his tales. He says I ride

in Dis's wagon, dropping flowers because I am frightened."

"Why is he called Shakespeare?"

"Who knows? But he did great works."

"What! Just as I do?"

"Yes, in a way; for his are also works of the imagination."

"Hoo! And did he write under them 'I, Shakespeare, didn't'?"

"No. Some say that he, like you, could not write at all, and that another man really did the works, and that he wrote his name in them cunningly, saying, 'I, Bacon, didn't.'"

"Then, they can be sure he didn't."

"His best works are plays, and dreams, and tales."

"He's not another tell-tale, is he?"

"A kind of one—for he tells all manner of tales."

"Tell me one—the one he tells about you."

"Ah, that is a Winter's Tale. But come to me in the Summer, when I have more time; I will tell you his Mid-summer Night's Dream."

"I shall come," said the elf; "but how shall I know the way?"

"If you have already forgotten," laughed the fay-girl, "the blue larkspurs and scarlet poppies will show the way you came."

"Who are they?"

"The tiny grains you dropped on the way."

"What! more tell-tales! the world seems full of them."

—Johannes C. Andersen.

ARE WE LIKE THIS?

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

WHEN I'm grown up!" This seems to be the ideal time to all young children. They cannot say:—"When I am twenty or thirty" or anything definite. Indeed, twenty, thirty and fifty are pretty well mixed in their minds. They all come under one heading: "When I'm grown up!"

It is amusing to note the different things that children say about this wondrous time. To them it is the Golden Age.

"I wish I were grown up because then I'll do exactly as I like!" This is one of the most common illusions of childhood. They imagine that we do exactly as we like! I am very much grown up and have been for a long time, yet the older I grow the more I know that, in order to be happy, we must do exactly what everyone else likes. "The way to be happy is by making others happy!"

There are employers to please, relations to please, and those of us who have hired girls must please them too, or they will soon be left without any help! We are even trying to please our little children, bless their precious hearts!

"I wish I were grown up so I could stay up late!" How often the youngsters voice this sentiment when we pack them off to bed at a reasonable hour! They little think that we envy them and would fain retire early, only we have a big basket of mending to tackle, or friends who stay too late and do not see how we are exerting ourselves to keep awake! Sometimes we have to stay up for a husband or son whose business or pleasure keep him away. We are not bound to do this, but we like to feel that everyone is in the house who should be, before we retire for the night. It may be a self-imposed task; but it is a task all the same, and we envy our children their restful sleep in the snug bedrooms which mother-love keeps so pretty for them. Their calm, dreamless sleep is not like ours when we retire. Often we take with us the troubles of the next day. I am not saying we should do this; in fact, we should not! However that may be, women do often solve their problems in the long, waking hours of the night! It is a common thing for a woman to say next morning:—"I thought out how to do so-and-so, in bed last night!"

"I'll read what I like when I'm older," says our 'teen age girl; yet well we know that with a good training at the back of her, she will never want to read the trash which she thinks so exciting now. We do not read rubbish when we grow up, that is, we do not read it if we want to keep our minds pure and our hearts good.

"Mother is always at me to say 'please' says the boy when he is in a hurry to get

at the cake! "I'll serve myself first when I'm grown up," he adds! Let him look at mother now. She always says "please" and "thank you." Does she serve herself first? She is so busy looking after others that often her husband will say:—"When are you going to begin your meal?" Sometimes there is not enough to go round! Does the ten-year-old boy do without? Not he! If he were not so busy grabbing every good thing within his reach he would have his eyes opened and soon see that grown ups seldom, if ever, think of themselves first.

"I wish I were grown up, so I could have no more lessons!"

These words are on the lips of most children. They look to the grown-up time as to a period in which they never learn. Every sensible woman is still learning. Every clever person knows that education is never finished. For most of us, the after-school time is a strenuous time. We learn how to make a living, how to make ends meet, how to keep our homes happy and peaceful, how to cook healthy meals that each member of the family will eat, how to train children in the way they should go, and countless other things. We learn a great deal more after we are grown up than we ever learnt as children. Book lore is one thing, but the lessons we are ever learning in the Book of Life are a thousand times harder even than the puzzling and complicated problems that run through our children's arithmetic books.

Are we really like what our children think? Do we do exactly as we like the lifelong day? Do we stay up until the small, wee hours, in order to please ourselves? Do we read rubbishy books and avoid all higher education? Of course, if we are like this, it is time we changed and mended our ways! I think, however, that most of us are not like the children think.

They look forward and envy the time when they will be grown up, while we often look back to the days of childhood with envy, longing for something which never can return!

For my part, I do not look back. I think that every age has its compensations. I think we can be happy as little children playing with our dolls and not having a care in the world. I know we can be happy playing with our children, even when we have enough cares and troubles to make our hair turn grey?

Children have their sorrows as well as their joys. I think that if we loved them more and considered their point of view, they would not be in such a hurry to grow up! One truthful child once remarked to me: "I don't want to grow up too soon. I shall not have enough fun then!"

Probably she was right. We get our fun when we are young. The only way to have fun always is by keeping our hearts young. People who spend a great deal of time with their own children and who play with them are perpetually young. I think it is rather flattering to a mother when her children are not in such a hurry to "grow up." It shows she has made their childhood a happy time, and kept them interested at every age. It shows she was all in all to her children. This is what every mother should try to be.

His Wife's Easter Hat

Continued from page 69

"Saved! Saved!" gasped Falconer as he grasped his friend's hand, but with eyes well dashed with laughter. "What did your wife say about the hat?"

Jack told him.

"I'm dashed if my wife didn't tell me nearly the same about hers," explained Van, "only her's seemed to be the New York style, and she, too, has decided that my taste is so superior to hers that she is going to have me buy 'em all after this. But say, old man, have you explained yet?—that's why I called you up here."

"No, I was just starting in on it when you called."

"Well—don't."

For a moment the two stood speechless, gazing dumbfoundedly into each other's eyes.

"Not on your life!" answered Jack.

..."Not on your life!"

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

If you want to buy or sell anything, or if you want help or employment, the Classified columns of the Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you.

DOGS

WHIRLWIND COVOTE HOUNDS—Russian wolfhounds, Scotch and Irish staghounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, fox terrier and collie pups. Unsolicited testimonials. Percy Neale, Lovat, Sask. 7-26

FOR SALE—Beautiful German police pups, immediate delivery. Wolf grey and silver grey from prize winning, trained, imported dogs. Best blood lines. Ship on approval anywhere. Pleased hundreds past 10 years. Dr. Almkov, Cooperstown, N. Dak. 3-26

FUR FARMING

SILVER FOXES—"Notes From My Diary," ten years' experience ranching foxes. Fourth Edition just out Booklet form. Chock full of useful hints for beginners, price 25 cents. Dr. Randall, Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada. tf

TRAPPING

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. 5-26

TAXIDERMIST

BIG GAME HEADS, animals, birds and fur rugs mounted. Jack Charleson, Taxidermist, 748-19th St., Brandon, Man. 3-26

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS

FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA FARMS and Chicken Ranches write to Pemberton & Son, 418 Howe St., Vancouver. Established 1887. tf

REASONABLY PRICED Canadian farms wanted from owners. Give full particulars. Emory Gross, North Topeka, Kan. 5-26

POULTRY

MAKE POULTRY PAY PROFITS. Shaw's Postal Course insures success. Fully illustrated. Highly Endorsed. Booklet Free. Write Shaw Schools, Department 9, Forty-four Bloor, West, Toronto. 6-26

NURSING

PRACTICAL NURSES frequently earn \$30 a week. Learn by private correspondence course. Catalogue No. 9 Free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada. 4-26

BABY OUTFITS

A SPECIALTY—Order our special 44-pieces, excellent materials, home-made, for \$15.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mrs. McKenzie, 573 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. 4-26

EDUCATIONAL

SHORTHAND IN FOUR EVENINGS. Arthol course seven dollars. Sent approval. Particulars, Hollefreund's Correspondence School, Stratford, Ontario. 4-26

STAMPS

COLLECTION SENT FREE. Postage 3 cents. 100 Stamps, Album, Hinges, 25 cents; 1,000 Stamps, 25 cents. Stamp Co., 349-23rd West, Vancouver, Canada. tf

REMEDIES

DR. H. P. McPHAIL, M.D., C.M., Physician and Surgeon for Obsolete conditions. 202 Enderton Bldg., Winnipeg. 4-26

PRESCRIPTIONS, patent medicines and surgical supplies, unobtainable elsewhere, mailed at once. Ruttan's Drug Store, 2579 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. We are agents for Fletcher's A. K. Rheumatic treatment, \$5.00. Ruttan's guaranteed bronchial treatment, \$1.00, and Humphrey's Homeopathic tinctures and remedies. 6-26

Puzzle Find the Principal



PRIZE LIST
25 Wrist Watches
25 Cameras
25 Clocks
HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES

If you can solve this puzzle and will sell 24 Frozen Perfumes at 10c each you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do this? It is very easy. If so, just mark the PRINCIPAL with an X and send it to us at once, and if it is correct we will send you the Perfume to sell right away.

Selfast Specialty Co., L Waterford, Ont.

WRITERS

STORIES, SCENARIOS, PLAYS, POEMS, criticized, revised, typed. G. Arthur Hallam, Manuscript Man, 212 7th Avenue West, Calgary. 5-26

STORIES, POEMS, descriptive articles, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 551, Hannibal, Mo. 3-26

SONG POEM WRITERS—Send for my proposition. Ray Hibbele, D45, 2104 N. Key-stone Ave., Chicago. 3-26

BOOKS AND NOVELTIES

MASONIC SYMBOLISM, History Science, Philosophy; correspondence invited; enquiries treated sympathetically. W. Haydon, 564 Pape Ave., Toronto—6. 3-26

NOVELTY CATALOGUE listing latest Novelties, Masquerade Supplies, Toys, Decorative Goods, Books and also goods for Bazaars, etc. Sent postpaid. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man. 3-26

HEAVEN AND HELL, Swedenborg's great work on the life after death and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages. Only 25c postpaid. A. W. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. 4-26

FORTUNE TELLING HAND—It tells all, 15c. Cochran Importers, 19 Lachevrotiere, Quebec, Can. 7-26

FREE—250 Silk Pieces—write now. Allen Novelties, St. Zacharie, Que. 7-26

PATENTS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 536 Enright, St. Louis, Mo. 4-26

SOFT WATER FROM ANY WELL. SNOETT, Great cleaner. Free sample. Large lot \$1 postpaid. Agents wanted. Chemical Products Co., Edmonton. 3-26

FOR SALE

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. tf

FENCE POSTS—TAMARAC, CEDAR AND willow; 8-ft. slabs, cordwood, stove wood, spruce poles, sawdust. Write for delivered prices. The Northern Cartage Company, Prince Albert, Sask. 4-26

HONEY FOR SALE

PURE MANITOBA HONEY—Crate of six ten-pound pails, \$9.50. Maison Saint Joseph, Otterburne, Man. 5-26

AGENTS WANTED

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Swell New Line. Wonderful fast sellers. Big margin. Hire Sub-agents. Catalog Free. Mission Factory 52, 56 W. Pitt, Windsor, Ont. 12-26

WE PAY \$48 A WEEK, furnish auto and expenses to introduce our Soap and Washing Powder. Buss-Beach Company, Dept. A-85, Chippewa Falls, Wis. 3-26

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56W Pitt, Windsor, Ont. 12-26

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—Make and sell chipped glass name and house numbers, checkerboards, signs, etc. Large booklet Free. E. Palmer, Manufacturer, Dept. 43, Wooster, Ohio. tf

AGENTS—Men and women. \$7.00 to \$10.00 day selling our three greatest household necessities on the market. Every housewife buys 2 to 6. Three samples, postpaid 35c. Sells for 65c. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 4-26

SELL guaranteed Ladder-Proof Silk Stockings. New pair for every pair that ladders. Pay daily. Family hosiery catalogue free. Sterling Hosiery Mills, Dept. M, Toronto. 2-27

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HIGH GRADE HOME-MADE PIANO and chromatic accordions; also repairs. R. C. Sylvestre (acc. maker), 597 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. 6-26

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Conn. Artist and Premier Band Instruments. Cornets fifteen dollars and up, Saxophones, Mandolins, Banjos, Guitars, Ukuleles, Violins. Send for our Catalog and Bargain List of Used Band Instruments. Canada's oldest and largest Music House. tf

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonell, 109 Arcade, 1126 Granville Ave., Chicago. tf

SEEDS, ETC.

NEW PANSY—PACIFIC, a wonderful collection of colors, immense size, violet scented, seed pkt. 25c. Free catalogue choice Perennials and Dahlias. C. Nemes, 2843 Scott St., Vancouver, B.C. 3-26

ALFALFA SEED—HANSEN'S COSSACK and Siberian Yellow Flowered. Write Paramount Alfalfa Farm, Rife, Alta. 3-26

MISCELLANEOUS

IF YOU WANT WINTER EGGS YOU MUST GET RID OF vermin. Your hens can't lay while supporting thousands of lice and mites. We have discovered the simplest, easiest, surest way of keeping our poultry lice-free. No spraying, dusting or handling. Just give a little of our preparation "Suredeath" in drinking water. This works out through the oil glands and every louse leaves the birds. Is also a valuable tonic and conditioner. Safe and harmless. A few days' treatment each month will keep your flock clean and healthy. Generous package, lasts average flock six months, postpaid for one dollar. Results guaranteed. Send today. Erindale Poultry Farm, R.R. 7, Erindale, Ont. 9-26

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York. 3-26

\$50-\$75 WEEKLY, Evenings, Home. Start with \$3.00. Particulars, 3c postage. Box 11, Britannia Beach, B.C. tf.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home; whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Dept. F., Montreal. 3-26

GIRLS—WOMEN, 16 UP. Learn Gown Making at home. Earn \$35.00 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons FREE. Write IMMEDIATELY. Franklin Institute, Dept. P526, Rochester, N.Y. 3-26

MALE HELP WANTED

FIREMEN, brakemen, beginners \$150, later \$250 monthly—placed in permanent positions on railroads nearest their homes—everywhere (which position?) Railway Association, Box M-20, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. 3-26



FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN

All Railroads. Beginners \$150 to \$250 monthly; later as Conductors or Engineers \$300-\$400 monthly. Railway Association, Box 23, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

CLOTH REMNANTS

We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths, also men's shirt lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds latest styles, colorings and materials. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Price \$1.00, postpaid. George Grattan, Mfg. Agent, New Glasgow, Que.

**RINGS**
Gold Shell, One Stone, Cameo or Band Ring to adv. our bargains we will send your size for 12c or all three rings for 30c send name of one friend with order.

**GIVEN**
We Treat You Square Bargain List Free
A.C. BILL CO., DEPT. 2 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

**CHINESE GEM FREE**
We make this remarkable offer so that every lover of diamonds can have the opportunity of comparing the marvelous CHINESE GEM side by side with the genuine diamond. We want you to see the FIERY FLASHING beauty of this gorgeous gem. Chinese gems have the true diamond cut, so closely do they resemble the genuine that experts are astounded. Send your name and address, and 25c to cover cost of advertising, and postage. Your gem will come by return mail. Stamps not accepted, only one gem to same address.
O. CADUFF, North Vancouver, B.C.

Change
of
Rate For
Classified
Advertising

THE circulation of The Western Home Monthly is now in excess of 60,000. The very high cost of producing such a great quantity of this high-class magazine necessitates a change in the rate of classified advertising.

Commencing with the January number, the charge for classified advertising will be 7 cents per word per insertion, with a minimum charge of \$1.00. Cash with order. Special rate of six insertions for the price of five.

The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

A Question, Indeed!

"Skirts are to be shorter," says a fashion note. Why?—Vancouver World.

A Sociological Fact

Money is also the root of many of the most important family trees.—Montreal Gazette.

Mortal Man Afoot

The pedestrian has rights. Too often they are only last sad rites.—Ottawa Journal.

The Charleston

A few years ago, being knock-kneed was considered a misfortune instead of a dance.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Ailing French Finance

France seems to have tried everything on her finance except a chiropractor.—Toronto Telegram.

He Should Have Horse Sense, Anyway

Persia's new Shah was formerly a stable boy. He ought to be able to take up the reins.—Indian Head News.

Current Conversation

More power to you, as the Winnipeg river remarked to the city of Winnipeg.—Selkirk Record.

Nipped in the Bud

A \$10,000,000 flower trust has been smashed in New York city. No flowers by request.—Kingston Whig.

Perils of Pedestrianism

The motor car will eventually drive people underground, says a traffic expert. It does now, if it hits a man hard enough.—Punch.

Two Possible Reasons

When you see a man all sleepy and worn out he may have a bad baby or good radio.—Moose Jaw Times.

What the War did for Wilhelm

One thing the war did; it made Mr. William Hohenzollern a multi-millionaire. And the German people are beginning to get sore about it.—Halifax Herald.

Ethnological Note

Somebody is saying that the Chinese settled in British Columbia in the year 449. We do not believe it, because it is well known that the coast Indians did not wear shirts at that date.—Brantford Expositor.

It is High Time

Two men have been convicted in New York for offering an indecent book for sale. This was in New York. New York is waking up.—Port Arthur New Chronicle.

The Adventurous First Experimenters

If those Egyptians who first took their flimsy wooden shells of the Nile into the waves of the Mediterranean had gone home discouraged after their first wreck, where would be the ocean navigation of today? If the first Babylonians who built houses out of dried cakes of mud had abandoned house building forever when one of their efforts happened to collapse, where would be the modern edifices of brick and concrete and tile.—Galt Reporter.

Life on the Land in Canada

People who are properly advised, properly placed, and properly looked after when they are placed, can make a living off the land in Canada. Of course, they cannot expect to make a rich living all at once. They cannot expect to be transformed in a year or two landless, poorly paid, precariously employed folk without any capital to speak of, into a sort of equivalent of prosperous proprietors, with every comfort and no troubles to speak of.—Red Deer (Alta.) News.

Too Many Laws

During the past year a total of 13,107 different acts have been passed by the various State assemblies of the nation. Of course, with forty-eight States this is only an average of about 300 to the State, but this may still be 250 too many. There is no real suffering for legislation and it is very hard to get everybody to agree to a new bit of it, even when everybody hopes it is for the general good. As a people we are apt to suffer more from over-legislation than any other handicap.—Los Angeles Times.

Another Natural History Note

For the first time in history, a hen has laid an egg in the Arctic country. Trial after trial by poultry raisers to get hens to lay up there had failed, principally because the temperature would freeze the cackles. The hen that laid the egg was kept in a hen house that was heated by means of a phonograph that played "She's a Red Hot Mamma." This is looked upon as a distinct triumph for auto suggestion.—North Bay Nugget.

Florida Strawberries

It must be borne in mind that those Florida strawberries selling for three or four dollars a quart are raised on land selling for about the same price.—Detroit News.

A Bad Blend

Over and over it is demonstrated that gasoline and rum make an unsafe mixture.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

The Editor Philosophizes

How many people there are in the world who are unhappy because they cannot have the things which make many other people unhappy.—Vancouver Province.

Anatomical Note

Backbone won't get you far; however, if the knot on the upper end of it is solid bone.—Lethbridge Herald.

Household Helpers

Many men think they are helping round the house when they move from one chair to another when the wife wants to sweep.—Brandon Sun.

They Can Cough Now

Down in New York a stolen car stalled in front of its owner's home. Give Henry a little more time and he will be able to train them to do anything. He'll be training 'em to bark yet.—Saskatoon Star.

Canada's Abundant Coal

Canada seems to be in the position of having half the coal in America and not knowing what to do with it.—Fort William Times-Journal.

And Much Else Besides

Another thing to be thankful for these winter days is that you don't have to read the Chinese war news unless you want to.—Vancouver Sun.

A Safety-first "Outlaw"

Mussolini is now being called a "super-Kaiser." And Wilhelm is an outlaw millionaire.—Kitchener Record.

The Finest Air in the World

There is more foul air outside buildings in a cold country than in most warm countries. We have the finest air in the world. Let us use it. It is free.—Bawlf (Alta.) Sun.

Land Gulls are More Gullible

Rum-runners on the west coast are said to have been forced to live on sea gulls for three weeks. They live on the land variety of gulls all the other weeks.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Cashing in on His Unclehood

Calvin Coolidge's uncle has gone on the vaudeville stage as a fiddler; he is seventy. Whatever he may be as a musician his line of publicity is excellent.—Hamilton Spectator.

Algoma Natural History Notes

Wolves in Algoma, we are told, never eat an old settler. A pure waste of time and a wolf has got his living to make. Native dogs in Algoma never attack a porcupine. A native dog nose better.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

The Strong Sex

There is an argument going on in the States about whether bobbed hair or long haired women are the strongest. What does it matter? A ninety-pound woman with any cut of hair is strong enough to carry off a 200-pound man.—Edmonton Journal.

Snow, Freedom, Overcoats, Prosperity

It is not easy to see that snowfall has any affect on popular institutions, but none the less north of the Alps in Europe and north of the Rio Grande in North America a national dictator would be impossible. The creature is not unknown in South America along the equator, but in that continent, proceeding in both directions from the equatorial line such tyrannies disappear. The late James J. Hill said that general prosperity could exist only in land where men wore overcoats in winter.—Duluth Herald.

How Many Words Do you Use?

Dr Frank H. Vizetelly says that the well-trained physician, minister or lawyer has a vocabulary larger than Shakespeare's. The Bard of Avon used 23,000 words in his plays; the professional man must have 25,000 or more. Ten thousand will suffice the average business man, while the "average individual not especially educated knows from 3,000 to 10,000." Woodrow Wilson, according to Dr. Vizetelly, in three of his books used 60,000 distinct terms. After all, the main thing is not how many words a person knows, but what he does with them.—Toronto Star.

The Editor is Surprised

You can never tell what you will hear yet. The other day we heard of a family that is saving up money to buy a sewing machine instead of a radio.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Increasing Liquor Death List

A despatch from Albany says that deaths by alcoholism are increasing in New York state—if you could call it alcohol.—Victoria Times.

The Farmers and the Politicians

Chiefly, the political dilemma of the Administration lies in the fact that while the farmer's crop has lost part of its value, his vote hasn't.—New York World.

Submerged Building Lots

Florida water is still selling by the ounce everywhere except in Florida. It is selling by the front foot there.—Buffalo Courier.

Nearing the Limit

Recent statistics would indicate that we have almost reached the point where marriage is considered sufficient grounds for divorce.—Milwaukee Journal.

The Man Who Is Most Talked Of

Henry Ford appears in a picture wearing an old toque. Henry Ford is rich enough to appear in a picture wearing a plug hat and pyjamas.—Niagara Falls Review.

The Opposition Point of View

Have you ever noticed that the more hopeless is the situation of the Democrats in congress the more appalling becomes the crimes committed by the Republican Administration?—Boston Transcript.

Henry and Cows

Among the many silly newspaper stories that have gained currency is one that Henry Ford does not like cows. Why shouldn't he? It is true that they never need a new horn or spare parts. But surely that is not a good enough reason.—Wall Street Journal.

Pedestrians Have to do Dance Steps

Queen Margherita, of Italy has named Saint Christopher the patron saint of the automobilists. It only remains for some exhausted pedestrian to name Saint Vitus as the patron saint of the pedestrians.—Quebec Telegraph.

No Dictators Where Snow Falls

Dictators seem to flourish where snow is seldom seen except on the tops of the mountains. Russia is an exception, but even there they maintain governmental forms. In lands where snow falls in the winters, law and order under popular control, regulated by frequent elections, hold their own.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

He Keeps Out of Danger Himself

The riot over the ex-Kaiser by Communists and Fascists in Berlin in which many were wounded and two killed, is the latest testimonial to Wilhelm's beneficent influence on his native land.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Editorial Wisdom

Prohibition has reached its sixth birthday in the U.S., with, says the despatch, its future uncertain. Everybody's future is uncertain. The only certain thing about the future is that it sees the end of everything.—London Advertiser.

Slippery Throne Steps in Greece

Former King George of Greece hopes to re-ascend the Greek throne. The steps of the Greek throne must be all worn out with ex-King George and other members of his family ascending and descending from it. Especially descending.—Victoria Colonist.

Quick-action Stuff

Louis Parmentier, chief analyst of the Quebec Liquor Commission, has been horrified at the quality of the bootleg liquor sold in New York under prohibition. He says it is positively dangerous, and that the bootleggers make whisky and gin in a single day, whereas it requires at least two years to make those liquors. But the stuff made in a day produces effects which lasts two years.—Ottawa Citizen.

The World's British J.P.

The other day Trotsky put his tongue in his cheek, dipped his pen in vitriol and wrote: "The Locarno treaty makes Great Britain a sort of J.P. in Europe." The Russian Communist meant this to be ironical, almost funny. Alas, it isn't. Great Britain has known what it is to bear the burden of justice in season and out of season for hundreds of years past. The only new thing about Trotsky's sneering sobriquet is that the hope of peace is now combined with the duty of justice. Justice of the Peace! There is more compliment in the title than Trotsky dreamed of.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Portable Power Houses!



Always dependable with full Power

POWER HOUSES—because that is what they are in miniature; vital generators of pulsating energy; energy that is constant and tireless; energy that leaps to meet each requirement; energy that is adaptable and dependable.

PORTABLE—because they can be carried to or from any job. It works where it is most needed. Its mobility is one of its greatest merits.

Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries are power houses for hundreds of thousands of farmers, fishermen, lumbermen, sportsmen, motorists. They are the household power house in thousands of homes.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO. LIMITED

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG
Warehouses: Toronto, Montreal, St. Boniface, Man.

EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

-they last longer





PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"
and Better Pastry too

USE IT IN ALL
YOUR BAKING

